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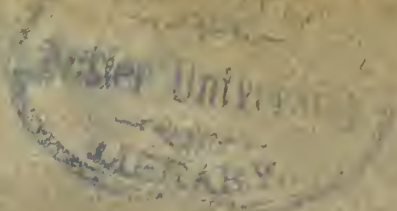
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APRIL, 1918
Vol. VII No. 1

INDIANAPOLIS



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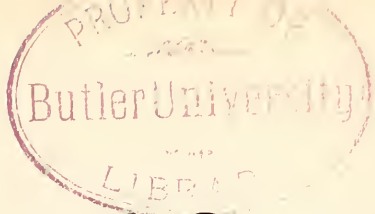
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Butler Alumna Quarterly

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Founder's Day Address

BY DEAN STANLEY COULTER, PURDUE UNIVERSITY

I presume that on an occasion such as this you have a right to expect that I should select some subject bearing upon education; that I should tell you something of what college education has done for the State of Indiana especially; how it has been borne in upon the consciences and lives of our people in such a way that they have poured out money for the founding of institutions of learning in a way that is perfectly marvelous. When you consider the amount that has been given for other institutions and then take the last twenty-five or thirty or forty years and consider the vast amounts poured into education by private individuals, by state and government, it is positively amazing. To those who are engaged in university work, whether as students or instructors, the question must come as to whether or not the returns we are giving are commensurate for all this expenditure of money and time and effort—but after all I am not going to talk about this.

There is something wonderfully fascinating when we talk about the builders of great empires. One of the most fascinating sort of books one can read is that which tells the story of the builders of empires. When you consider the lives of the founders and builders of colleges there is always revealed a most fascinating story, and it would be most interesting and appropriate this morning to talk about the life of Mr. Butler and of those who worked with him; of their prevision; of how they saw the future and saw the future needs; of how in the days of meagre population, how in the days of little wealth as compared with to-day, they laid the foundations which made Butler College possible; and other men, with similar vision and similar courage, laid the foundations which made other

colleges possible, until all over this land of ours we have open doors of opportunity for young men and young women who want to come into the highest possible self-realization. When you begin to think of such a life you find it has in it an element of power, and above all it has a simplicity and ruggedness that comes as a compelling stimulus and as a constant inspiration. You think of their faith, their faith in you, and their faith in the fact that education is one of the foundation stones of the church; their faith in God; you think of their courage, their loyalty in the midst of difficulty, and of how you have entered into their labors. We are born into a time where we have to prove ourselves worthy of these far-seeing, brave-hearted, self-sacrificing men and women who made our opportunities possible, and so it is well that every year you come together to celebrate Founder's Day, because in that far distant time in the past there were men and women who had vision and courage, who had hearts of faith, and who were willing to sacrifice that you and I might come a little more perfectly into God's likeness which is our divine inheritance.

And yet in spite of the fascination of such a subject and of what it would mean to us now, I am going to depart from it a little bit, because it makes no difference what we would like to do, you and I cannot help thinking of and talking about the war; and, regardless of what the subject is, we are sure to come back to that subject.

I think perhaps more than anything else you and I need to-day to orient ourselves. We need to relate ourselves to the time of which we are a part. It is a little strange, is it not, how men's ideas will change as the years go on, about what constitutes great achievements, about what constitutes wonderful work on the part of man; it is a little strange, is it not, that men's ideas will change in a marvelous sort of fashion as to what constitutes wonderful epochs and periods in the life of humanity; but it is infinitely more strange, is it not, that men's ideas of the type of men and women needed in critical times never has changed and never can change? Some of you who are older may remember that when you went to school when the school directors came or your friends came, if you were a little bright you were brought out on the front seat in order that you might make a show of the education you were receiving, and that

about the very first thing you would be asked to do would be to name and describe the seven wonders of the world. Now, I think some of those here who are gray-headed, who have been twenty-five or thirty or forty or more years out of school work, would perhaps be able to name the seven wonders of the world. Of course they all know what they are: The Pyramids of Egypt, Pharos of Alexandria, Walls and Hanging Gardens of Babylon, Temple of Diana at Ephesus, the Statue of the Olympian Jupiter, Mausoleum of Artemisia, and Colossus of Rhodes. I am not going to do more than name them for you, but as children we had to describe them; they were believed to be the most marvelous works of man. They were talked about and had been talked about century after century as standing for the highest possible achievement on the part of man. I have heard in the last twenty years distinguished lecturers who tried to prove that we were a decadent race, since through all the ages such constructions as the Pyramids and the Temple of Diana had never been equaled.

But I want you to think of this, whether there are not in this great world more wonderful monuments to the courage of man, the unselfishness and devotion of man? Did ever any one of these open up a new highway for humanity? Did ever one of them stand for a symbol which led millions and millions of people through successive generations into a higher and finer life? Are all of these so-called wonders of the world anything more or less than monuments of man's greed and selfishness, of his desire to show to the world his greatness and power?

Then stop to think of this wonderful year—this year 1918, of which you are a breathing and pulsing part, begin to think of the material achievements of this year, and you will see that these so-called seven wonders of the world were children's playthings—things to be cast away broken. If you cast your eyes over the European heavens you will find that they are absolutely black with great machines, heavier than the air, traveling at a marvelous speed of sixty, seventy, even one hundred and fifty miles an hour. Now that wonderful discovery is, of course, being devoted to the work of destruction, but we have discovered a pathway in the air, and by and by when the world comes back to sanity and peace, when it

comes back to brotherhood, we will use these highways in transportation and commerce. There is no wonder of the ancient world that begins to compare with that. We thought we had conquered the sea when we sent our great steam liners flying over the ocean in a constantly shortening time, eleven days, seven days, five days; and then as if that subjugation were not enough, we began to send our vessels under the waves, with a constantly increasing radius of activity until now it is bounded only by the limits of the ocean itself. And while as is the case of the aeroplane, these underwater ways are now used for destruction, yet we have broken new highways under the waves, and by and by, when we find ourselves again, when we come back to our Godlikeness in some faint degree, these things will be used in the arts of peace. We have invented cannon that will throw their projectiles, a ton in weight, for twenty miles or more; we have explosives against which practically nothing will stand. We do not think much of such inventions until there is a disaster like that at Halifax a few weeks ago, and then we begin to realize what wonderful forces men are letting loose upon the earth. By and by these wonderful forces, instead of being used for destruction, will be used for the advancement of civilization, for giving people a more and more abundant life. Then we have the wonderful wireless—indeed, there never was a time in the history of the world when there were such wonderful material achievements.

But have you learned the lesson of the past? Have you caught the idea that living in such a time no ordinary life achievements will count; that in a great time achievements must be great and in a great age life must be great. The trouble is that living in this marvelous year, living in this wonderful time, many of us have failed to catch the notion that we must fit ourselves to do wonderful things.

In about 1666—I am not so sure of that year, history is not my long suit, if that is a proper phrase to use on this platform—but in 1666 there occurred the great fire of London, and in that fire something over one-half of that great city, which was then as now the largest city of the world, was destroyed. Thousands of buildings were burned and tens of thousands of people were rendered homeless. In that same year there sailed out from the mouth of the Thames a few wooden vessels which constituted the fleet of England

at that time. They sailed across to Holland and wrested from her the title of "Mistress of the Seas." And these two events, the fire of London and the victory of the English fleet over the Dutch fleet, loomed so large in the minds of men everywhere that ever since that time it has been called the Wonderful Year. Go home and look it up in your encyclopaedias and under "Wonderful Year" you will find that the year 1666 was so called because in that year occurred the great London fire and a notable victory of the English fleet. It was regarded as so marvelous that Dryden wrote a poem with that title, and possibly some of you have read it, or parsed it, or scanned it, or have done something with it—anything except appreciate it. Now, turn again to this year in which we are living; turn again to this year of 1918, and contrast the things that are occurring in the world with the events of the so-called Wonderful Year. Have you ever stopped to think that this war has involved over one-half of the nations of the world, and that the nations of the world which are directly involved in the war dominate much more than one-half of the area of the earth, and that in their populations are included considerably over one-half of the people of the whole earth? Have you ever stopped to think that over forty millions of men have been called to the colors, and that over seven millions of them are already dead? Have you ever stopped to think that in this war, not only has there been great suffering, but that more than in any other war, orphans and widows and the aged have been allowed to starve to death, not by the hundreds or the thousands but by the millions—in the north of France, and Belgium, and Roumania, and Poland. And you are a part of that year.

Not only is it a tremendous war in the numbers involved, but in the way in which it has been fought. Never has a war been fought in the same way. Death from shells, from explosives, from gas,—death from the air, from beneath the sea,—everywhere; and you are a part of that. Never was there a war waged that involved so much of the future of humanity. There have been great crises in the world's history, and great wars, but never a world war before. There have been local issues and national issues, but never before a world issue. Never a war in which the outcome meant so much to humanity.

There never was a war that cost so much money. I am not going into this in detail, but we are talking in terms that we once thought beyond comprehension. Last year you know Congress appropriated twenty-one billions of dollars for the conduct of the war, and "a billion" rolled off our tongues very glibly. Do you know what a billion dollars is? Some of you are thrifty and some of you are not. Some of you have a gift for saving money. Suppose you were able to save above all of your expenses a hundred thousand dollars a year. That would be a pretty good saving. Well, it would take you ten thousand years to save a billion dollars. A billion dollars is a good deal. If you had happened to have been born when Christ was born and had happened to have had somebody put a dollar away for you that minute, and the next minute another dollar, and the next minute another, and that had been kept up until this present year, then you would have one billion dollars. We appropriated twenty-one billion dollars. It costs about one hundred and eighty million dollars a day at present to stage this great world tragedy.

It is great not only in the amount of money expended, but it is great also in its tremendous draft upon our hearts and sympathy. We have had our subscriptions for the French orphans, for the Belgian orphans; we have had our Red Cross drive; we have had our Y. M. C. A. drive and our Y. W. C. A. drive, and, thank God, we are going to have more of them. It is the only way in which those of us who are handicapped by age, or sex, or by a streak of yellow, can serve. It is practically all that is left open for us, and that is worth something; this, too, is part of the year to which you belong. And when you begin to think of all of the events of this year, great as they are, great in possibility, infinitely great in their significance, when you take together all the sorrows, all the groans, all the longings of a suffering humanity—that is the world of which you are a part. How does it compare with 1666, the so-called Wonderful Year?

Now, the type of men and women that are needed in critical times has never changed and never can change. When we read the account of a group of wonderful young men back in the history of the world—you will find this in a book that many do not use as much as they ought to—the Bible—you will find this description of these

men who achieved mightily: "Their faces were set as a flint towards Zion." That is, they were men who were actuated by high ideals, men who had oriented themselves, who had adapted themselves to the situation, men who saw the Master's work and set their faces as a flint to its accomplishment. When we come to times like these, that is the type of man the world demands.

Now, then, what is the moral of all this I have said? The moral is this that the intensity of your life and the quality of your life are going to be measured by the way in which you react to the stimuli that come to you from this wonderful year. The stimuli that come bearing in on you from all this wonderful achievement and invention, from the conquest of material forces, that come to you from the trenches and battlefields of Europe, that come to you from the suffering and sorrows of the widows and orphans, from the groans of the wounded soldiers, these are the stimuli that are pouring in upon you. How are you reacting to them? I was going up to Ft. Wayne not long ago and as I sat in the car a man came and sat down beside me and began to talk. I am a fairly good listener—although you have no evidence of that—but really I am a pretty good listener. This man began to talk to me about the Y. M. C. A. drive, the liberty loan drive, the thrift stamps, the income tax, the price of corn—he talked to me for forty miles, he touched on practically everything that is going on in this country at this time and finally said, "But I have one way of settling the whole matter. I simply ask myself what is there in it for you, old man?" That is one reaction to the stimuli of this wonderful year, that is one type of reaction,—what is there in it for me?

Last summer I happened to be trying to rest for a little while up at my mountain home, and I went over the shoulder of Mt. Adams one day with a fine young fellow who is a graduate of Yale, of the Harvard Law School, who was junior partner in a great law firm in New York, with practically everything open before him because he had intellect, he had place, he had wealth; but the call came and the young man left all this and entered the service, and three days after I talked with him on Mt. Adams he was to sail for France. As I sat there and talked with him he said, "Do you know, we men who are going across know better what we are up against than you

people left at home. We have been told what the dangers are and the trials and sufferings and all that, but we believe it is worth while, for we have worked it out in this way—that it does not make very much difference how long a man lives, what really counts is what he does when he is alive.” That is another reaction. How are you reacting? This is a wonderful age, wonderful in achievement and in event. It ought to be, in God’s name, the most wonderful year in the life of every one of us. Wonderful in achievement and wonderful in event, and the hopefulness of the situation lies in the fact that I believe more and more we are reacting as we ought to this wonderful series of events and achievements. That service flag shows, with many others like it, the response that the Indiana college men are making, and that flag shows also our inheritance from those men and women who suffered and labored to make such institutions possible—men and women quick to react in a wonderful and effectual way when the time comes. For we must remember that adjustment to the times is life and that failure in adjustment is death.

How can you become sure that you are reacting properly? I am beginning to believe this—that every time I talk to young men and young women in universities I am finding their vision is getting a little bit broader, that they are looking outside of the spot in which they live; that they have some thought beyond the fraternity of which they happen to be members; that they are beginning to believe there are some things outside of the university walls; that they are thinking a little bit about the state in which they live, and that there has come into their hearts a series of stimuli from far across the ocean—that their vision is widening, so that, instead of seeing merely the little university world and all the ephemeral life of the university, they are seeing the great world with its sorrows and sufferings, its longings and cries for help. Have you waked in the morning feeling in some way or other an unaccountable depression, and wondered what it was, and then suddenly realized that it was this awful war? Your vision is expanding. If your vision is centered upon yourself, if it is centered upon the little things connected with self, you are living in a small universe; but when your eyes and heart are centered upon the world and upon the needs of humanity, then you are

living in God's universe, and you are coming in some sort of fashion into the God likeness; and because your vision has been broadened, because you no longer think in terms of streets and towns, of college and fraternity, of state, but think in terms of humanity, you are bigger and you are better and you are truer men and women than you have been in the past, or than you would have been unless this broad vision had come to you.

I think there is another thing that is absolutely true, and that is that a good many of us are changing our values, or our notions of values. We have measures of men's achievements, we have measures of men's character, that might have passed in the piping times of peace, when everything was prosperous, but we find now that these will not answer; we find that many things that we have slighted are, after all, the eternal verities, the foundations of effective life. We had a sort of idea in those days of incalculable prosperity that we have had for the last twenty-five or thirty years in this country, that achievement, that success, that accumulation, measured a man and constituted true values. But now we are coming to a time when we see that that is far from true. Did you ever stop to think that the most wonderful group of men this sun has ever shone upon is the five hundred thousand men of our selective army? Have you ever been to any of these camps, have you ever seen these splendid young fellows swing by, strong muscles, clear eyes, clean skin, men every inch of them?—your sons, that's who they are. But do you know that to get these five hundred thousand men, we had to examine twelve hundred thousand men, and that seven hundred thousand of them were unfit? We begin to realize that the moralities of life and the cleannesses of life are, after all, the only eternal verities the only foundation stones. We are catching new values, success, accumulation, position—these are slight things in critical times like these. Absolute fitness is the demand of to-day. And there are many young men in college and many young women in college who are changing their values along these lines, and because they are changing them they are determining conduct. Let me tell you that the colleges of this land never had a year in their whole career where discipline entered so little into the consumption of time. Why? We are getting new values, and that is a sign of hope. We are orienting ourselves to a time like this.

And then we are coming, I think, to another new measure as to the purpose and significance of human life. I presume that, ten years ago, if I had been asked to name the most prominent man in our community, I would have thought of perhaps a half-dozen people, and I would have said that these were men who had accumulated much wealth and that they really represented the highest type of our citizenship. If some doubting Thomas had been there I might have gone further and said, "Just think of it—this man came into this community with absolutely nothing except his energy and industry,—and he has worked and achieved and worked and achieved and has accumulated wealth and has given it freely for the benefit of the community." That was the type of man we praised in those days. But now we are beginning to realize that work is not the measure of a man. We are catching the notion to-day that the only thing that measures a man in a time like this is service. If the man who is a man of wealth is also a man of service, well and good, but do you know there is a wonderful difference, just a wonderful difference, between work and service? In work the results of your efforts bear in upon yourself; in service, what you have accumulated is poured out in unstinted measure for others. That is the difference between work and service. It has been a long time in getting into the minds of men, especially of young men, but when the Master himself came He said that He came not to be ministered unto, but to minister. He also said that he who would be greatest must be the servant of all, and in this wonderful age to which we are trying to adjust ourselves in some effective way, the lesson which we are learning is that life cannot be measured by work, by accumulation. It can only be measured by service. That service will not count if it is service that does not hurt; but service will go on and on into sacrifice and suffering. Do you know, young people, that about the chief task before us this year is the task of keeping our souls unashamed. We are living in a time when young men and women cannot conceal their souls. All convention and formality will be stripped away, and our souls will stand out luminous in the day. And it will be splendid and glorious if you have reacted properly to your time, if you have caught the measure of manhood through service; but it will be ineffably mean and little if it shows selfishness and greed

and self-seeking. The choice is yours, but you cannot conceal your soul. Some day I hope the battle will be won, and that splendid army of ours that is now in France will come back. You and I will perhaps see them marching down our streets with their strong, vigorous stride, no longer boys but men. And when they come swinging down the street, I want to look them squarely in the eye and say, "Boys, I too have served, I have sacrificed and suffered." I do not want to say, "I lived here and you fought for me; but I said the war is three thousand miles away, and so I ate fudge and went to movies and did as I pleased." You are not living in an age that permits selfishness.

I have sometimes wondered when we first went into the war why it was that so many people believed that the war was already settled. We have been a self-seeking and undisciplined people because we were living in plenty and in comfort. But I want to tell you that a fudge-eating, movie-surfeited people are not the kind that win wars. It is the people who by service and discipline, by sacrifices repeated day after day until they have hardened and can stand and fight, these are the people who win wars. And it is only as you and I have reacted to this wonderful year and put ourselves into training, as we subject ourselves to stern disciplines and acquire hardness that can resist and attack, that the war will be ended. How are you going to serve? In a thousand ways. How are you going to enlist? In a thousand ways. You have your opportunities, and when the opportunity comes to you, you respond. Do you know that right now there are only two classes of people in the country—those who are helping to win this war and those who help the enemy—patriots and traitors. In time of war there can be no other classification. Those who are helping to win the war are in two parts. One part is represented by the troops who are in the camps, who are on the ocean, or beneath its bed, who are in the trenches over in France—and the other part of the army is the ninety-eight millions of us left behind. Do you know, my friends, that loyalty to duty and devotion to service is no less imperative upon us than upon those boys who went when the government called them to service? I had some work to do with the liberty bonds, and with the Y. M. C. A., and with the Red Cross. I came to one person

after another who said, "I am getting tired of this; when is this going to end?" I said, "Oh, Lord, how long, how long?" Living in an age like this and not adjusted! What about those boys of ours in the camps over in France these cold, chilly nights, knowing that in the morning, just at the break of day, the summons will come that will send them over the top into No-Man's Land. As they sit there waiting for their summons, what are they thinking about? I imagine they are thinking of many things, but they are certainly thinking this, they are wondering whether those of us they have left behind are making sacrifices that are worthy to be spoken of in the same century with the sacrifices they have made. Suppose the call would come to go over the top and one of the boys said, "Well, I went over last week, and it is not my turn—I am just getting tired of this. I am going to quit going over the top and let the other fellows do it." How have you reacted? Have you done anything of that kind? This is not the time to talk about whether the war might be avoided. If my house is on fire I am only asking how it can be put out. I do not discuss whether fire is profitable or desirable, whether it might be avoided—the only thing in which I am interested is how to put it out. We are not ready at this time to study the causes of the war, the possibility of having avoided it. We are in it and it will be won and won right if we can adjust ourselves to this wonderful year, and do our part in achievement and in sacrifice.

I come to you then with this message—that the men who founded this college, that the men and women who gave of their efforts and prayers and means, who worked through doubt and difficulty, worked with the vision of men and women who would be fit for such a crisis as this. Are you? Founder's Day calls you in no mistaken tone. It is a clarion call both to vision and sacrifice. Are you big enough for the age of which you are a part? This thing will not be done separately. It will be done because each one of us who happens to be here to-day does his part day by day until God in His own good time brings peace again; but if I do not, if you do not, and somebody else does not do his part, then this long agony will be prolonged until perhaps the world is exhausted. No, it must be unity and it must be with recognition of the fact that in an age such as this, one wonderful beyond all ages, lives must be wonderful

beyond all past lives; sacrifices must be greater than in the past. I do not know what this year has in store for you, I do not know what it has in store for me, but I do know this, that I will be called to serve as never before, and I will be called to give as never before, and I will be called to sacrifice as never before, and I pray that God will give me strength to serve and to sacrifice.

Hark! I hear the tramp of thousands,
And of armed men the hum;
Lo! a nation's hosts have gathered
Round the quick alarming drum—
Saying, "Come,
Freemen, Come!
Ere your heritage be wasted," said the quick
alarming drum.

Let me of my heart take counsel;
War is not of life the sum;
Who shall stay and reap the harvest
When the autumn days shall come?
But the drum
Echoed, "Come!
Death shall reap the braver harvest," said the
solemn sounding drum.

Thus they answered—hoping, fearing,
Some in faith, and doubting some,
Till a trumpet voice proclaiming,
Said, "My chosen people, come!"
Then the drum,
Lo! was dumb.
For the great heart of the nation, throbbing,
answered, "Lord, we come!"

And so to you reaping the labors of far-seeing, brave lives of the past, comes the call. Have you heard it? It matters not how black things may be, it matters not what discouragements may come to us, if we will be but courageous, if we will but fight on we can say:

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

It matters not how straight the gate,
How charged with punishment the scroll,
I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul.

And Butler College was founded that you might be masters of fate
and captains of your souls.

The Power of the Dead

BY MAURICE MAETERLINCK

[This article appeared in *Le Figaro*, All Souls' Day, 1916. The version in English has been made by Miss Ethel M. Damon, of Honolulu.]

In a little book which is a sort of strange masterpiece, "The Enchanted Town," an English novelist, Mrs. Oliphant, shows us the dead of a rural town who, suddenly, indignant at the behavior and customs of those who live in the city which they themselves founded, revolt, invade the houses, the streets, and the public squares, and, under the pressure of their vast numbers, all-powerful though invisible, force back the living, thrust the inhabitants out of the gates, and, setting a strong watch, refuse them entrance within their walls until after a treaty of peace and repentance has purified their hearts, made amends for their offenses, and assured a more worthy future.

Without any doubt there is under this fiction, pushed apparently too far because we see only the material and ephemeral realities, a great truth. The dead live and move among us much more truly and with more effect than the most venturesome imagination could well picture. It is doubtful whether they stay in their tombs. It appears even more and more certain that they never let themselves be shut in there. Under the stones where we think them imprisoned there

are only a few ashes which no longer belong to them, which they have abandoned without regret and which, probably, they no longer deign to remember. All that they were lives among us. Under what form, in what way? After thousands, perhaps millions of years, we still do not know, and no religion has been able to tell us with satisfying certainty, though every religion has done its utmost; but we can, according to definite indications, hope to learn.

Without considering further a potent but confused truth which for the moment it is impossible to define or render comprehensible, let us confine ourselves to what is unquestioned. As I have said elsewhere, whatever be our religious faith, there is a place where our dead cannot perish, where they continue to exist as actually and sometimes more actively than when they were in the flesh; it is within us that is found this holy place which for those whom we have lost becomes heaven or hell according as we come to a better understanding or as we separate ourselves from their thoughts and their desires.

And their thoughts and their desires are always higher than ours. In raising ourselves, then, we shall approach them. We must take the first steps; they can no longer come down, though for us it is always possible to mount; for the dead, whatever they may have been in their lifetime, become better than the best among us. The worst, in sloughing off their body, have shed its vices, its littlenesses, its weaknesses which soon leave likewise our memory of them; and the spirit alone lives, which is pure in every man and can desire nothing but good. There are no evil dead because there are no evil souls. That is the reason that, according as we purify ourselves we give back life to those who are no longer alive and transform into heaven our memory which they inhabit.

And that which has always been true of all the dead is increasingly so to-day when only the best are chosen for death. In the region which we fancy to be under the earth, which we call the kingdom of shades and which is in reality the ethereal region and the kingdom of light, there are at this moment disturbances as profound as those which we are experiencing on the surface of our earth. The young dead are surging into it from all directions; and never since the beginning of the world have they been so numerous,

so full of strength and ardor. While in the usual course of life the dwelling-place of those who leave us gathers in only weary and exhausted lives, there is not a single one in this matchless company who, to take up again the expression of Pericles, "has not gone out of life at the height of glory." There is not a single one who, having reached up toward, rather than gone down to, death, is not completely clothed in the greatest sacrifice that man can make for an idea which cannot die. It would be necessary that everything which we have believed up to this day, everything which we have tried to attain there ourselves, everything which has elevated us to the point where we are, everything which has overcome the evil days and evil instincts of human nature, that all this should be nothing more than illusions and lies, if such men, if such an accumulation of worth and glory, had really been annihilated, had forever disappeared, were forever useless and voiceless, forever inactive in a world to which they had given life.

It is hardly possible that it can be thus from the point of view of the external survival of the dead; but it is absolutely certain that it is otherwise so from the point of view of their survival in ourselves. Here nothing is lost and nothing perishes. Our memories to-day are peopled with a multitude of heroes struck down in the flower of life and quite different from the pale languid troop but recently there, almost exclusively made up of sick and old who had already ceased to exist before leaving the earth. We must say to ourselves that now, in every one of our homes, in our cities as in our villages, in the palace as in the darkest hovel, there lives and reigns a young spirit-dead in the radiance of his strength. He fills the poorest, the blackest dwelling with a glory which it would never have dared dream. His constant presence, imperious and inevitable, is diffused there and maintains there a religion and thoughts which formerly were not known there, hallows everything which surrounds it, forces the eyes to look up and the spirit no longer to descend again, purifies the air which is breathed there, the discourse which is held there, and the thoughts which there gather themselves together; and more and more as never before in so vast proportion, it dignifies, it ennobles, it liberates a whole people.

Such dead have an influence as profound, as fruitful, and less

precarious than life. It is terrible that this experience has been undergone, for it is the most pitiless, and in such enormous numbers the first that humanity has suffered; but now that the trial is almost passed we shall soon welcome from it the most unlooked-for results. Very shortly we shall see the increasing of differences and the divergence of destinies between the nations who have gained all these dead and all this glory and those who were deprived of them, and it will be proven with astonishment that those who have lost the most are those who have kept their riches and their men. There are losses which are inestimable gains and gains in which the future is lost. There are dead whom the living would not know how to replace and the thought of whom does things which bodies alone cannot accomplish. There are dead who spring beyond death and find life again; and we are almost all of us at this hour the agents of a being more great, more noble, more important, more wise and more alive than are we ourselves. With all those who accompany him, he will be our judge, if it is true that the dead weigh the soul of the living and that on their judgment depends our happiness. He will be our guide and our protector; for this is the first time since history has revealed to us its calamities that mankind has felt hovering above its head and speaking in its heart such a multitude of such dead.

The Clandestine Press of Belgium

BY JAMES GARFIELD RANDALL, '03

The universal sympathy of the civilized world for stricken Belgium is compounded of two elements. One of these is horror at the faithlessness and savagery of the invader, and the other is a genuine fondness for a nation so full of pluck, so even in temper, and of such irrepressible national spirit. Belgian patriotism is unquenchable. Every effort of the occupying foe to suppress patriotic feeling—such as the forced striking of the flag, heavy fines for wearing the national colors or singing the national hymn, learned attempts to prove the racial identity of Belgian and Teuton, and the rigid prohibition

of all patriotic celebrations—has only reinforced the determination of the Belgians to preserve their national integrity and resist every Germanizing influence.

Among the many obstacles in the way of a preservation of love of country is a systematic and complete stifling of the Belgian press. The invader has so entirely smothered independent journalism within the country that the people, in their efforts to resist intellectual strangulation, have built up a vigorous underground press which is one of the real wonders of this war.

One of the first effects of the German invasion was to shut off the Belgian people from the thought of the outside world. All existing Belgian journals were at once suppressed, and if they reappeared it was only after they agreed to submit to a drastic and humiliating German censorship. German newspapers poured into the country, and one or two Germanophil sheets from Holland were admitted, but foreign papers from the Allied countries were rigidly excluded. Furthermore, the circulation of certain previously printed editions was forbidden. For instance, no one was allowed to secure a certain number of 1914 *Illustré* published before the Germans came, and containing portraits of King Albert, Poincaré, George V, and other Allied leaders. A special German sheet, the *Illustrierte Kriegs Kurier*, a propaganda organ published in German, Flemish, and French, with pictures of the war from the German standpoint, was everywhere available. Two German news agencies were soon put into operation in Belgium,—the *Courier Belge* and *L' Hollando-Belge*.

The Germans soon realized, however, that they themselves would suffer inconvenience from the lack of a Belgian press. So they proceeded to create one. By using unscrupulous Belgians and by compelling some editors to continue publishing under their censorship, they soon had a series of so-called Belgian papers in operation, whose every word was censored or inspired by the occupying authorities. Most of the editors indignantly refused to surrender their independence by submitting to the intolerable German censorship, and either discontinued their sheets or moved them to some foreign city such as London or Paris. In some cases editors were fined or imprisoned for refusing to publish their papers. *L' Ami de l' Ordre*

was forced to appear under German control, and its editors were obliged to publish articles which they knew to be mere inventions.

A preventive and punitive military censorship of the severest sort was imposed upon these pretended Belgian journals. Every line had to be submitted before publication to the censor, and instead of leaving blank spaces in place of deleted passages, the editors were forced to fill the columns with continuous matter, being supplied with a special typewritten journal from which articles of various lengths could be selected for the purpose. The German authorities did not live up to their original agreement in this respect, which was that articles should not be mutilated but merely stricken out, and that the blank spaces might be left. None of the Allied *communiqués* were published at first in these pseudo-Belgian sheets, and later only occasional passages were presented. One of the papers, *Le Bruxellois*, went so far as to explain that French *communiqués* were rarely issued and consisted of only a few lines.

The impossibility of finding the truth in the denatured journals which have passed the censorship is cleverly suggested in one of the many jokes which the Belgians like to publish at the expense of their enemies. A German, killed in battle, went up to the gates of heaven. "Who are you?" asked St. Peter. "I am the soul of a German soldier," was the answer. "Impossible," replied St. Peter, "I have carefully read the censored newspapers of Belgium all these months, and they haven't yet announced the death of a single German soldier."

A few examples will suffice to show the extent to which German official falsification has been carried. A series of pamphlets was circulated which purported to give the history of the war. In the report of the famous interview between Goschen and Bethmann-Hollweg the Chancellor's reference to a "scrap of paper"—the most significant thing in the interview—was left out, and Goschen's reference to England's vital interest in the neutrality of Belgium was also suppressed. An article of calumny against certain notables of Anvers was represented as having been copied from *Tijd*. It was never published in that Dutch journal nor in any other, but was wholly false and was based on a bogus copy which was the work of Germans. Two sets of what purported to be the same edition of

the *General Anzeiger* of Düsseldorf were prepared with identical date and serial numbering, but one was intended for circulation in occupied Russia and the other in Belgium, the news matter varying according to the audience. Photographs taken in Brussels did service as illustrations of the "entry into Antwerp," and certain touching scenes showing "soldiers of the German Landsturm sharing their bread with French children" were wholly faked. Hundreds of such instances could be cited.

The part to be played by Belgian editors was carefully cut out for them by the Germans. To quote *La Verité*, a daring secret journal, they were "to publish what the Prussian censor pleased and omit what he pleased; not to rejoice at Allied success, but to insist on the pretended success of the enemy's troops; to insert articles inspired by Prussian bureaus and reproduce Allied bulletins thrice-sifted in Berlin; not to denounce the massacres of Vise, Dolhain, Liège, Aerschot, Diest, Dinant, etc., but to wax indignant at the petty abuses of the Belgians; to praise the enemy's organizations and remain mute regarding his exactions." It is to be said to the honor of the Belgian editors that they refused to accept such a role.

All news issuing from Belgium has been controlled with as great a strictness as the news which enters. Writers from the outside find it impossible to get any privileges unless they are willing to write, at German dictation, of the "normal" conditions that prevail, of the beneficent effects of the German control, of the horrors of the native "*francs-tireurs*," and of the "falsification" of accounts regarding German atrocities. For the supplying of news to enemy and neutral countries the Germans early created the "*Presse Central*," under whose minute scrutiny all foreign correspondents had to work and through whose hands every word of news from Belgium had to pass. This bureau served as a publicity committee for all the governmental departments and as a censoring board for all printed matter originating in the country. The truth is, of course, smuggled out of Belgium in the long run, but it takes great ingenuity to accomplish this.

There is nothing in this war more appealing than the attempts of the Belgians to free themselves from this intolerable situation. Their secret methods of news propagation have admirably mani-

fested their alertness, their sense of humor, and their unquenchable patriotism. In the early days of the occupation the Belgians managed to secure Belgian papers from those cities that had not been invaded. Later, French and English papers, and genuine Belgian journals which had moved to foreign soil, such as *L'Indépendance Belge*, printed in London, were smuggled in, and significant passages were copied on typewritten sheets which circulated along underground routes. Each of these secret typewritten journals had its special subscription list and there were fifteen of them in Brussels alone. In certain establishments it was possible to secure the use of an Allied newspaper for ten minutes for one or two francs.

As the sale and distribution of all news not expressly authorized by the German censorship was strictly forbidden, and as these foreign journals were particularly under the ban, those who used them were constantly in danger of incurring heavy penalties. A young girl was given two months imprisonment for buying foreign newspapers and copying articles hostile to Germany. Court-martial trial, imprisonment up to five years, and fines up to 3,000 marks were enforced for selling or distributing prohibited papers. People were searched and houses were ransacked in order to locate these contraband sheets, and, in keeping with German psychology, the penalties were steadily increased on the theory that a sufficient application of force would break down even Belgian spirit.

It was not long before uncensored papers, printed in Belgium itself, began to appear.* Of these clandestine journals the most vigorous and defiant is *La Libre Belgique*. No one knows where it is printed. Its habitat is fantastically referred to as "*une cave automobile*"—which might perhaps be translated as a migatory cellar or a cellar on wheels—and its telegraph address is ironically given as "The Governorship, Brussels." The price is indefinite, varying "from zero to infinity," and there is no regular time of issue, but an average of three or four editions a month has been maintained. Not even the carriers know where the paper is published. All each carrier knows is the particular step in the ladder of distribution for

*A fascinating volume by Jean Massart, *La Presse Clandestine dans la Belgique Occupée*, published in Paris, should be made familiar to the reading public of America. The writer wishes to acknowledge his indebtedness to the author, whose first-hand observations in Belgium have enabled him to present a story of absorbing interest.

which he is responsible. If, therefore, the police capture a carrier with these *verboten* papers in his hands, they may visit the direst penalties upon him, but the printing and distribution of the paper goes on just the same. When a contribution is submitted to the editors, it takes ten or twelve days for the message to travel from one intermediary to another until it finally reaches the managing office.

With a charming audacity, the managers take particular pains to extend the privileges of their paper to the Governor-general, who always finds two copies on his desk whenever a new number is issued. One of the numbers prominently pictured his Excellency the Baron von Bissing with his "favorite paper" in his hands. The accompanying note explained that "the dear Governor-general, weary of reading falsehoods in the censored papers, was seeking the truth in *La Libre Belgique*."

The German authorities, in their rage at the defiance of this plucky little newspaper operating under their very noses, have made the most savage and elaborate efforts to hunt down the offenders. To handle the paper or even to have it in possession is made a serious offense, and a huge reward—originally 25,000 francs but later raised to 75,000—has been offered for information leading to the apprehension of the editors and proprietors. Anonymous or fictitiously signed letters have poured in upon the governor, giving in the most precise fashion the exact location of the paper, and specifying all the turns and twists which searchers must make in order to discover the secret office. Acting upon this information, the police arrive at a house in great secrecy and after laboriously following the complicated directions discover that they have been made the victims of a practical joke. In one case the German searchers, fulfilling the instructions of an anonymous letter, were about to arrest a statue of Andreas Vesalius, the anatomist, before they discovered their mistake.

One of the issues contains a long communication by the editors addressed to the honorable Governor-general impressing upon him the futility of this clumsy campaign against *La Libre Belgique*. He only wastes his time and money, they tell him, in bringing special brigades of detectives from Berlin and in starting his police out to

chase false scents. Regularly the paper appears after each of his expeditions. The benefits of his seizures and confiscations do not pay for the trouble and the ridicule of failure. The more he persists, the more their propaganda extends. The movable office of publication is capable of sliding from place to place with an ease which his Excellency would not suspect. The paper is pledged to continue as long as the German press by its lies and omissions seeks to sap the patriotism of the people, to weaken their resistance, to smirch their characters, and to spread discord and despair among their ranks, and in Belgium a pledge is a sacred engagement. As for killing *La Libre Belgique*, the thing is impossible. It is not to be grasped, for it is nowhere. It is an *ignis fatuus* arising from the graves of Belgian compatriots massacred at Louvain, at Tamines, at Dinant. But it is also the will-o'-the-wisp that issues from the tombs of those German soldiers who were slain at Liège, at Waelhem, and on the Yser, and who now see for what miserable project of domination they were sacrificed to the Moloch of war under the pretext of defending their country. It is finally the voice of all the mothers, all the widows, and all the orphans whose cries cannot be hushed. As the days pass this voice will ever grow in volume and will reach to the very frontiers.

The tone of the paper is delightful. It always keeps its serenity of temper, and its spirit is irrepressible. The Belgians enjoy it and all the copies are carefully treasured. The usual circulation is about 10,000, but the paper proved so popular that the first five numbers were reprinted three or four times after their original publication.

One of the most interesting features of *La Libre Belgique* is its monthly air supplement giving in Flemish and French the news of the war. It is published abroad and scattered in Belgium by aviators. In suppressing this sort of journalistic enterprise, there is very little that the authorities can do except injure or penalize the residents of districts in which air visits are made; so after a rain of air supplements was poured over the promenaders in some of the Brussels boulevards, the citizens were forced to remain indoors within prescribed hours without lights. The Germans have also discharged under the airplanes shrapnel shells which explode on

nearing the ground, so that those whose curiosity draws them to the neighborhood are in serious danger of injury.

Besides *La Libre Belgique*, there are various other clandestine newspapers which have enjoyed varying fortunes, such as *La Verité*, which published seven numbers in May and June, 1915, and *Le Belge*, which lasted from September to November, 1915. A secret Flemish paper, *De Vlaamsche Leeuw*, announced itself as procurable "everywhere and nowhere," and referred to its editorial office as located "at the Kommandant's in Brussels, facing the printing establishment of *La Libre Belgique*."

It is always with a delightful sense of humor that these daring journals refer to their own vicissitudes. *La Libre Belgique* once apologized to its readers for close association with such traveling companions as calcium-carbide, strong cheese and red herring, and expressed regret that the papers lacked the perfume of the rose and the violet. On another occasion the editors apologized for the late appearance of their paper, explaining that this edition on meeting the enemy "plunged into the water to swim for life and was drowned." The edition had to be reprinted. The readers are cautioned to respect the anonymity of the editors, and to avoid a curiosity which might become treason.

In addition to newspapers there are various other underground publications which circulate among the Belgian people. One of these is a necrology of Dinant, giving over six hundred names of persons massacred in that town and shot without trial, and others contain testimony of eye-witnesses regarding horrors committed by the Germany army. Prohibited post-cards have been circulated giving pictures of ruined Belgian villages which have suffered heavily at the hands of the invader, of the Belgian king, of the beloved Mercier, and of Miss Cavell. The most vexing to the Germans are those which give portraits of their spies.

In Germany there is much talk of national "morale," of "holding out," of a "will to victory" (which, being interpreted, means a will to conquest). In that nation every discouraging influence is carefully avoided. The people are fed on official news and are shielded from all that might dishearten. How vastly different in Belgium! Among this people no act is omitted that might serve to sap their

national spirit, to blunt the edge of their patriotism, or to blast their sense of independence. Coarseness daily offends their sensitive taste; an enslaving frightfulness attacks their passion for liberty; and bribery insults their personal honor. Yet in the face of it all there is no letting down, no moral surrender, no loosening of the national determination. There is a quiet and dignified outward submission which seeks to avoid offense, while always there is the inner protest of a fine nature which refuses to be degraded. There is real heroism in this steadfast firmness of spirit, in this will to die rather than to lose one's soul.

Historic Washington Homes Taken for Country's Use

From the Committee on Public Information

With the war's proclamation a year ago everything in Washington changed. The quiet, orderly, peaceful, smiling town, with its government routine, its particular prides and prejudices, suddenly threw off its garment of provincial repose, and, donning the uniform of militancy, Washington became the capital of a nation at war.

Everything in Washington has been made subservient to the nation's cause. No more are the glowing vistas of tree-bordered avenues and of pillared porticoes admired in the light of the setting sun; no more does the homely cottage which threw its evening radiance into the shadow of the great Navy building make its daily appeal to the thousands who pass. It has lost its charm because it disappeared in a night, and in its place to-day stands a ten-story building whose lights throughout the night tell of double work shifts.

The very stones of Washington are to-day proclaiming war, for many of the historic old residences, whose function has been to live as largely for sentiment as for utility, have arisen in their might and are opening their doors to the hosts of military workers who are striving to perform the nation's duty.

The building in Washington to which the most vital memories

attach is the Octagon house, the mansion built at the instigation of his friend, General George Washington, by Colonel John Taylor, of Virginia. This house was built after the plan of William Thornton, designer of the United States Capitol, and it is one of the finest examples existing to-day of a colonial house of the eighteenth century. It was the scene of some of the most notable social and political gatherings of the first days of Washington as the capital, but its prime interest arises from the fact that it was the house to which President James Madison removed the executive residence and offices after the burning of the White House in 1814. During his stay here, the Treaty of Ghent, which closed this country's second war with Britain, was signed by James Madison.

This famous old Washington house was purchased some years ago by the American Institute of Architects, and is used as its headquarters. When war created a shortage of space for the government's work, the owners of the Octagon house emptied the great drawing-room of its historic treasures, including the table on which the Treaty of Ghent was signed, and turned the big apartment over to the Navy Department for the use of its Naval Intelligence Board. The Institute has gone heart and soul into war work and is giving its services freely and widely in the matter of supplying architects and draftsmen for war emergency work.

Beautiful Lafayette Square, around which so many of Washington's historic memories cling, is giving up its old homes to the cause of war's necessity. A tall, white colonial residence of distinction, directly facing the White House, which served as the home of the naval hero, Commodore Stockton, and later of Slidell of the Southern Confederacy; of Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy under President Lincoln, and of many other statesmen of the past, has recently been turned over to the War Department for use as headquarters for its Remount Division.

A block to the west of the Welles house is the old home of George Bancroft, the historian, now in part given over to the war relief work of the State Department. Here, almost every day, comes Mrs. Lansing, wife of the Secretary of State, to take actual charge of the making of Red Cross garments and dressings for hospital use.

Admiral Decatur's old home on the southwest corner, and Daniel Webster's handsome residence during the time he served as Secretary of State, on the northeast corner of H street and Jackson Place, still stand in this busy section, untouched by war's activities. A few doors below the Decatur mansion, however, the house which sheltered Webster after he had sold his larger property to the late W. W. Corcoran, is now in active use by the Committee on Public Information, whose chief is George Creel. This committee has also taken over one or two other houses in the block, including the home of Henry Clay.

A house of interesting connection situated a few doors above the home of the Committee on Public Information was recently purchased by the National Congress of Mothers and Parent-Teachers' Association to serve an admirable war mission. This purpose is that of a clubhouse for enlisted men of the army and navy which will be worthy the capital. The building is spacious and convenient, comfortably and attractively fitted and furnished for the united benefit of the boys in khaki and the boys in blue, to whose comfort and pleasure it is to contribute while they are in camp at or near the capital, or when they come to it on a brief visit. The chief historic tradition of this house consists in the fact that while the White House was under reconstruction it served the purpose of Executive Mansion to President Roosevelt and his family.

Another residence which served as a "Little White House" during another regime stands directly across Lafayette Park from the new service club, and has also been set to purposes of hospitality during the war. This is known as the Taylor mansion, because it was built by Benjamin Ogle Taylor. It later became the home of Senator Don Cameron. It was the residence of Garrett A. Hobart while he was vice-president, and later during the McKinley administration it was occupied by Senator Mark Hanna, through whom it earned its executive title. For years it was the custom of this senator to invite a group of chosen friends for breakfast every Sunday morning to meet the President of the United States at an old-fashioned breakfast, and here over the meal the solons discussed affairs of state. This picturesque old house has recently been purchased by the Cosmos Club of Washington, its war-time use being to serve

as a center of hospitality to a share of the three hundred men of science, literature, art, and those "distinguished in the learned professions or in the public service" who, coming to Washington to lend their aid to the government of the United States, have been tendered the privilege of associate membership in the famous club. It has undoubtedly added to the interest of these men, as it has given years of gratification to its members, to realize that the main building of the series acquired by the Cosmos Club was the home of President Madison when he left the White House, and the center of extensive hospitality by his wife for a long time after his death, and that it knows no other cognomen in Washington than the "Dolly Madison House."

Historic St. John's, the "Church of the Presidents," situated directly opposite the White House on Lafayette Square, is one of Washington's oldest houses of worship which are contributing their share to the war work of the nation. Here from times long past and until to-day the people have come to celebrate the joys and sorrows of the nation, to memorialize past wars and to pray for that of the present. Presidents Madison, Monroe, John Quincy Adams, Jackson, Van Buren, Harrison, Tyler, Fillmore, Buchanan, Arthur, and Taft worshipped in St. John's, and every other executive head has walked across the picturesque park to attend service in the quaint little edifice, which stands much as it left the hands of its noted designer, Latrobe. St. John's has taken a deep interest in the enlisted men who have come to Washington, either to camp or to visit. To meet their need it has opened a restroom for soldiers and sailors, where the enlisted men are provided with living accommodations at a nominal price.

Lafayette Square, fronting the White House and the State, War and Navy buildings, and which holds this wealth of historic treasure around its border, itself speaks of the war. Not only does the equestrian statue of Jackson proclaim to the world in graven letters the solemn words, "Our Federal Union: It must be preserved," but the four monuments of Lafayette, Rochambeau, Kosciusko, and von Steuben, which ornament its four corners, speak the cause of world freedom for which men oppressed by autocracy left their homeland to fight for one which promised a liberty strong enough

to last for all time. To-day thoughtful eyes look out upon those monuments and upon the vision of grass and trees of this most vital of Washington's spaces from buildings which hold the saving of the nation in their hands.

Washington has an historic Army and Navy Club, but, like every other institution connected with the War or Navy departments, the sudden expansion of the nation's fighting forces overtaxed the club, for officers swarmed to Washington too fast to be absorbed by it. To meet this war emergency, a group of reserve officers conceived the idea of a United Service Club of America, with headquarters in Washington. Secretary of War Baker gave his hearty endorsement to the project and the United Service parent club was opened in Washington, with auxiliaries to follow wherever officers of the army and navy are gathered together on this or the other side of the Atlantic. For their headquarters the officers were fortunate enough to find at their disposal one of the fine old residences of historic prestige. This is the former home of the late James G. Blaine, on Dupont Circle. The spacious house, which was designed by Mr. Blaine and his wife without the aid of an architect, occupies the entire block between P street and Massachusetts avenue, and overlooks the beautiful plot of green sometimes called "Millionaire Circle" from the wealth represented by the residents surrounding it. This house was purchased from the widow of Secretary Blaine by Mr. George Westinghouse, the Pittsburgh millionaire paying \$150,000 for it. The officers have leased the house from George Westinghouse, Jr., for their use during the war. Not only is the mansion well arranged for its purpose and handsomely fitted, but Mr. Westinghouse has permitted the club the use of his furnishings, which include many valuable paintings, antiques, tapestries, and other articles of beauty and value. The United Service Club of America is not limited to reserve officers, but is open to all officers of the army and navy.

Among other historic Washington residences which have converted their domestic halls into war-working bureaus is the house at 1623 Pennsylvania avenue, which was occupied by Andrew Johnson while he was vice-president of the United States. The Department of State, which this house faces, is using it as its office of Foreign Trade Advisers.

The Civilian Personnel Division of the War Department makes its headquarters in the Adams building at 1333 F street, which has clung to the name of the original building on its site, the Washington residence of John Quincy Adams before he took up his abode in the White House. Directly opposite another President, Martin Van Buren, dwelt, and a sturdy little wing of that building yet serves an active purpose of to-day.

Throughout the whole city of Washington private residences have been given to the use of the government for overflowing activities, and half a score of apartment houses were summarily emptied of their occupants last fall that they might serve the more pressing official needs of the army and navy. The first private dwelling house in the United States to be contributed to the demands of the Red Cross was the spacious mansion of Herbert Wadsworth, which immediately on war's proclamation was offered as headquarters for the District of Columbia chapter of the American Red Cross.

Another of the more modern Washington houses contributed to the cause of patriotism is the former "Playhouse," whose use for the war's duration was generously donated to the government by its owner, Mrs. Henrietta M. Halliday. This picturesque and attractively furnished building was designed by Colonel J. L. Smithmyer, architect of the Congressional Library. It was placed at the disposal of the Woman's Committee of the Council of National Defense, and is providing comfortable and convenient quarters for the group of women constituting this committee who are giving their services to the country.

The Work of a Consular Officer

BY SAMUEL H. SHANK, '92

So much has been written about the consular service during the past few years that I have no doubt that most readers of the Quarterly are infinitely better informed as to the duties of a consul than was the writer when he entered the service. But perhaps a great number still have a hazy idea as to what a consul actually does, and the old idea of the "Yankee Consul" as portrayed in the comic

opera no doubt still gives the tone to the mental picture of many, so I shall try to give a true description of the work. Please do not smile at that word "work" till you have finished the story.

The first duty of every consular officer is to become familiar with the consular regulations. These were last published in book form in 1896 and consist of about 800 paragraphs, each one of which is an instruction regarding the proper conduct of the officer in executing his official duties. During the last twenty years these regulations have been revoked or changed by thousands of instructions of the Department of State, or executive orders of the President. Besides these regulations and instructions, there are the treaties of the United States with the various countries which one must observe, as well as a general understanding of international law and some knowledge of the legal usages in the United States.

On receipt of an instruction from the Department of State, it must be acknowledged and carefully noted in the permanent records, and also carried in the officer's mind, for one cannot always stop to read up the instructions to know what to do. As, for instance, when an American war vessel visits a port and the commander has paid his official visit at the consulate, the consul must then return the visit on board. As he is leaving the ship a salute of seven guns is fired (nine in case of a consul general) and unless he carried the regulation in his memory he might forget to stand with his top-hat in hand and face the vessel till the salute was finished. And if he did forget and it were reported to Washington, it would mean a black mark on his efficiency record and a probable instruction from the higher powers calling his attention to the fact that he was lacking in his knowledge of his official duties.

But, unfortunately, such pleasant duties as visiting naval vessels from one's own country are rare in the life of a consul and his time and thoughts are taken up with more commonplace matters. The work varies at different posts, but the one most common to all is the execution of invoices. The law requires that every shipment of goods to the United States of more than \$100 value must be accompanied by an invoice to be presented to the collector of customs at the port of entry. These must be prepared in triplicate, quadruplicate, or quintuplicate as the case may require. They must give the

name of the seller, the buyer, the port of arrival, the port of entry, the kind of goods, the quantity, and the price. They must be signed on both sides of each copy by the shipper or his duly authorized agent who has a power of attorney on file in the consulate. The consular officer must put on his number, a fee stamp, and seal and sign each copy. In the case of food or drug products a certificate of purity must be attached, and one must remember which of the eighteen cities of the United States have chemical laboratories for examining such products in order to know how many copies of the invoice are required. To invoices of rags or hides a certificate of disinfection must be attached, and this must have its separate fee stamp and officer's signature. Shipments of antiques must be accompanied by a declaration that the goods are over one hundred years old and paintings of American artists must have their special certificates. Invoices of sardines must have their special certificates of "identification." Shipments of household effects require other forms of invoice, as do "American goods returned." At present each invoice must be accompanied by a certificate of currency, showing the depreciation of the local currency, and so each invoice must be signed at least six times. This office has executed as high as 170 invoices in a day, which means that one must sign his name seven or eight hundred times in a day. I have been thankful many times that my name was not "Wigglesworth" or "Throckmorton"; in fact, I have discarded the initials and use only the last name in order to save time.

Besides seeing that the invoice is properly filled out, we are expected to see that the prices given correspond with the local market prices, but I fear that few officers live up strictly to that regulation. One invoice may contain a hundred or more articles and it would be impossible for an officer to know the market price of all of them even had he the time to look them over. The Department of State occasionally sends out instructions cautioning officials to scrutinize carefully the prices in invoices. A consul in the Far East in replying to one such instruction called attention to an invoice which contained over six hundred items, the first of which was "one carved ivory elephant." He wrote: "If I were able to tell whether that elephant were listed at the market price, I wouldn't be work-

ing for the United States Government for \$5,000 a year." And still it was a part of his duties to know. Things may run along smoothly for months and no one be the wiser even if some articles have been undervalued, and then one morning you open your mail and find a letter from a collector of customs calling your attention to "two different invoices executed by you on the same day, one giving the price of human hair at 90 lire a kilo and the other at 100 lire." You start out on a hunting expedition for the scalp of the "manufacturer" of human hair who has so basely tried to defraud the government, and after having visited a half-dozen establishments you come back with a world of information which you impart to the collector in a manner so lucid that any professor of mathematics could understand it. In about two months you receive a letter asking for "the market price on the date of shipment." Having already informed him that there is no market price, as the dealers do not sell to the local trade (the natives do not buy their own hair) you repeat this information and then he requests his department to send a special treasury agent from Paris to investigate the business. You then spend all of your "leisure" time for a month taking the special agent around to interview every one who ever bought, sold, lost, or stole human hair and after he (or she) has pried into the secrets of all the men in the business, he makes a report to the collector. After about a year the board of appraisers hears the evidence, reads the reports of the agent and the consul, decides that all foreign shippers are thieves and are in a trust to rob the United States Government, and assesses the duty at a price which they think any one who would sell human hair ought to pay and add 70 per cent. fine because he had not invoiced at that price in the first place, when, as a matter of fact, he had actually sold the goods at a price below his invoiced price. The honest shipper pays his fine of \$5,000 or \$10,000 and then comes to the consul and wants to know what kind of a government there is in the United States of America anyway! Then is the time for a consul to use all of his diplomatic powers and he has to do a lot of "tall talking" in a foreign tongue to convince the irate shipper that the government is all right, but that his competitors were to blame as they were jealous of his success, and the board must be composed

of a lot of blockheads who were prejudiced, but then "what can you expect of a lot of men who have no more ability than to work for \$25 a day?"

"Tell the gentlemen I shall see them at once." Oh, blessed relief! He will have to go now, and I was at the end of my list of apologies.

The messenger informs me that there are about twenty shippers who would like to speak with me. With outwardly polite apologies for disturbing me, but inwardly wanting to stiletto me, they demand to "know the reason why I have compelled them to raise the price of lemon boxes from 36 to 38 cents, when they can buy all they want for 30 cents apiece." After explaining that I have searched the town over for the philanthropist who would sell lemon boxes below cost and could not find him, I had been compelled to adopt the market price for their invoices to save them from paying a fine in New York for under-valuing their boxes, but if they would bring me a written offer of a lower price I would adopt it. One and all promise to bring me the offer next day, but I know they will never return with the offers and so go home to lunch, free for an hour from the troubles of others.

Besides the work of executing the invoices, one must enter them in the fee book, showing their number, name of shipper, kind and value of goods, and the fee paid. Also the statistics of the quantities and values must be kept and a report made at the end of the year showing the increases and decreases of each article. One invoice may contain dozens of articles, and when the invoices run into thousands it is no small job to keep the statistics. The Palermo consulate had over 8,000 invoices in 1914. The original copy is kept on file in the consulate, the duplicate given to the shipper, and the triplicate sent to the collector of customs at the port of entry. The triplicates must be accompanied by a duplicate list for each port, giving the names of the shippers, the amount, and the fee. In the case of invoices of food products a fourth copy must be sent to the food and drug laboratory.

Next in importance is the execution of notarial services. These include affidavits, certifying the signatures of officials, certifying to birth, marriage, and death certificates, executing claims for death benefits, pension vouchers, deeds, releases of mortgages, and taking

depositions for use in lawsuits pending in the United States. These latter may take several days if there are several witnesses and have to be translated from one language to another.

Work varies in different posts and where there are many Americans the registration of citizens and the application for passports requires a great deal of time and work. This latter work has been materially increased since the war began, as no one can go from one city to another without his passport bearing his photograph and description and the visa of the consul and local officials. Going from one country to another now requires more documents than it formerly did to go around the world.

At seaports there is a vast amount of work in preparing the bill of health for every vessel bound for an American port, seeing that seamen are paid off if they are dissatisfied with their treatment on board, paying for board and lodging of seamen stranded in port, paying their hospital bills when they are sick or injured, securing them employment on other ships or paying their passage home if no employment can be found, settling disputes between masters and crews, and, in rare cases, settling bottomry cases. At such ports as London, Liverpool, and Gibraltar this work is enormous.

Where there are many emigrants it is necessary to have a physician examine them for trachoma and other contagious diseases and to have men to examine their baggage and if necessary to disinfect the same. All doubtful cases are referred to the consul, and he frequently must go on board ship to decide whether certain persons may depart or not. The number of emigrants from the port of Palermo in 1913 was over 61,000, and the work of examining the passengers and their baggage required the services of a doctor and six men.

Each week the consul must obtain the vital statistics and report the total deaths and the cases and deaths of all contagious diseases and forward the report to Washington. In case of an epidemic he must cable reports to the government, and see that each ship leaving a port in his district is properly disinfected.

When hides or rags are to be shipped, they must be disinfected under the supervision of the consulate, and proper certificates of disinfection must be attached to the invoice.

In Canada consuls are frequently required to seal freight cars which are loaded for interior ports in the United States. This is not a pleasant task at best, but when one has to drive three miles with the thermometer 40 degrees below zero and climb between cars covered with snow and ice, put a wire through the latch of a box car door and press on a lead seal, do this on four doors of twenty different cars, he commences to think that the consular service is not all a thing of glory and wishes that he might have some of the fellows back home assisting him at such a "pink tea."

These last two services are the only kinds of consular work that are not done at the Palermo consulate.

At the end of each quarter a report has to be made of all the transactions which have been made by the consulate. A copy of the fee book, fee stamp account, clerk hire account with vouchers, contingent expense account with vouchers for every item of expenditure, list of visas of passports, list of telegrams sent, postage account, services to seamen, and various other forms have to be made out and sent in. An account current has to be made out showing the moneys received and the amounts expended and the balance, if any, sent to the United States treasurer. Some consulates do not collect enough fees to pay the expenses, but this consulate has remitted in one year nearly \$10,000 after paying all expenses of salaries, rent, and other incidentals. Before the war the consular service collected almost enough to pay the total expense of the service.

Besides these routine duties, consuls are instructed to make reports on a multitude of subjects. Some of these are for the governmental departments while others are for private associations or individuals. The subjects have an unlimited range, such as air-ships, motors, tractors, windmills, wood-working machinery, textiles, control of floods, street building, hardware, sewage disposal, educational systems, stock breeding, cinematographs, fire protection, street railways, paper, municipal improvements, methods of packing, flour milling, coal, laces, typewriters, buttons, etc., etc. Officers are supposed to report on anything that may seem to offer an opportunity for the extension of American trade, or that may be of interest to any line of endeavor in the United States. The writer

has reported on everything from wheelbarrows to Zeppelins. One official said he had written at least two reports on every subject now known to man, and felt like offering a reward to any one who could discover something on which he had not reported.

Three or four thousand letters are received at a consulate in a year, and many of these are from manufacturers seeking information regarding the prospects of new markets in their respective lines. Often a questionnaire is sent which requires technical knowledge to answer and a consul may spend a month collecting information for his reply. I know of an officer who reported on some thirty-five subjects in answer to one letter from a chamber of commerce.

Much of one's time is taken up with people coming in for information and assistance of one kind or another. One day a woman came in and said she had a brother who had been in America for twenty years and she had had no word from him for eleven years. "He lives in Wisconsin, and would you be so kind as to call him up on the telephone and let me talk to him?" And this occurred in the land of "Kultur." Many call with the request that they be sent to their relatives in America. Some rather intelligent Americans have had the idea that all a consul was for was to send them home when they were short of funds, and many of them cannot be made to believe it when told that the United States Government would not give them a dollar to prevent them from starving. There is a surprising number of respectable beggars who have traveled over Europe at the private expense of consuls. Their usual plea is that if they can reach such and such a port they can work their way back home on some ship and the consul contributes enough to get him to the next consulate, where he works the same or another story.

There are naturally some pleasant features about the service. An officer and his family have entrée to the best society and are always accorded the courtesy due their rank. Invitations to all public functions are a matter of course. These sometimes prove a little embarrassing to a newcomer until he has learned the customs of the country. I know an officer who was told that he should wear his dress suit to a 1 o'clock banquet in Germany. He was so doubtful

that he took his frock coat along in a carriage till he went into the hotel and saw others in evening dress and so sent his other suit back home. One does feel rather foolish walking around all afternoon in evening attire, but when every one else is doing the same the foolish feeling gradually wears off. But I never could bring myself to walk down the street at noon in a dress suit without an overcoat as I have seen dozens of the best citizens doing on a hot day.

One of the pleasantest features of the position is the extreme courtesy shown a consular officer in common with other officials in foreign countries. There is that deference and respect for the representatives of the government, so often lacking at home, which makes the administration of the law much more effective. I have often wondered how our lack of attention and deference must strike some of the representatives of other nations when they are sent to the United States, especially when they have been stationed in a country which observes all the niceties of etiquette towards foreign representatives. As a matter of course consuls are invited to all state banquets and other functions, but I think these are attended as a duty rather than as a source of pleasure by the majority of men in the service.

Many think of the service as a fine opportunity to visit foreign countries and study foreign customs and habits, and such it is, but they forget that in living in foreign cities many of the ordinary comforts of life at home must be forsaken and the pleasure of association with life-long friends is lost; that at best you are a "bird of passage" and about the time you are beginning to have a few real friends in a place you are transferred to a city (or town) where you know no one, where you may not understand a word of the language and where you did not desire to go. And this shifting from one post to another is especially trying to the families of consuls. The sacrifices which most officers have to make in selling their household goods and paying their transportation often amounts to all they have been able to save from their limited salaries. One consul who was transferred from France to the Azores lost over \$5,000 and his salary was \$3,000 a year. Many men have had to resign because their salaries were insufficient to live on and they were running in debt.

As mentioned above, a consul is required to delve into an unlimited number of subjects and he thus gets a broad view of life and its activities, but he has not sufficient time or opportunity to study any one business till he becomes an expert. And his absence from his own country for a number of years prevents him from forming business and social relationships which are a permanent asset in life. He may spend half a lifetime in serious, conscientious work, and when he leaves it he has not as much as the corner grocer to point to as his achievement in life; and when he resigns he has not even the pension voucher of the common soldier to remind the government that he served it well, and he goes to join the host of the unhonored and forgotten.

From Our Soldier Boys

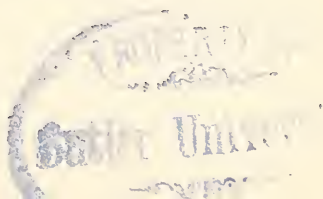
"'Tis God's voice calls; how could I stay?"

WHITNEY R. SPIEGEL, ex-'18:

"SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE."

The best thing you folks back home can do is to write letters, and after they have been finished to sit down and to write more letters. Yesterday's mail was the first I had received in fifteen days, so you can imagine with what interest I devoured the news. I was more than fortunate in the number I received—twenty, so I ought not to complain. It really would be better if mail came every three or four days, instead of from fifteen days to three weeks and then have enough to start a post office.

It was great news to hear of Butler's glorious football season. I have thought of the college many times, and have wondered how every one was getting along. I suppose you had a great time when Harry Perkins brought his team from Camp Taylor to play Butler. Tell the Butler students that the money they contributed to the Y. M. C. A. is the best investment they could have made. There is no institution for which I have higher words of praise than the Y. M. C. A. Many, many enjoyable evenings I have spent in their little frame huts, listening to their Victrola or piano. Really it



makes one think he is back home as he listens to the old songs he has heard so many times as he sat about the grate fire. As this stationery shows, I am writing now in the Y. M. C. A.

There is a great "bit" going on over here, but what is most interesting is censored. I am trying, however, to remember most of the things of importance to tell you when I return.

This town of "Somewhere" is a great place. It has no doubt received more prominence than any other city in the world. To describe it would be as hopeless a task as my learning French. The French language is hard to conquer. You can study and study and think you are progressing finely, until you hear a Frenchman talk, and you are then sure you have never heard the language before.

There are many historical places of which I had read, and now it is my pleasure to see them with my own eyes—a treat I had never dreamed would be mine when burning the midnight oil to learn about them.

I have not told you much news, but if this conveys to you Butler people my thanks and appreciation it will have served its purpose. My thoughts are with you a great deal. I am not with any Butler boys or any one I ever heard of.

ROBERT E. LARSH, ex-'19:

"SOMEWHERE."

Somehow to-night it is not easy to write. I can think of a million things I want to say, but the regulations say no. So, if this is a little rambling, blame it on the war.

This has been a beautiful day. We have so few of them that we take great care to mark them down. It has been cold, but the kind of cold that makes you feel that you have taken a new lease on life. It braces me up anyhow. Now please do not get the impression that I am down and out, for we have too much to do that is interesting to feel so.

I am in one of those many Y's which are popping up all over France. They are doing a great work. There is usually a canteen connected with them where we can buy tobacco, candy, canned goods, and other little articles which we miss so much. There is a large music room connected with this, where are given some really

fine concerts. You would not think such music could be found in an army band, but the Minnesota band has some of the bands back home wiped clear out.

I broke the record and went to church this morning. This surely is a red letter day. Freddy Daniels and the bunch out of our cantonment went. This was the first service our chaplain had held, so we decided to start out right. You know we have to march in some sort of formation everywhere we go, but we didn't know what would be the regulation formation for church, since it's not in the book. We finally lined up in the shape of a cross with Danny leading and I at the foot. We did get serious when we got there and enjoyed the service very much.

You ask if I ever see the Butler boys. I think I see about fifteen every day. Besides Danny, there are Duke Witherspoon, Art Bryan, Storey Larkin, Ed Whitaker, in the same company with me; then, Fritz Wagoner in the supply company, and about five in Battery E, so we are not a bit lonesome. I hear from "Tow" pretty often, too, and hope to see him soon. He seems to be enjoying himself and getting along finely. I think he has been to Paris twice—once on leave and once on duty. He surely makes a good soldier. Carlos is over here, too, with the 15th F. A.; so, you see, the Butler boys are well represented.

A book of poems came to me for Christmas, and I do enjoy sitting by the stove and reading it. I have read clear through and have started it over again. It moves whenever I move and it's going to take a journey soon. I lent it to one of the boys while I was away on a trip. We compare notes on which poems are the best, and at times we get into pretty lively discussions. He has a book of Huxley's Essays which helps to pass the time between retreat and bedtime. We got pretty hot the other night over "On a Piece of Chalk." The whole cantonment was in before we got through, so you see our time is not spent so badly.

"Tow" BONHAM, '18: The copy of "Character and Heroism" has come. It certainly deals with subjects of vital current interest, but its thought would be more effective in time of peace. Words on heroism are superfluous over here, for heroism is con-

sidered a form of doing one's duty. Sacrifice, too, is just plain duty as millions of men have done it. As to character, why, character is made daily here. Every skirmish tends to bring out what is in a man. A man's whole future may be moulded by incidents which occur in the soldier's daily routine. The life of a soldier is very different from the life of the civilian and for the most part makes him much more useful all round.

There is little time for me to write, but I think of you all at Butler many times, be sure. Good night.

HIRAM B. SEWARD:

NEW BRITAIN, CONNECTICUT.

Yes, I am a present-day Rip Van Winkle—only my sleep has not lasted so long! I guess there have been more things happening which will make history during these few weeks or months than during Rip's long years of slumber.

To you I have been asleep or dumb for a mighty long time; to myself—dumb probably, but not slumbering all the time, for things are happening every minute these days and we all keep upon the move. What with thinking of all the terrible happenings of the war, of my many friends in the conflict, of my scattered family, of you people at home—and then of our work here—why, I just about keep my head busy. We have been very busy at our factory for the past six weeks, and part of my work has been especially heavy because of the many embargoes.

First, I wish to thank you for the Quarterly, which I enjoyed—the letters from the boys in France were of especial interest because I knew every one of the writers. "Tow" Bonham's note did not sound much like him—there was no humor or sarcasm—just matter of fact. Bob Larsh's was natural in its sound—he will make some soldier, too. If Vollie Forsyth were just there to command the Irvington bunch they would lick the Fritzies all by themselves.

I keep fairly well posted as regards Indianapolis, as much as one might expect to gain through the newspapers, for I get the *News* and *Sunday Star*. One of my *Daily Illinis* of last week showed a picture of the raising of Illinois' service flag, consisting of over

twenty-six hundred stars. From the News I noted that Glen Loy and Henry Jameson had both been made first lieutenants, which fact I was duly proud of.

Since the 30th of January I have been a private in the service and have been dubbed one of General Pershing's Advance Guards and Captain of the Boy Scouts. Some youngster on the street to-day informed me that I was too little to wear the said uniform! I guess I will always expect to be "kidded" about my great stature! The military name of our branch of the service is, The Ordnance Enlisted Corps of the National Army. The last steps of my entering the service were performed in Washington, with the customary formality. The greater part of the clothes issued me I received at the Washington barracks, where they had that one-hundred-thousand-dollar fire. The overcoat was wet and heavy and strong with smoke. One of the fellows here says that it is darker in color than the others because it has more smoke in it. Everything I received had to be altered so that now I have a very good fit.

On the 20th of February I had the honor and great pleasure of being raised to the degree of a Master Mason here in New Britain. My father came up from Pittsburgh for the occasion and you may be sure I was glad to see him after these months. We had almost a week together, during which time we had a real visit.

While in Washington I saw a number of old Butler people and spent one evening with Theo Kingsbury, wife, and family, and Scott Brewer and Eda. We had some "talk fest" and a real home meal, too. I visited Fred Schortemeier, chatted with Anne Murphy, Sergeant Kuebler, who is a chemist at the American University, and saw Mr. Tom Shipp. To get to see some one at the new War building at 6th and B streets, is a real job now. If you have no pass, you have to sign up and then wait until some G. A. R. guide takes you in tow. The partitions or walls are all made of plaster or beaver board. No one smokes in that building—mighty hard on the United States Cigar Stores Company!

I am stationed at the same plant as last fall and any news from home will be greatly appreciated. My best wishes to all the boys across, and regards to any and all friends in Irvington.

LIEUTENANT HILTON U. BROWN, ex-: We just came in out of the dark night after giving Mr. Boche "two rounds." He gave us a good shelling to-day, but the men have grown so used to old Heinie's shells that they go right on with their work without batting an eye. They have found that it is comparatively easy to tell when the shell is coming close and the men usually have time to duck into some shelter before it "lets go."

It is still snowing a little outside, but the weather is not cold and we feel that the winter is about over. We have had enough cold weather during maneuvers to do us the rest of our lives. I do not particularly fancy getting up in the morning and having to thaw out my shoes before I can get them on. But it all goes in a day's business in the army. In fact we are far from uncomfortable in our daily routine, though, of course, by turns, we have long night hours and are glad to get to our comfortable dugout, with a stove and plenty of light and ventilation.

JOHN FULLER, '17, Petrograd: I have been wanting to write to you ever since I reached Petrograd in September, but somehow the days have slipped by so rapidly, each one has been so well filled with work, that here it is New Year's eve and I find myself just getting to it. I am going to have more time on my hands from now on, I think, than I shall know what to do with, but in spite of that I know of no better way of spending a New Year's eve than by writing to old friends. I know that it will be several months before this letter can possibly reach you, if it should reach you at all, but I hope you will not have entirely forgotten me or thought that I had forgotten my promise to let you hear from me sometimes.

I arrived here on September 15 with the six other fellows who made up our party—one of them from Indianapolis, by the way—after a very pleasant trip. We were held up for five days in Halifax and for six in Stockholm; but the latter delay gave us a chance to see something of the city, so we didn't mind it much. From Stockholm to Petrograd by way of Haparanda and Tornea was a long and not awfully comfortable journey, but we made it at last, and, by great good fortune, without losing any of the baggage

which filled our twenty odd trunks and a few extra bags and suit-cases, baggage which had been our greatest care since leaving New York; though there was a time when I carried some of my papers up my back inside my clothes and had my pockets filled with everything they would hold from my bags. That was because they have a failing for taking toilet articles and all papers and notes away from travelers as they cross the border into Russia. It was just by chance that we escaped a personal search.

Since getting here time has not been allowed to hang heavily on our hands for a day; we have hardly had time to think about being homesick, and that in spite of lack of many of the things we took as a matter of course at home. I am quite used to the absence of sugar and milk now, and to the coarse, black bread that very soon we shall probably be only too glad to get at all; but it was pretty hard at first to get up in the morning to coffee, bread, and jam for breakfast, with the prospect of soup, potatoes, and meat for lunch and dinner, without kicking. At first I tried living in an apartment with a couple of other fellows with a maid to buy our food for us and stand in the bread-lines, but that arrangement wasn't very satisfactory, so I am now getting a few more of the comforts of home living with a family of Poles; and getting a little practice in my Russian as well. Petrograd was just recovering from the Kornilof affair when we got here—recovering after a fashion, that is. It is far from "well" yet. But the excitement was just dying down so we had the experience of seeing the city fairly quiet for almost a month. Then the Bolsheviks got busy after a couple of weeks of threatening all sorts of dire things. Since then they have carried out all their threats and more, too, so that we have acquired the habit of believing them when they promise anything in the way of trouble nowadays. Some of the fellows here had passed through the revolution of March and July, so they were prepared for the one in November; but we who had newly arrived were more than satisfied with the one revolutionary experience and are not wishing for any more excitement as we did at first. It is only within the last week or so that desultory firing could not be heard at almost any time from some section of the city; now it has quieted down, though there are still too many armed civilians, the "Red Guard"

they are called, in evidence. German and Austrian officers and "prisoners" are not lacking on the streets; more are scheduled to arrive this week, though no one seems to know exactly what for. The Constituent Assembly after many delays will probably be allowed to meet this week, and if it does we shall probably be in for another revolution of some sort.

The bank work [in the Petrograd branch of the National City Bank of New York] so far has been very interesting and has kept us very busy up to the present, working week days, Sundays, and holidays. The Russian calendar is two weeks behind ours, you know, so even on Christmas Day we were down at it as usual. Right now we are doing nothing, and from present signs won't have very much to do from now on, for last Thursday our Bolshevik friends paid us a visit in force and informed us that the bank was closed; and we have had to take their word for it and cease all operations, even from doing our inside work behind closed doors. We had become used to that, for the last three weeks, we have only been open for an hour a day to the public and then only allowed a thousand roubles a day to a customer; for with the State Bank, the sole source of supply of rouble bills, closed, all the banks are very short of cash. Now we are only permitted to sit at our desks by asking the right of the red-headed lieutenant who acts as our "boss." We come down every day as usual hoping that we may be allowed to work, only to sit around all day reading the papers or playing cards. This morning even cards were denied us, for the "boss" came in in rather a bad humor and tore them up. He evidently doesn't approve of card-playing in his bank.

It takes two or three months for mail to travel between Russia and America, so I suppose the school year will be drawing to a close at Butler by the time this reaches you. I often think of the old school and wonder to what extent the changes of the last few months have wrought there. I heard from George Kingsbury at Camp Shelby recently, and he enclosed in his letter a couple of *Collegians* which gave me a little of the Butler news. I was surprised to see that the enrollment was greater than ever this year, but I suppose it is as true of schools as it is of men that you "can't keep a good one down."

BUTLER ALUMNAL QUARTERLY

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Secretary and Editor of the Butler Alumna Quarterly—Katharine M. Graydon, '78.

Founder's Day

Dean Coulter's address given in chapel was the sole celebration of Founder's Day. It made a deep impression upon all who were fortunate enough to hear it, and we are happy to present it to our readers.

Stanley Coulter, of Purdue University, is one of the men who have enriched Indiana, one in whom the fine spirit of his pioneer ancestry finds worthy expression. Inherited strength and cultivation have given to Professor Coulter's responsive nature an unusual power over young people. The Butler students felt it; they knew, timely as the message was, that back of it was a noble personality.

Memorial Day

The observance of Memorial Day in the chapel has grown to be more and more a college event. And it should be so. The last few years have awakened men's conscience to the inexpressible debt they owe to those who made the supreme sacrifice for the preservation of the Union. Fitting, therefore, it is that all should join on this occasion in an expression of gratitude and reconsecration of self to higher ideals.

Doubtless, when the present conflict will have ended, there will be a great Memorial Day—a day dedicated to the heroes of many races. Apropos of this thought we give elsewhere Maeterlinck's address on "The Power of the Dead," a memorial to the Belgian dead.

Memorial Day this year comes on Thursday, May 30. There are to be exercises in the chapel as last year. The alumni generally are invited and it is hoped that they will plan to be present. Definite announcements of the speaker and the program will appear later in the daily press and the *Collegian*.

Commencement

The features of Commencement week will be as heretofore: Baccalaureate Address on Sunday afternoon, June 9; Philokurian reunion, June 10; Class Day and Alumni reunion, June 12; Commencement, June 13. It is hoped the Alumni will be present in large numbers. The Alma Mater never needed her loyal children more.

Class Celebrations

The Golden Anniversary falls this year to the Class of '68. The present directory of the class is: Alexander C. Ayres, Indianapolis; Scot Butler, Irvington; Mrs. F. C. Cassel (Barbara Blount), Rossville, Indiana; Harry C. Ray, Shelbyville, Indiana; Walter S. Smith, Irvington; Edwin Taylor, Evansville, Indiana. Time has starred the name of Alcinda T. Blount (Mrs. J. A. Canady), who died December 12, 1890, at Rossville, Indiana; Samuel H. Dunlop, who died December, 1910, at New York City; Dr. Joseph W. Marsee, who died December 3, 1898, at Indianapolis; Mary M. Moore (Mrs. McConnell), who died April, 1911, at Oxford, Indiana; Anna W. Scovel (Mrs. Chauncy Butler), who died December 3, 1894, at Indianapolis; Granville S. Wright, who died November 5, 1909, at Indianapolis.

The Silver Anniversary falls to the Class of '93. Its directory is: Stella Braden (Mrs. Jesse L. Brady), Oroville, California; Jesse L. Brady, Oroville, California; Harry S. Brown, Arkansas City, Kansas; Evelyn M. Butler, Irvington; Edward H. Clifford, Dayton, Ohio; Julia R. Fish, Indianapolis; Will D. Howe, Bloomington, Indiana; Frank F. Hummel, Chicago; Lona L. Iden, Noblesville, Indiana; Dr. Daniel W. Layman, Indianapolis; John Minnick, New York City; Mary E. Thomas (Mrs. J. E. O'Brien), Placer-

ville, California; Bertha B. Ward, Indianapolis; Frank F. Williams, Wabash, Indiana. The one starred name is that of Luther A. Thompson, who died in July, 1907, at Indianapolis.

A Change in the Faculty

Professor James Brown, of the chemistry department, has retired from the faculty to assume the duties of chief chemist for the C. E. Eping Corporation, manufacturers of chemicals and essential oils. His work will consist largely of organic synthesis.

Professor Brown came to Butler College in 1911. He and Mrs. Brown identified themselves with the life of the community to an unusual degree. The best wishes of the Quarterly follow them to their new home in Brooklyn, New York.

John McBride, '15 (A. M. University of Chicago, '16), will assist in the advanced classes, and Karl Means, '14, will be in charge of the general chemistry classes.

Resignation of Mr. Winders

The resignation of the Rev. Charles H. Winders, of the Downey Avenue Christian Church, to accept a pastorate at Hannibal, Missouri, has caused much regret at the college and throughout Irvington. During the eleven years of Mr. Winders's life in our midst he did much to help and to endear himself to the community. He has at all times been keenly alive to the interests of the college, and will be truly missed by the students.

The Quarterly congratulates the church at Hannibal in its choice of a pastor and will follow Mr. Winders and his family with much interest and good-will.

Successor of Mr. Winders

Clarence L. Reidenbach, '12, has been unanimously chosen by the congregation of the Downey Avenue Church to succeed Mr. Winders and will enter upon his duties not later than July 1.

Mr. Reidenbach is well known already in Irvington. He was born in Edinburg, Indiana, February 14, 1889. His parents died when he was a youth. He went to Nineveh to live with his grand-

parents, and was graduated from the high school there in 1907. He entered Butler College in January, 1908, and was graduated with the A. B. degree in the class of 1912.

During his college career he preached at New Palestine, which was his first charge, and also for the St. Paul, Oaklandon, Little Sugar Creek, and Williams Creek churches, maintaining himself and making his own way through his whole college course.

In the meantime he participated in athletics, was captain of the best baseball team the college ever had, played a good game of football and tennis, was a member of all the debating teams and helped to win every intercollegiate debate in which he participated. He was a member of the Tau Kappa Alpha oratorical fraternity and of the Delta Tau Delta.

He entered the Yale School of Religion in September, 1912, and was graduated with the Bachelor of Divinity degree in 1915, receiving his degree *magna cum laude* and was named as honorary traveling fellow of the school. He has been a member of the university debating teams. All the time he has been supporting himself in the university by preaching.

In 1915 Mr. Reidenbach married Miss Hildred Hughes, whom he had met in college. She was interested in Y. W. C. A. work in Indianapolis before her marriage.

Dean Charles R. Brown, of the Yale School of Religion, has written of Mr. Reidenbach: "He is one of the strongest, finest, and truest men we have had in our school during the seven years I have been dean. He was graduated two years ago with the highest honors of his class, and has done excellent work since his graduation in courses looking toward a doctor's degree in June (in philosophy and history of religion).

"He is an all-round man, has a warm, sympathetic heart, an unselfish interest in his fellows, and a splendid spirit of loyalty. He is far and away the best preacher in the town where he preaches. and besides is an influential factor in the Christian life of the community. He is captain of the divinity school baseball nine, which has the habit of defeating all the neighboring seminaries. He is sure to be an effective leader wherever he goes. He has the intellectuality and the culture necessary for a college community. He preaches a warm-hearted, evangelical message."

Personal Mention

Miss Mary Pavey, '12, is teaching in the high school at Marion, Indiana.

Miss Mary McBride, '14, is teaching English in the Earl Park High School.

Elton R. Clarke, '15, is stationed at Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia, in the medical department.

Miss Ruth E. Densford, '15, is teaching mathematics in the high school of Arcola, Illinois.

Robert A. Bull, '97, is in France at the head of an important steel construction company.

Roger Wayne Wallace, '09, has enlisted in the aviation corps, stationed at Camp John Wise, San Antonio, Texas.

Mallie J. Murphy, '08, has left Washington for France, where he will do publicity work for the American Red Cross.

President T. C. Howe, '89, conducted the funeral services of Mrs. Emsley Johnson. He also assisted at those of Miss Grace Blount.

Miss Laura Ann Reed, '17, has returned to her home in Greenfield, after several months spent with relatives at Stillwater, Minnesota.

Paul Ward, '14, who took his Ph. D. at Union Theological Seminary in New York City last June, has joined the aviation signal corps.

Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell V. Bailey (Ellen McMurry), both former students, have returned from North Dakota to Indianapolis for residence.

Joshua C. Witt, '08, has transferred his residence to Binangonan, Rizal, Philippine Islands, where he is connected with the Rizal Cement Company.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Smith, former students of the college, have returned from Chicago to Irvington for residence, and are at home in North Irvington avenue.

The Quarterly expresses its sympathy to Mr. Marshall Reeves and his family in the death of Mrs. Reeves, which occurred at St. Petersburg, Florida, on March 13.

President Scot Butler, '68, Mrs. Butler, and Mrs. Georgia Butler Clifford, '91, have spent several months in Florida, near Mr. Chauncy Butler, '69, at Interlaken.

Mrs. Evelyn Jeffries King, '91, has returned to Irvington after several months spent in California. Enroute she visited at Salt Lake City, J. C. Smith, '88, and family.

The latest return of alumni to Irvington for residence is that of John Moore, ex-'89, and Mrs. Flora Green Moore, ex-. Their son Paul is a member of the freshman class.

Milton O. Naramore, '83, is actively at work in Chicago fighting King Alcohol, and all that Billy Sunday is there warring against. Mr. Naramore is one of the secretaries of the meetings now in progress in that city.

The music of Founder's Day was furnished by our friends, Mr. Frank M. Ketcham and Mr. Homer Van Wie. Many times have they given much pleasure to Butler College audiences, and are always cordially welcome.

E. W. Gans, '87, president of the Alumni association, writes of his work in connection with the War Trade Board of Washington. It would be difficult to define just what the work is, but every one who knows Mr. Gans knows that, wherever he is, he is useful and helpful.

The Quarterly has learned with deep regret of the serious illness of Mr. W. N. Pickerill, '60, while at St. Petersburg, Florida. Mr. Pickerill's interest in and loyalty to the college have never wavered or lessened—a stimulating example of alumnal acquaintance and esteem which should be more general.

The present semester finds in the freshman class, George Dickson, grandson of W. N. Pickerill, '60; Marian, daughter of Otis Webster Green, '90, and Gertrude Johnson Green, '92; and Philip, son of D. C. Brown, '79, and Jessie Christian Brown, '97.

Carl Barnett, '10, has received an appointment to Y. M. C. A. work. He goes to San Antonio for a few weeks, and then will be one of twenty men to see oversea service immediately. Mr. Barnett's church at Brazil voted him a leave of absence and several months' full salary as a token of their appreciation of his services.

John G. McKay, lawyer of Indianapolis, known as an athlete and football coach at Butler College and other places, one time state tennis champion, has gone to Fort Omaha. He has enlisted in the balloon section of the aviation corps. He will be at Fort Omaha eight weeks in a training camp, and presumably will then go to France for service.

Professor A. K. Rogers, formerly of Butler College, now of the philosophical department of Yale University, visited friends in Irvington on April 1. While in the city he was guest of honor at a luncheon given by Professor Coleman. Mr. and Mrs. Rogers have built a home in New Haven. Mrs. Rogers is actively interested in a reformatory for women located at that place.

We are pleased to place in this issue a new advertisement, that of the Houghton, Mifflin Company, of a book they are on the eve of bringing out. The author, John Iden Kautz, a former student of Butler College, is a son of F. R. Kautz, '87, and Mrs. Harriet Iden Kautz, ex-. His letters in the last Quarterly have evoked much very pleasant comment and have given for the new volume a spirit of anticipation.

Captain Richard George, who attended Butler College, 1911-1913, graduated from Purdue University with the class of 1916, in the chemical engineering department. He entered the second Officers' Training Camp at Fort Benjamin Harrison. At the end of a month he was sent to Fortress Monroe to take work in the Coast Artillery Camp, from which camp he received his captaincy. Since Decem-

ber 13, 1917, he has been stationed at Fort Hamilton, New York. He is probably on his way now to France.

Elvin Daniels, '14, sails for France this month to engage in Y. M. C. A. secretarial work. Mr. Daniels leaves a prosperous work at Kentland, Indiana, which he is largely responsible for. We quote from *The Community* of February, 1918: "Through the efforts of Rev. Elvin Daniels and other energetic and broad-visioned men of Kentland, a community house was recently built. Four years ago a survey of local conditions was made and the real needs of the community ascertained. Then the campaign for a general meeting place started and finally proved successful. Kentland's community house is a finely finished structure, size 60 feet by 90 feet. It has been deeded to the local school board and is under the management of a board of directors, composed of the superintendent of schools, a member appointed by the school board, and five of the largest contributors to the building fund. Money for its maintenance is secured from paid admissions to athletic and other gatherings, for the community house includes a splendid gymnasium as well as a large auditorium. In passing it is interesting to note that during the past year Kentland developed a state championship football team."

Marriages

SMITH-LAYTON.—On January 10, in Indianapolis, were married K. Wesley Smith, ex-, and Miss Mae Layton. Mr. and Mrs. Smith are at home in Indianapolis.

RANSOM-MARSH.—On January 16, were married at Christ Church, Indianapolis, Lieutenant Robert Bundy Ransom and Miss Helen Marsh, ex-'20.

WRIGHT-GAY.—On February 2, at Indianapolis, were married Lieutenant Clifford Ruskin Wright, of Camp Taylor, and Miss Dorothy Gay, ex-.

GEORGE-GRAHAM.—On March 1, at New York City, were married by Rev. J. C. Day, formerly of Irvington, Captain Richard

George, ex-'14, and Miss Mary Ellen Graham, '14. Captain George, of the United States Coast Artillery, will soon leave for France. Mrs. George is at home with her mother, in Indianapolis.

OLDHAM-FORSYTHE.—On March 14, at Indianapolis, were married Clarence E. Oldham, '15, and Miss Gladys Marie Forsythe. Mr. and Mrs. Oldham are at home in Irvington.

CALDWELL-FELT.—On March 23, in Irvington, were married Howard Clay Caldwell, '15, and Miss Elsie Rebecca Felt, '17. Mr. and Mrs. Caldwell are living in Kokomo, Indiana.

MONTGOMERY-HALL.—On March 28, were married in Irvington, at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. Robert Hall, '91, and Mrs. Orpha Jeffries Hall, ex-, Mr. Walter Henry Montgomery and Miss Marjorie Hall, '15. They are at home at 129 Downey Avenue.

FREELAND-PARKER.—On April 7, at Denver, Colorado, were married Dr. Haynes Freeland and Miss Mary Parker, '14. Dr. and Mrs. Freeland are at home in Denver.

Births

STEPHENS.—On January 25, at Morristown, Indiana, to Mr. Ferris Stephens, '15, and Mrs. Beulah Burkhardt Stephens, ex-'18, a son—James Clayton.

KIRKHOFF.—On January 26, at Irvington, to Mr. Louis N. Kirkhoff, '16, and Mrs. Ruth Cunningham Kirkhoff, '15, a daughter—Barbara Jean.

DAVISON.—On February 22, at Spencer, Indiana, to Mr. Frank E. Davison, '14, and Mrs. Davison, a daughter—Clara Frances.

OFFUTT.—On February 28, at Greenfield, Indiana, to Mr. Samuel J. Offutt, '02, and Mrs. Nell Reed Offutt, '11, a daughter—Elizabeth Reed.

DAVIS.—On March 10, at Irvington, to Mr. Charles B. Davis, ex-, and Mrs. Maude Martin Davis, '12, a son—John Mark.

LOOMIS.—On March 10, at West Lafayette, Indiana, to Professor N. Edward Loomis and Mrs. Lucile Didlake Loomis, '08, a son—Arthur Hale.

LOVELL.—On March 16, at Zion City, Illinois, to Mr. Ormond E. Lovell, '17, and Mrs. Lovell, a son—Robert Edwin.

Deaths

BLOUNT.—Dora Grace Blount, '87, died at her home in Irvington, on January 20. Miss Blount was daughter of the Rev. B. M. Blount, '59, and Mrs. Blount. To the aged mother and to the sisters, Mrs. Erastus S. Conner, ex-'85, and Mrs. Josie Warman, the Quarterly sends its sincere sympathy in their bereavement.

To some lives God gives it to pass the measure of their earthly being in retirement, revealing their deeper nature seldom and in silence nourishing their soul on the spirit gifts of His world. It is of such the poet sang.

Their daily teachers had been woods and rills,
The silence that is in the starry sky,
The sleep that is among the lonely hills.
It is such the heart of Nature draws to itself,—
This child I to myself will take;
She shall be mine, and I will make
A lady of my own.
The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her; and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face.

It is they whose mind and heart are fresh and pure in secret ways, even as a woodland flower hiding its sweetness except to him who lifts the encircling leaves with tender touch.

Such was the life of Grace Blount—reticent, living quietly the fullness of her soul, yet giving of its measure in helpfulness to understanding hearts and human need. Hers was a poetic mind seeking the beautiful wherever she might find it, loving it most in a child, in the resurrection life of the spring with its glad song of birds, its greening blade and opening flower, and in man's interpretation of life and thought through the world's rich heritage of books. More and more as days passed by her soul lifted itself in striving to lean on the bright and beautiful.

Children were her delight and to them she gave largely of her love. It was her lot to open the long road of learning to many child friends whose tender thought and affection accorded her are fitting commemoration of the sympathy and understanding with which she helped them on their early way. Child life awaking to maturity called forth quick response. In her own words, "There is nothing so lovely as a young girl."

The outdoors was the home of her spirit, calling with irresistible voice to cast aside the cares of earth under the wide and starry sky, where winds blow free and where flowers bespeak God's messages to quicken and bring rest. Birds were her delight. To her they were "April poems that God has dowered with wings." Throughout her life she made of them a careful study, wooed them to her home, knew their names and calls, and wandered away from the trails of men to seek them out in their hidden haunts that she might know them the better. Spring was the loved season of the year because it brings life again and hope and gladness to all the world. And of the spring months, April was the favored one with its "upward impulse in everything." She found it truth that "Look up and be glad is the law of spring"; and with the poet she rejoiced in the coming of

. . . happy April, fair maid of sun and showers,
With her heart filled with music, and both her hands
with flowers!

For—

April is here!
There's a song in the maple, thrilling and new;
There's a flash of wings of heaven's own blue;

There's a veil of green on the nearer hills;
There's a burst of rapture in woodland rills;
There are stars in the meadow dropped here and there;
There's a breath of arbutus in the air;
There's a dash of rain as if flung in jest;
There's an arch of color spanning the west;
April is here!

Not unheeded was Ruskin's admonition, "Make for yourselves nests of beautiful thoughts . . . treasure houses not made with hands for your souls to dwell in." Her mind was a dwelling place of fair forms. Books were to her as king's treasures and on them her inner life was fed. She loved them for their noble truths and high thoughts and she made them her own through long association and knowledge of them. A conscientious student of their hidden riches, she learned to lean on them and to count them unfailing friends.

To speak intimately of Grace Blount is to do her injustice unless one make mention of her loyalty to those who numbered themselves among her friends. College days opened up for the years to come rich friendships, which, given sacred place, were an inspiration as they wove themselves into the fabric of her life and made it glad. Yet even as she received in fellowship, so did she return. Such a tribute did a friend bring: "She was always so kind and cheery and genuine that I loved to meet her and talk to her." She was unswervingly true to those she loved, nor was any sacrifice too great to make for them. Those whose life had reached its sunset hours found quick sympathy and tender service at her hand. Her conception of filial duty was high and she did not fail in its fulfillment. The church was an object of her devotion and in its various ministries she found expression. She responded ever to human need as she saw it, remembering the injunction, "Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth."

Those who waited upon her passing find comfort in the April lines she loved:

O soul of the springtime, its light and its breath,
Bring warmth to this coldness, bring life to this death;

Renew the great miracle, let us behold
 The stone from the mouth of the sepulchre rolled,
 And nature, like Lazarus, rise, as of old!

* * * * *

. . . in blooming of flower and budding of tree
 The symbols and types of our destiny see;
 The life of the springtime, the life of the whole,
 And, as sun to the sleeping earth, love to the soul!

AN APPRECIATION.

“And yet thy heart
 The lowliest duties on herself did lay.”

We are often halted in life's warfare by the question, “What should be the measure of a man's life?” Surely not worldly success, though that is a satisfaction; not the admiration of the public, though that is inspiring; not the praise of friends, though that is gratifying. To fill well wherever life has placed one—that is a standard by which to be judged. “She hath done what she could,” is an ideal to be striven for.

There died in January a member of the class of '87, who had lived a quiet life, doing the “daily round of trivial tasks” faithfully and well, giving generously of herself and her means where it was needed. A joy was she in the home, a help in her church, a pleasure and comfort to her friends, not reaching out in a big way to touch many interests, for it was her nature to shun prominence. Each day she did what she could.

She loved the simple things of the world—the flowers, the woods, the sky. She loved gentle influences—kindly souls, good books. She kept in close touch with the best in literature; she made the great writers her daily companions.

With marked heroism she accepted the fatal illness against which she struggled for months, never complaining, never making extra work, grateful for the little things done for her—a brave, true, sweet, generous spirit was Grace Blount.

J. G.

TIBBOTT.—Osmund H. Tibbott, a student of Butler in the later seventies and early eighties, died in Washington, D. C., on the morning of January 20, 1918, following a surgical operation. Pneumonia was the immediate cause of death.

After teaching a few years in Indiana, Mr. Tibbott entered the United States government service in the early nineties, and in December, 1893, married Miss Elizabeth Winship, of Washington, D. C. There are two sons, Edward Winship, a student at Cornell, and Lloyd, a student of the University of Pennsylvania. After going to Washington, Mr. Tibbott continued his education, graduating in law at Georgetown University. For three years he served as assistant auditor in the Philippine Islands, under Governor Taft; and since his return to the States in 1905, has been connected with the Bureau of Forestry.

Osmund Tibbott was a great lover of the out-of-doors. All plant life seemed to respond affectionately to his sympathetic touch. His flowers were the most radiant, his grapes the most luscious, and his vegetables the most crisp and finely flavored. He loved order and beauty, and utilized the precious hours away from office duties in beautifying his home and its surroundings. He was full of the community spirit, and always exerted an influence for the highest and best ideals wherever he dwelt.

Each one of those who have known him and loved him best are saying with the poet,

"I cannot think, I will not say
That he is gone—
He's just away."

TOON.—Henry Clarence Toon, ex-'15, died at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station, Great Lakes, Illinois, January 21, 1918, at the age of twenty-seven years. The funeral services were conducted by the writer at the home of a brother, C. F. Toon, 438 Colorado avenue, Indianapolis, January 25. Interment was in the family lot at Buck Creek Chapel cemetery.

We were the best of friends,—we were more than that, we were chums. Boys who go through high school together, attend the same college, live and eat together, should be the closest of friends. We

sympathized with each other, for we were placed in somewhat similar circumstances; we rejoiced with each other; we were interested in each other's welfare. The afternoons took us both to manual labor in order to make our way, and in the evening we sat and ate and told of our experiences, and tried to find the humor in each other's experience.

I was laughing most of the time, for Clarence saw the humor in everything and gave the fullest expression of his appreciation of it. He did not always get his lessons, our baseball team did not always win, his work was at times tedious, and his health was not the best, but there was a contagious enthusiasm about him which kept us all smiling, a cheerfulness abounding in his industry which made us all hopeful. His was a soul that was ordinary, yet big. He inspired others who went out and obtained prizes and honors and popularity. He himself sought none. Many of his fellows tried to explain the approach to divine truth by well-worn theories, but Clarence's religion was

"The heart benevolent and kind the most resembles God."

When the war broke out, it was his ambition to enter the first training camp, but the physical requirement was too rigid. After some months of waiting, in which we felt as if there must be something for him to do, he gained admission to the radio department of the navy and was assigned to the Great Lakes Training Station. The work and exposure overtaxed him. The spirit was willing but the flesh was weak, and the end came as a surprise to us all. He went to his death as heroically and with just as sacrificial a spirit as did any on the field of battle. We honor him the same.

A short time after he was assigned to his training station he asked us not to forget that he was among the "Butler boys" in service, and asked that he be remembered as one doing his "bit." Butler has not forgotten her first son who fell in the struggle for freedom. On Founder's Day when the service flag was raised again with its additional stars, 150 in all, a gold one was placed in the middle of the field. That is his star, a silent witness to an unselfish and a noble life. "He hath done what he could."

STANLEY SELICK, '16.

JOHNSON.—Katherine Griffin Johnson, wife of Emsley W. Johnson, died on January 29, after a very brief illness. She was the daughter of Dr. Loyal B. Griffin, of Greenfield, Indiana, and had taught for several years in her native county before entering Butler, where she graduated in 1903. She received a degree also, from the University of Chicago the following year. Afterward she taught in the high schools at Maxwell, Summitville, and Greenfield.

It was while she was attending Butler that she met and became engaged to Emsley Wright Johnson, of the class of 1900. She leaves, besides her husband, two children—Mardenna, aged seven, and Emsley Wright Johnson, Jr., aged four. Since her marriage, Mrs. Johnson had lived in Indianapolis, where she took an active interest in things educational and literary and had gathered about her a large circle of friends. To these and to her old Butler associates her sudden taking away has brought deep sorrow:—sorrow and sympathy for the little family who need her so sorely, and sorrow and regret that so admirable and useful a woman should have gone from us.

Katherine Johnson's activities embraced all the wide range of interests in which the ambitious woman of to-day finds herself involved. She was fully awake to the importance of everything relating to the public schools. Owing to her sympathetic and intelligent participation in her husband's affairs, she had a clearer understanding of politics than the average woman. To her literary and club work she devoted the same ardent application which endeared her to her professors in college days.

Her intellectual pursuits, however, failed to distract her attentions from her obligations as mother and housewife. She was never so happy as when absorbed in the skillful handling of some household task. To the fashioning of a dainty frock for Mardenna, and to the thrifty occupation of canning and preserving she brought the same blithe and capable spirit. In all the varied and essential lines of housekeeping and homemaking her energy and personality counted for much.

Our friend had many agreeable qualities,—a companionable and friendly nature; a contagious zest for pleasures of the right sort; appreciation of music, drama, and literature; and a fund of prac-

tical "good sense." Above all, however, she possessed that attribute so pleasant to live with,—an equable and cheerful temperament. In these days of "nerves" and hysteria, or boredom and discontent, it was a pleasure and a satisfaction to find her always the same,—happy and absorbed and enjoying, to the fullest extent, life in all its complex relations.

LOUISE BROWN ATHERTON, ex-'09.

NICHOLS.—Mrs. Mary Nichols, of Irvington, died on February 15, at the Methodist Hospital, Indianapolis.

The most of us, I dare say, when we remember our college, recall to mind certain personalities which influenced us during those by-gone days. And it is the happy association we have had with choice spirits that remains most dear to us throughout all our life.

When the news came on Saturday morning, February 16, that Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Nichols had died the night before, after a short illness of pneumonia, there came to her old friends a sense of a great loss. And she had hundreds, yes, thousands of friends far and wide throughout the land.

Mrs. Nichols, or "Aunt Mary," as so many came to know her, moved from New Carlisle, in northern Indiana, to Irvington away back in 1884, bringing with her her only child, John D. Nichols, who later entered college and graduated in 1890, and is now a successful physician in Indianapolis as he was a successful student and athlete in college days. Mrs. Nichols opened up a boarding house very soon after coming to Irvington and subsequently built a delightful home for herself on the southwest corner of University and Downey avenues. For several years this was the home of girls only, but many others came here to take their meals. It was a favorite gathering place and it was a merry home for Butler students, surrounded by a good clean atmosphere. After her son's graduation, her brother, Mr. George Brown, and his good wife, purchased the home from Mrs. Nichols and continued the boarding house, maintaining the same traditions of helpfulness and good care for all who came within its reach. Then came the death of Mrs. Brown, a great sorrow to the hosts whom she, too, had helped, while she presided over this home. Mrs. Nichols at once came to

the assistance of her brother and resumed her old place in the management of the boarding house. She failed rapidly at the last, but she was faithful in every detail of hospitality to the very last bit of her strength.

Who can measure the usefulness of her life? A multitude she has helped. Unnumbered little deeds of kindnesses unknown to any but the recipients and herself are to be set to her credit. Always sympathetic, ready to serve, industrious, frugal, and conscientious. She was a rare soul.

Just after her death a letter, to a mutual friend, came from one of her "boys" of these later days, enclosing another to her. His request was that the letter be read to Aunt Mary if she were living, but if not to return it to him unopened. She had been, he said, a mother to him. And that sentiment voices the feeling of many an old student of Butler College. Men and women now in middle life and carrying responsibilities and burdens of position think of this faithful little woman, fine Christian that she was, with the reverence they pay to their mother. She has done a great part for many a one of us. We loved her in life. We cherish her memory now that she has gone, and we know that it is well with her, for she is numbered with that great host of those who have served their Master well while here below, and are considered worthy of that most welcome praise in all the universe, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

A FRIEND.

GOOD.—Lieutenant John Charles Good, '17, died of pneumonia on March 30, at Camp Dodge, Iowa, and was buried from his home in Indianapolis on April 3.

Butler suffers another sorrow in the loss of Lieutenant Charles Good and another gold star appears on our service flag, the roll of honor.

"Charlie" was a whole-souled, democratic fellow, who played square in any game, and put his energy where it counted the most. Butler's loss is great and his many friends grieve that the genial comrade has gone on without the chance of seeing the active service

for which he longed, but they may gladly know he would have met any crisis well and given his best to the service. As it is, he saw his duty and did it well.

Mingled with our sorrow is our pride in one of Butler's loyal sons who has given all that he had to the service which called him and gave it gladly. He was one who did not lose sight of the great truth that their first duty is not to make a living, but to live—and to die, if need be—in the defense of the flag and all that it stands for.—*The Butler Collegian*.

CARVER.—Mrs. Mary Metcalf Carver died at her home in Irvington on March 30, and was buried at Crown Hill.

Mrs. Carver's death was not unexpected, coming as it did after a long illness. Early last fall her strength began to fail before an attack of acute anemia. Without suffering, she gradually grew weaker and finally fell asleep on the night of March 29-30, passing out of life so gently that her going seemed hardly to mark a change. Mrs. Carver was seventy-four years old and until very recently was one of the most active women in the community of Irvington. She was a leader in many of the organizations of the Downey Avenue Christian Church and one of the most faithful members of the congregation. For many years her house was the home of a large group of men and women, including at most times students and professors of Butler College. No one who came into contact with Mrs. Carver in this way could fail to be profoundly influenced by her piety, her simplicity, and her wonderful capacity for effective work. Mrs. Carver was a student of the old North Western Christian University in 1866. Her name appears as Mary Metcalf on the old records of Ryland T. Brown's classes in botany and physiology. Her daughter Lola was also a student of Butler College.

Our Correspondence

FLORENCE HOSBROOK WALLACE, '08: I hope these times will not put a stop to the Quarterly. Every one looks forward to its coming.

NELLIE KERN, '00, Provincetown, Mass.: I am teaching English in this quaint old town on the tip end of Cape Cod. The air the sky, the water, the sand-dunes, are wonderful. Our harbor is almost as beautiful as the Bay of Naples and the sunsets are quite as magnificent. It is a place dear to artists and writers. But it is a long, long way from Indiana where my best friends are. However, the Alumnae Quarterly will bring news of them.

SAMUEL H. SHANK, '92: The Quarterly did not arrive till some time in December, when I received both numbers and they were verily "devoured." I hope that you are receiving the proper support from all the friends of Butler, as some of us at least are deeply grateful to you for the pleasure you afford us. I would be willing to double the price rather than be deprived of this pleasure.

My visit during commencement was one of the brightest spots in many years of my life, and I wonder if you who are constantly enjoying these blessed associations can appreciate them as we who are less fortunate.

I suppose that to-night the clans are gathering for Founder's Day, and I hope that new courage may be given those who are carrying on the work. Keep the vision bright in the mind's eye and it will surely manifest itself to the world.

I hope the commencement this year will be as delightful to all who may attend as it was last year to me.

Kindly remember me to Tom Howe, Eva Butler, Professor Bruner and other members of the faculty.

Attention

The annual alumni fee of one dollar for 1917-'18 was due October

1. Will you kindly remit as soon as possible to the treasurer,

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Officers of the Alumni Association—President, Mrs. Jessie Christian Brown, '97; First Vice-President, William G. Irwin, '89; Second Vice-President, Lieutenant Justus W. Paul, '15; Treasurer, Carl Van Winkle, '14.

Secretary and Editor of the Butler Alumna Quarterly—Katharine M. Graydon, '78.

*And David rose up early in the morning
and left the sheep; . . . and he came
to the trench as the host was going forth
to fight and shouted for the battle.*

—I Samuel XVII, 20

Commencement Address

NEW LIGHT UPON OLD VALUES

BY DR. WILLIAM DOUGLAS MACKENZIE

President of Hartford Theological Seminary

It is indeed a great honor and a very great delight on this beautiful morning in these most lovely surroundings to be here. It makes a commencement address seem almost like taking a holiday, to be speaking under these trees and with that beautiful stretch of ground in front of one.

We are living through a day which long centuries after this will be remembered as one of the greatest days in the history of human nature. You of the graduating class entered college just as the war began. You are going out into the world just as America goes fully into her tremendous task, and through those four years you have had the unusual experience which none of those who preceded you for two generations have had, of being compelled to read, to study, to think, to live amid quiet academic surroundings, with the echoes of a world tumult coming in upon your ears and the terrors of a world agony invading your hearts, and if at first you were too young and inexperienced to understand all that it meant, I know with the ripening processes of those four years that the continual unfolding of the meaning of the world's life to-day has taken your hearts and minds perhaps higher and deeper than those of many preceding graduating classes; for we live in an amazed world,—a world aroused and amazed.

When we look beyond the four years into our recent past it seems as if we had been living in quiet and easy days. The busiest man, the most burdened man of five years ago, as he looks back, almost sighs and pines for the quiet of those busy days and the sense of ease even in those crowded hours of life. To-day we are aroused and amazed. We are living more intensely; we are looking upon life more deeply; we are trying to understand human nature thoroughly. For, ladies and gentlemen, the war is something much more than the ordinary war that concerns only the fortunes of two

peoples and a slight readjustment of their relations to one another. The war is shaking the world; the war is compelling us all to deal with human nature as such. It is human nature that is, as it were, at war with itself. It is struggling through this terrific experience to understand itself. Human kind is compelled to go to the foundations of things, tear away the superstructures of easy conventionalism and hazy superstition and look down fearlessly and afresh, aroused and amazed; to look down into the very foundations and ask questions we had not dared to ask and face answers and possibilities we had not dared to face before.

I propose in a very brief address on a very vast subject to say a few words on each of four things on which we are getting new light upon old values; four directions with which we of the educated classes, we of the college and academic world, are concerned. I do not wish to speak merely of the causes of the war or the issues of the war or the methods of the war, except in so far as these concern us here in an effort to understand more deeply what human nature is and whither human nature trends.

In the first place, we have had a new light thrown upon the meaning of education,—of the disciplined mind. The war of experts is creating now a world of experts. The stress of the war has compelled men and women to penetrate into regions which hitherto seemed remote from anything like military interest or military value. They are finding that in order to be efficient in warfare, on the dreadful fields of Flanders and among the poppy fields of France, they must penetrate into remote regions of knowledge and of organization, of industrial activity and social interest,—penetrate far into them and get a deeper grasp of them than they had before, and draw them all together into one great central interest, draw them all together to create one great mass of national efficiency, and in every direction that kind of work cannot be done superficially; it cannot be done carelessly. The man or woman who thinks that he or she can know this or that easily, and who in ordinary times would have escaped with a superficial knowledge and worked out a struggling little existence on very poor furnishings,—that man or woman now who would undertake anything seriously for the government or for the nation must come to a standard of efficiency, a

standard of knowledge, a standard of power whose test is the war and whose supreme qualification is the fitness of that person in doing that work to serve the country in the hour of its great need. We therefore have imposed upon us a new standard of mental discipline, of personal efficiency. This is going to react upon our colleges, upon our universities, upon all our institutions. It may even get down to little Johnnie in the kindergarten, and some day perhaps the supreme law of the kindergarten will not be, "Now, Johnnie, you have been working at that a long time,—about seven minutes. What would you like to do next?" Perhaps we are coming to the time when little Johnnie must learn that he must work twelve minutes,—five minutes more—even when he is tired, in order that his will may be developed and that he may learn the difficult task of self-control and self-direction, even against what little Johnnie would like to do. Perhaps we shall get down to that length; but at any rate, it stands to reason, it is obviously inevitable, that among the higher schools of the land and throughout our colleges and universities there is henceforth to be created a new standard of power, of thoroughness. We are going to get away from letting men and women easily through their examinations and giving them marks that are fixed rather by good nature than by accurate and stern adjustment to facts. We are going to have a way of dealing with our whole task of education that is imposed upon us by this world-wide demand for accuracy, for the attainment of something like expert knowledge and efficiency in those things which a man or woman undertakes as his life task and contribution to the general good.

Now, when we have said that, we are face to face with another fact, namely, that the development of education not merely disciplines the mind, but forms the character; not merely forms the character of the individual, but establishes the character and directs the spirit of the whole nation. What the world is most amazed at just now is the difference of one nation from the other nations of the world; the difference of its character, of its spirit, of the direction of its policy. The world does not deny,—at least those people in the world who know anything about it do not deny,—that in that empire of Germany there are many excellent and beautiful char-

acters, that there are many men and women of piety and sincerity, and simple, pure earnestness of soul; but what they find is that the character of the people of the whole nation as it expresses itself outwardly to the world has been imposed upon that nation by certain standards and methods of education and by a control of the training of the young by those who are in supreme military authority over the people.

That brings us to our second subject, namely, that we are not only face to face with a revaluation of education as it is a discipline of the mind and the personality, but we are face to face with education based upon a revaluation of its moral results. We have always known that education bore upon character. We realize now how deeply it bears on character. We have always known that the nation that selects its destiny and the direction of its history, and then trains its people in that direction, is training their character to aim at that at which the nation aims. We knew it vaguely; we knew it hazily. We applied that principle somewhat superficially, somewhat easily, in our own land. We had many educationalists calling upon us to reconsider our constitution and to deal more deeply with the training of our people in character and in spirit, but somehow the matter was still remote from the general thought and taken by most of us easily.

What do we find across the water? We find that the German Empire formed certain definite conceptions about what it is to be a nation, what it is to be an empire, what it is to be a people among all the peoples of the world, and then, having formed that conception, proceeded to impose it upon the whole people through the process of education; for the military authorities of that empire were not content to deal with citizens when they came to the age of entrance into the army and deal with them in the barracks and on the drill ground and on the rifle and gun ranges and in their regimental life. It was not content with that. It knew that into those barracks, upon those drill grounds, would come young men who had already had their characters almost completely formed, and that those characters would remain with them, and that the spirit they brought there would be brought to bear upon the meaning of their life there, and that they would pass out of the army into their citizen

life carrying with them the standards of criticism which were given to them before they entered the army. The conclusion was obvious, that the training of the boys and girls must begin very early and be all directed toward giving them those convictions, building up in them that spirit, filling them with that national purpose which they must take with them into the army, so that when they became soldiers of the Kaiser they shall know already and have learned for many years what to be a soldier of the Kaiser means and in what direction Germany is moving. Accordingly they went down into education and the policy of training their children with a view to the creation of a great armed people. How did they do this? They did it, first of all, of course, through the spirit and lips of their teachers, themselves drilled thoroughly, severely, constantly, not only in universities but in their advanced normal schools, for this very purpose, and they did it through the textbooks that were used. If a book of geography had maps in it that showed in Argentine, in Brazil, certain settlements as German colonies, certain settlements in the United States marked as German colonies; if those books were put into the hands of the young children and their world outlook was colored with German colonies in different parts of the world; if they were taught, as they were, that Belgium was a part of Germany that for a time has been under foreign government; if these and other forms of instruction in geography and in the distribution of the nations to-day,—if that was poured into the children's minds, it all opened up to them and established the standard by which they were to interpret the place of Germany in the world, and not only the place to-day but the destiny of Germany in the generations to come. These are only little illustrations of the thoroughness with which this work was done of giving a direction to the thought and giving specific quality to the character and purpose of a whole people by means even of education in the earlier stages.

Now, a further theory was worked out; for, after all, every nation lives on its philosophy of life. Every nation lives on that form of philosophy which ultimately is the pervading religion of the people; and there was given to the people a certain philosophy of national life from which this war is the logical deduction,—of which

it is the logical expression. The first step in that philosophy is this: that every nation exists, every government exists, in order to enable the nation to secure self-expression and self-development; and self-expression and self-development are words that must be used in their largest and most indefinite sense. Every nation that is healthy, that is growing in its numbers, that is full of energy, looks forward indefinitely to an expansion that is without limit, and every nation has a right to cherish the hope and the purpose of that self-expression and that self-development in a large and in an unbounded future. In the second place, the chief means of self-expression and self-development of a nation ultimately is through its military control over itself and over other peoples. It may become necessary, and therefore right, for a nation that is seeking self-development to take possession of the territories of a weaker and a decadent race and fill up those territories with its own virility and occupy them for its own national purposes. Therefore, when you look upon the necessity of an army in relation to the self-expression and self-development of a people, you must confront the fact that war is not a war of armies; it is a war of peoples. This amazing doctrine has been laid down for the last twenty years or more, explicitly, not only by the philosophers and historians, but by the military authorities of that empire. It is a nation that goes to war with nations, and, therefore, you are not at war with the soldiers of Belgium; you are at war with the people of Belgium; you are not at war with the soldiers of France; you are at war with the people of France; you are not at war with the little contemptible army of Great Britain; you are at war with the whole people of Great Britain; and therefore you have a right to do to the people whatever you have a right to do to a soldier. If it is necessary to kill the people as it is to kill the soldiers, then you must kill them. Further, in the development of a nation under military control, there cannot possibly be any limit prescribed to the use of whatever instruments it finds necessary, and the taking advantage of any occasions that occur in the history of the relations of that people with other peoples; therefore, there is no limit, for instance, to the knowledge that you must try to get of the resources and of the military strength and of the inward policy and the direction of character of neighboring nations or na-

tions at the other side of the world; therefore, you must set up great offices in your capital city, and there you must have men utterly skilled, utterly trained, utterly efficient in their knowledge of all parts of the world, and they must seek into all parts of the world in order that they may know the facts. Moreover, since war is inevitable some day, they must seek out long before war is declared to prepare within that country for the making of a successful war. Now, that, of course, means something very much more than that somewhat innocent claim that every nation has made and the noblest nations have acted upon, that you must have a secret service; that you must get what information you can about other peoples, about their military strength and methods. It goes far beyond that. There is nothing in a people more characteristic than the fearlessness with which they draw conclusions from premises which they have laid down, and the conclusion to be drawn from the right every government has to know about every other government and people, is that you may use any of your citizens in any part of the world, in any relations in which they stand, to get that information; and the result of that is the creation of a world-wide system of individual treachery. Nothing to my mind has been more astounding, more horrifying, than the revelation of this universal world-wide system of treachery that has been established by one government. You can trace it through Australia, through India, through China; you can trace it through the United States, through Mexico at this hour; you can trace it through the republics of South America. I knew about it twenty-five or thirty years ago in my native country of South Africa, where my father had to meet it in some of the earlier stages of its development. You find it, of course, all through France and Belgium; you find it sinking into and undermining the whole kingdom of Italy,—a system of treachery that seems a logical deduction from that very evil premise that every government ought to try to know something about the method and equipment of other governments of the world. Moreover, if your war is to be carried out thoroughly after you have prepared for it in this way, there are no limits to the instruments and the weapons and the methods to be employed. For example, if you find that it is necessary to send from Belgium women and children in front of your regiment against a

British regiment, and that is the way to obtain a victory, to prevent your battalion at a critical moment from being shot down, your duty to the country, your duty to the nation, your duty as one fighting for success, your duty, they say, is to put those women and children there. And it was done,—done repeatedly. This is no mere accusation of an atrocity from the outside; it is a revelation from the inside. The documents belong authoritatively to the German army itself that establish that as an actual method deliberately employed. If you find that by sinking the heart of Paris you will sink the heart of the French army and so gain an advantage in the battlefield and be more likely to win the war, then you must sink the heart of Paris. But, how are you going to sink the heart of Paris when your armies are fifty to one hundred miles away at their nearest effective point? The only way is to use bombs or long range guns, and you cannot be sure that only soldiers in the streets of Paris shall be killed by those things,—and that would not sink the hearts of the people very much if you could select them and kill only those. Drop the bombs and let anybody be killed. Your aim is to sink the heart of Paris and of London and of any other city whose courage, heroism, and nobility of spirit are sustaining the courage, heroism, and nobility of spirit of their armies in the trenches. All that, you see, is a question of morality. The war is forcing upon the world a reconsideration of the ultimate standard of honor, the ultimate standard of right. The whole world is facing the question whether that kind of logic is to prevail over those standards of honor and righteousness and mercy that hitherto in a Christian civilization we have considered to be supreme. How are we to down this monstrous, even worse than heathen system of doctrine,—for no heathen empire ever reasoned out of a conclusion so ruthless those early principles that made savage warfare even by the Assyrian Empire possible as it invaded the coasts of the Mediterranean? Of course, we can fall back upon the instinctive human consciousness of honor and right, that indefeasible conscience that somehow seems to lie dormant in human nature, awaiting only the touch and the moment and the spring that calls it to life, and it awakes to declare eternally the supreme standards of righteousness and truth and honor. We can fall back upon that, and many have done so, and in our Christian

nations as a whole it is true that standards of honor exist that prevent men from working out that logical conclusion. Perhaps if they had fifty years of training by military authority that might be overcome. It is conceivable, perhaps, that even Americans fifty years after this might do it if we had a system of education that worked out with that terrible consistency, with that unwearied thoroughness, training up our children and the nation that their individual sense of honor must be given up when the country commands them to do something, and that their individual conscience must fall down before the dictates of necessity, uttered by the supreme authority of the land. Perhaps that is possible. That is what has been done with a noble and generous people, the people of Germany, and they have been, through fifty years, brought to such a position that soldiers who revolt in spirit against these things, and have put their revolt on paper and sent the record to Mr. Gerard, the Ambassador to Berlin of the American republic, so that those soldiers while putting that on record, saying, "I am a Christian and hate these things," yet go and do it. They are under the compulsion of fifty years of training. Now, what is there against that with us? There is just that indefeasible sense of honor and self-respect in the citizen who has not been educated after that manner and into those ideals. I have been telling a story to one or two friends in the last few days that came to me recently, of a British officer being questioned here by an American soldier. He said, "Why don't you British do to the German prisoners what the Germans are doing to the British prisoners?" And he stated some of those things that we know have been done, may be done to my own nephew, a prisoner there now, at this hour. We don't know. They are not all alike, but the best are very bad. He said, "Why don't you make it known that you will do in France and England to their prisoners just what they do to yours?" The British officer said, "Yes, yes; perhaps we ought; but, don't you know, sir, we cannot do it." They cannot get themselves to do it; they cannot get their men to do it; they cannot get the Red Cross nurses to do it to the German wounded and German sick in their prison camps; they cannot get the Americans to do it. You could not get my boy to go and kill German babies, although they told him that he would be killed himself if he refused to obey mili-

tary authority. You could not get him to do it, and why? Because deep down in the hearts of our boys there is that sense of honor, that sense of self-respect, that sense of pitying humanity, that sense of generous self-sacrifice, that will make, I trust, the best American soldier say, "I would rather die than obey an order to be cruel to a little child."

But, that is education. That is education, and our American colleges and schools are educating the citizens of America in the nurture of the Christian faith and in the standards of Christian morality, and if our President stands to-day as the interpreter to the world of what the purposes of a Christian civilization ought to be, it is because way back in his boyhood and in his college days such as you have passed through, Woodrow Wilson received teachings such as you have received. He is interpreting the spirit of a nation whose education ever since its foundation has been based upon the unchanging and indestructible laws which flow from the spirit and will of Jesus Christ.

For, after all, the German will say, "I may interpret conscience as I like and you can interpret it as you like," and here are two systems of conscience that clash there on the battlefields of Europe. It is not two armies, but two systems of conscience ultimately that are grappling at the throat of the other, to put it as a despicable thing into the past. Which is despicable,—their standard of national conscience, their military ideals, or our standards of national conscience and our standards of military purpose and spirit? But, then, that is argument. They will say, "We know we are right." On the other hand, it does not just do to say that we know what the will of God is, because the German says, "I am doing the will of God. God is with us, and I am doing the will of God just as much as you are doing the will of God." And so you are thrown back upon the question, "How do you know what the will of God is?" We of the Christian faith, we, trained in Christian universities and colleges, we, who belong to Christian churches, we, who have been nurtured in the faith and knowledge of that one great, supreme, unique personality that illuminates the history of the world as no other personality, as no other principle of life can ever dominate mankind, we say and we know that the character of God has been translated in

a human face, and when we want to know the will of God we see it in the face of Jesus Christ, and we know there is no other way of dealing with the question of what is conscience, what is honor, or even what is the will of God, but to go to Him in whose face the answer has been eternally and openly revealed to us. We go to Him through whom the Eternal looked upon the human conscience and flooded it with the illumination and the glory of God, translated into the human face of Jesus Christ, and I know of nothing upon which we can more strongly insist than that our nation should set itself through the terrible lessons of this war to work out its tremendous problem as to how the whole nation shall consent to have its children trained, brought up, their characters molded, the destiny of America controlled from that fountain-head of truth at that throne of supreme authority. That is part of the work that lies behind men like your President, the president of your college, his trustees and faculty, and the trustees and faculties of all the colleges and universities in the country. How are we going so to direct and control the education of America that its whole character and spirit shall be left, not indefinite nor its foundations uncertain, but shall be controlled and directed so as to produce in the nation the features and the face of Jesus Christ?

There is another direction in which new light is coming upon old values. The world of America just now is not merely as I said aroused and amazed. Thank God it is awake, alive, active, supremely active. There are men and women here who wondered what they talked about and what they were interested in and what they did four years ago. There are men and women in all our big cities who four years ago lived only for themselves. They may have belonged to their party in politics; they may have belonged to a social settlement group; they may have belonged to a church; they may have belonged to some institution that played a little with philanthropy and had little streamlets of mercy flowing out over the wounds of humanity. They may have spent a little time and a little money on those things, and felt as if those were gentle ointments that salved their own consciences when the conscience got a little raw, at church on Sunday mornings when the minister was unusually impressive. But to-day those men and women are sacrific-

ing themselves, some of them fortunes, some of them large salaries; they are sacrificing what sometimes costs more, they are sacrificing their time; they are sacrificing many social interests that before seemed the whole of life and to-day they seem nothing at all. They are giving them up and they are putting in twelve hours a day working at what? Upon the needs of humanity. They are working for their people; they are working for their nation; they are working for their soldier boys; they are working for the wounded of all nations; they are working for the devastated regions of France and Flanders and Servia and Roumania; they are working for humanity wherever humanity is broken and bleeding and sick and like to die, and they are doing it gladly. One knows of men who have hardly had an automobile ride for weeks who would have had them every day in ordinary times. One knows of men and women who would have been languishing perhaps in a retreat for the neurotic who are tremendously active and gloriously healthy at this very hour; so that the head of one of those institutions of enriching mercy complained recently,—no, I must not say that; he is a fine man, living according to the low lights; he is all right,—but he said recently that the war had practically destroyed his business. Now, what does that mean? It means that people are going out to live for others.

We heard a great deal about social service and we had many, many platform and pulpit orators tell us what that meant and how we should all go in for it, but you didn't know how to begin, and you didn't know how far to go, and you did not want to give much either of yourself or your cash for it. But now, I tell you, ladies and gentlemen, I know that in all your hearts there is no limit to what you will give, there is no limit to what you will do for other people in this very hour of America's and the world's agony. And what does that mean? It means a greater joy, a greater peace of mind, a greater personal strength. I see people who are made over again, a new light in their faces. I know prominent men who seem to me to have a more elastic step, a more eager tone in their voice; they seem to me to be more of real men because they are living more completely for other people. Is this to end when the war ends, and is it only a brief spasm of joy? Is it only a fleeting glimpse of the face of Christ who served even unto death for the sake of man-

kind? Is it to pass away when the war is over and are men and women to go back and say, "Now, let's begin that club over again," and "I am glad there is no more knitting to do," and "What shall we read? Now, we are tired of reading about the war. Let's get some more novels," and, "I don't know; I wanted to go to church while my boy was at the front, but now he is back again safe and sound and his wounds are healed, I don't know but what we will go out for a ride this morning." I wonder whether the life of service, whether the instinct of worship, which has been so aroused and intensified in these glorious, although lurid and fearful days, is going to disappear again. It depends upon you,—you of the graduating class. If the war lasts two, three, four, or five years more; if it be five or six or seven years before the boys come home again,—if it be anything like that—you will be in the midst of your days; you will be in positions of responsibility. What spirit are you going to carry into the world? Are you going to say, "Henceforth my whole life is going to be one long question as to what I can do for others, and not how much I can do for myself? How much can I find out that human needs really are? How much can I find out the depths of human sorrow? Where can I find that there are no limits to human wounds of all kinds everywhere? I will give myself to the healing of the wounds and the meeting of those needs and the ministry of those human hearts."

Then there is another direction in which revaluation has come upon us. It has come upon us very suddenly; upon many people with almost an agony of soul. Over in France very early some of their most skeptical men of letters found themselves face to face with a situation they had never anticipated and changed their minds,—men like Paul Bourget and men like LeDuc who were living easily, writing brilliantly, dealing earnestly with nothing other than what was superficial and skeptical as to human nature and human destiny, were flung back off their base. They found men and women everywhere going about with the marks of sacrifice upon their faces; they saw those endless lines of brave French soldiers going out to the front and into the trenches, there to bleed and die for their country. They saw older men and women saying farewell to them at the station. They would hear a French woman say to an-

other, "Do not cry just now; he can still see you." They looked into the agony of the human heart; they looked into the sacrifice of human life; they asked themselves the question, "Is it really true that there is no great and glorious mind that controls human history, and is it true that there is no future for the individual man?" They gazed into what Paul Bourget calls "The Meaning of Death" in the title of one of his books. They gazed into the meaning of death; they asked themselves afresh what dying means, what dying leads to, what life really is going to attain through the dark portals of death. Is it nothingness, dust, and shadow, as the old Roman poet sadly said we all are? Or, through those portals do we go into a real world, a real life, a world more wonderful, a life more full and rich and real and varied even than the world in which we live now? The doctrine of immortality has always been interesting, but interesting to a great many people simply as a far-off and dim matter. They found out from doctors and from the experience of their friends at death when they live to be old enough and die it comes easily, that there are not many haunting fears, not many dread terrors on most deathbeds nowadays. It only arose when some bright boy died, when some little child was taken away from the fireside and the lap of her mother. But to-day think of all the men that are dying, and all the brothers, husbands, and sons that are giving themselves, giving themselves utterly unto death for country, for fathers and mothers,—like that young man who was asked why he enlisted when he had been serving in an ambulance on the other side. He said, "I saw those devastated French homes; I saw those wives and mothers wronged and mistreated; I thought of you, mother, and of my sister, and I could not keep out. I had to go in."

If that boy dies, is that the whole story? Those of you who have boys at the front have faced this matter, and all of you have faced it for your neighbors and your friends, and it means there has a new value come upon us all of our relations to the life to come. The doctrine that all we were to do was to live here and let the future take care of itself, is now discovered in the world's catastrophe to be a mistaken doctrine. We know we cannot live fully, we know we cannot understand life now unless we grasp somewhat and understand somewhat the reality and the meaning and the glory of the

life which is to come. It is the life encircling this life; it is the life penetrating this life. It is these eternal values claiming us even unto death that give our life its dignity and give to us all our day, our supreme opportunity. There is not a man or woman here with a boy at the front who has not brooded and prayed about that matter, and if they have believed in God they had to pray, and if they did not believe in God they still cried out to the unknown God, cried out of a heart whose reasons were better than their intellects, cried out in the right direction, for relief and sustenance and hope.

We are having a revaluation of life in the light of eternity. We must learn to live as immortals. If the German doctrine is true, then humanity might as well give up living for the future, and this world is only an elaborated savagery and man is only an elevated animal, with animal passion and greed and cruelty and lust. But, if man is more than that,—if a man has a life more than this life, then he must learn to walk the earth as immortals would walk it, and he must fill his heart and his mind with new interpretations of the world of business, of education, of city life, of national life, of the home, just because he is interpreting afresh the life of his boy as he goes out to France to die. You cannot only hope for them there and not hope for yourself here. You cannot fasten the idea of immortality upon that boy at the front and not upon the boy that is here and the girl at your side. You must fill all life with that meaning: "*Noblesse oblige*,"—it will be as we arise to the dignity of human nature, behold it in its endless glory, see into the indissoluble life divine, that we shall begin to understand how great a thing it is to live and to serve in this world. For, if this world is all, all its service is as nothing. If this world is not all, then all its service is worth all the world that is to come, and it is the glory, the majesty of life so interpreted and so understood that perhaps all America will win as all America mourns. Perhaps this is what America will win through her tears. Perhaps this is the great gift the dying of the boys at the front will give to us here,—a message across the seas, a message out of the unseen: "I live; I live henceforth, there in Indianapolis, in Butler College; henceforth live, work, teach, learn, labor, as in the light of the life I lived, who once was with you and went to France and died and lived forever."

May you of this class, out of the dark years through which we are all living, get some glimpse of those glorious lights which seem to me to break through the darkness and to fall upon the fundamental facts of our experience and deepest problems of our human nature, and all your life will be unfolded as we try to see our boys at the front unfold in the fatherhood of God.

Baccalaureate Sermon

BY FREDERICK E. LUMLEY

College of Missions

"If wishes were horses beggars might ride," is an ancient and whimsical saying of unknown and perhaps trivial origin. Moreover, it is fragrant with irresponsible indolence and effortless futility to the undiscerning. It is easy and natural to conclude that beggars should never have horses; but even if they should, no one is foolish enough to believe they are born of wishing.

On reflection, however, was not the human race in beggary to begin with, and was it in any sense deserving of horses? But now we behold it well equipped with the swiftest steeds of flesh and steel. And we have to ask, whence came these excellent friends and servants of man called dogs, horses, steam engines, automobiles, and aeroplanes? And why did they come? What else began the complicated process of animal, vegetable, and physical domestication but wishing? When your attention is drawn to it, what else has energized the world of matter and motion and whipped it into usable forms? What else but the intense longing, the hot desire, the burning wish, the unquenchable craving? For "every wish is like a prayer—with God" says Browning, and Shakespeare knew the wish was father to the thought. It was nothing other than wishing, and its nimble offspring, thought, that transformed wolves into dogs, animals as wild as the winds into horses, the mutterings of savages into language and literature. "Necessity is the mother of invention," and the wish is the mother of necessity. And were we the perfect "gardeners of our inclinations" all things would be possible to us.

It is not insight that first distinguishes man; neither is it capacity for logical inference; nor is it artistic skill. It is the impulse of deep desire, it is the "vigorous discontent that goads us from torpid ease, or worse" that straightway gives birth to reason and plumes itself with the crowning perfections of our civilization.

"It was the eager wish to soar
That gave the gods their wings.

"When baffled lips demanded speech,
Speech trembled into birth.—

"When man's dim eyes demanded light
The light he sought was born—
His wish, a Titan, scaled the height
And flung him back the morn;

"From deed to dream, from dream to deed,
From daring hope to hope,
The restless wish, the instant need,
Still lashed him up the slope."

—Don Marquis.

And what is Germany to-day but the sinister embodiment of the malignant wish to power? For years her villainous Kaiser has been distilling his wishes into thoughts and organizations for *Der Tag*. He has been playing with a force which, having overturned the world and spilled the blood of millions, will return and destroy him. The President may press a button in Washington and let loose the complex forces of a Panama Exposition. But that is nothing compared to the release of a continuous stream of white, hot sparks from the soul, which we call wishes.

It is, therefore, of the utmost importance to survey what young people habitually desire, for the answer that is possible in an ordered universe is inevitable. But do they want the inevitable answer? Could they stand the shock of it when the appearance of some things precludes the appearance of other things? When the train comes into the depot it brings our loved ones whom we joyously embrace, but also a number of crooks and undesirables, and possibly the bodies of some who have passed beyond. We are warned, there-

fore, that life can never be fully satisfying until we can choose wisely as well as wish strongly, and this few people are striving to do. When a body of water digs itself into a convenient channel and is able to flow freely and powerfully to the sea, it thereby surrenders one kind of freedom and seals its fate. So any desire, or set of desires, continuously expressed, cuts a groove which has its issue in fixity and imprisonment, for other desires, having been thwarted all the while, atrophy and vanish. The unwise wisher is left a slave, an automaton.

It is of such a tragedy that I would speak to you this afternoon. One day a man of distinguished mien, well in the forenoon of his life cycle, came to Jesus and fell on his knees in respectful oriental fashion. He was in dire straits. The questioning face soon expressed its meaning in words. "Good Teacher, what must I do to inherit eternal life? What lack I yet?" And this incident is so bristling with suggestions upon what is *worth* wishing into existence and *safe* to wish into existence, that I crave your thoughtful attention while I attempt to isolate some of them.

The brief sketch of the man hints at four characteristics. First, he was a comparatively young man, thirty-five or so, and thus in the extremely fertile period of life when much of the creative work of the world is done, when the die is cast for greatness or for mediocrity. It would astonish any person to find the numbers of persons who have gained distinction before thirty-five. Among great military leaders we think of Scipio, Charlemagne, Conde, Alexander, the Macedonian madman, Hannibal, and Napoleon—

"Who, born no king, made monarchs draw his car,
Whose game was empires, and whose stakes were thrones,
Whose table, earth—whose dice, human bones."

In art we think of Raphael, Correggio, Michelangelo, Canova; in invention, Galileo, Newton, Pascal, Whitney, Stephenson, Wedgewood, Watt, Edison, Rennie, and Sir Christopher Wrenn. And so it is in other fields of human endeavor. The spirit and the resourcefulness of early age are priceless possessions. The man who came to Jesus was still young.

In the second place, he was in a position of authority, and what

have men and women not dreamed and dared to gain power? To say nothing of those who are born to rule and who assume the mastery of men as Rossetti assumed the mastery of colors, and who regard their lives as failures unless they determine the comings and goings of human groups, there are the added hosts who are prodded to dominating enterprise by the habits of ambitious parents, the kicks of superiors or the dislocation of the times in which they live. History has countless descriptions of the unquenchable thirstings for power and ever more power, and of the ingenious devices employed to gain it. Forsaking all else, men have braved the deeps, searched inhospitable lands, struggled through almost impenetrable forests, delved into the polluted streams of political sectionalism, and climbed to "bad eminence" over the mangled bodies of the flowers of nations. And are we not witnessing, in these tense days, the hateful results of diabolical machinations on a gigantic scale? In a recent article on the Kaiser, former Ambassador David Jayne Hill describes the developing insanity of imperialism. And as far back as 1890, when this young man was able to dismiss his only rival, Prince Bismarck, he gave notice to mankind in language which we now clearly comprehend, standing as we do in tears amidst millions of fresh graves, that the world war was to be expected. But the most astounding proof of how completely William the Damned mastered Germany is in this: a people, proud of their success in puncturing ancient superstitions, had to swallow with an expression of enjoyment, the Kaiseridee, the belief that the All-Highest was the direct gift of God exclusively to the German nation. What will some men do for power? Look at the imperial boomster of Potsdam. The young man who came to Jesus had power; he was a ruler in the synagogue. That was not comparable to Potsdamic authority, to be sure, but it was a high position for the time.

Thirdly, this young ruler was rich. And again I summon you to remember what people have done for material wealth. Into the ice-bound regions of the Arctic, into the softening realms of the tropics, under the earth and over it and above it, men have gone to be rich. They have deserted family and relatives; they have abandoned music and art and science; they have taken liberties with verities in order to have what all the world declares most desirable. Mammon

is a god with the most worshippers and his devotees never weary of singing the Te Deum. Phillips Brooks once said that if an American saw a silver dollar on the other side of hell, he would jump for it. Well, millions of men have seen millions of dollars on the other side of hell and have jumped. Vast numbers of them have lost themselves in the fiery vortex but the merry game goes on, so great a good does wealth seem to be. This young man had great possessions and the game of dollars was won for him.

And now one more characteristic is worthy of notice; he was moral and religious. And again we are compelled to observe how desirable these qualities have been to human beings. You remember the remarkable fortitude with which the anchorite sect known as the Stylites sat on the tops of their high pillars in all moods of the weather. You remember the Indian fakirs who recline in comfort upon beds of spikes. You must have heard of the distressing ordeals of the Cree Indians. And most of us have heard of Latimer and Ridley and the illustrious martyrs of the church who were satisfied in their fading consciousness that they had agonized for that which was beyond price. This rich ruler had measured up fully to the moral standards of the age.

The character of this man is now before us. He was young, powerful, rich, and righteous. Great possessions, these four,—a “big four” to command the respect and excite the envy of the majority of men. And now what other goods do human beings search for? Do not these appear to be the chief ends of human endeavor? Do they not clearly include the major values of human experience? Youth and wealth, power and righteousness! Most people, I fancy, would say there was nothing else worth having.

But here is where the tragedy begins. This man *had* something else. He had these four great things and something more. He accepted these and the other he could not avoid for he had not learned the way. He had not asked for this fifth quality; he hadn't asked for anything. The whole flock came and settled upon him and crushed him. You recall that I said we could not have some things without some other things. This is what our young friend found out—when it was too late. And what was this other gift? It was a sickening disappointment, a most distressing inquietude. And the

result was that while others all about him were going "over the top" to victory he was left in the trenches in despair. He felt a kind of creeping moral paralysis. He seemed to have everything, yet nothing that really satisfied. He seemed to be full, and yet was starving. And while it is somewhat indecent to stare at a man undergoing torture, I must put convention aside and ask you to do that with me to-day. There are many valuable lessons in the miserable plight of this young man, and some of them I shall try to point out.

To begin with, let me observe that this quartet of major goods was the product of grace and not of grit. For instance, it was through no fault of his that he was still before the meridian of life; his parents had seen to that. Moreover, his wealth was too great to have been gained by personal application. The public office was probably the offering of some influential relative and he had never known any other than habits of probity. Some credit is doubtless due him for having conserved what had been entailed. But there was not one element in his outfit for life that had cost him anything. He was fortunate in his possessions, we say, but he was most unfortunate in the manner of their acquisition. All were gifts, bestowments, donations, grants. The wealth and the moral standard, of which he was the heir, had cost others something, but they cost him nothing. Therefore they never could be ethically possessed, for the very process of acquisition had incapacitated him for moral discrimination.

We can see that this man was the victim of overindulgence and complete misunderstanding. He had been done the indignity of being regarded as a sponge when he had once felt himself a man. He turned out to be an absorber rather than a contributor. He had reached the goal of life on the bosom of a tide undirected by himself. He was simply a decent, hand-carved, standardized unit in society.

Now, there are increasing numbers of young people headed in this same direction. This is a growingly rich and benevolent country, and there are multiplying numbers of wealthy, orthodox people who are searching everywhere for unwary young men and women around whose necks they can fasten a string and hang until they are dead. It was never harder to escape the avalanche of do-

nations and remain free. A college friend of mine had the extreme misfortune to touch quite unconsciously the heartstrings of a rich, decadent old lady, and then be compelled, through fear of exposure, to accept several thousand dollars for education expenses.

“And then it seems he woke, and waking, died;
Calling on things that he had long forgot.”

But what self-respecting, independent individual cares to die by suffocation? Having ambition, pluck, and energy, and not being as spineless as a banana, who will accept a complete outfit for life without turning a hand? Who would consider it if there was clear vision as to all that was involved in it? Who wants to be condemned to affluence, influence, and orthodoxy from birth? If you can imagine a life without effort, devoid of the delicious tingle of personal triumph and the warm exultation of individual victory, entirely free from the daily necessity of rational choice, you can comprehend the predicament of this man and uncover the reason for his disillusionment.

And of how much more value, in the course of human events, is such a man than a sheep? Of how much more significance, in a world of laborious effort and costly achievement, is he than a certain tie-post I once saw? Like this young man, it, too, was young, having been cut from the forest when set up. It was also rich in forest memories, stuffed with nourishing juices, and fragrant with the delicious odors of new wood. It held a prominent position at the entrance of a fine home, and it had often served to nip in the bud the lawless intentions of many Jerusalem ponies tied there by the most respectable people in the neighborhood. It was also carved and decorated and perfectly fitted to its surroundings, never having killed or stolen or committed any of the numerous naughty depredations credited to men. Now, where is this tie-post inferior to the breathing biped that stands still in the world and allows the procession to drape the worth-while things of life about him?

And growing out of this suggestion is another to the effect that the young ruler had acquired the habit of construing life in terms of inheritance. Not only had he accepted everything in the past, but his mouth was open toward the future. He had about everything

but was yet unsatisfied, though whatever additional comfort he required was also to be a gratuity. He thought he wanted eternal life, but he would accept it only as a gift. Even amidst unrest and vexation of spirit, no thought of constructive effort, private initiative, native resourcefulness, had been born within him. It seems clear, then, that he had been pauperized. The natural, buoyant, ambitious, creative self-expression of young manhood had been discouraged and thwarted until it was capable of but one more feeble flicker.

At this time I am wondering if any of you have so conceived life. Probably not. But there are thousands of your kind who are being taught to wander about aimlessly, like Mr. Micawber, killing time until that great and notable day when death or some equally acceptable combination of circumstances confers upon them the lordship of an enormous, unearned, and undeserved and dangerous patrimony. As I have said, if you expect something to turn up it probably will, and you will have to reap the harvest no matter what it is. It is increasingly easy to "get by," if that is your game, for opportunities increase with wealth and so do soft heads. But see the end from the beginning. Do not take chances. Your education should help you avoid that peril. A little self-analysis will reveal your present direction and you can easily make sure whether you regard the world as a huge orange to be sucked and then discarded or whether yours is the spirit of Browning when he said:

"I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,
The best and the last.
I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forbore,
And bade me creep past.
No; let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers,
The heroes of old,
Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears
Of pain, darkness, and cold."

And Browning also tells us of the erudite grammarian who was "dead from the waist down." The people I am trying to describe, those who have learned to construe life in terms of inheritance, are, on the contrary, dead from the waist up. This is by far the greater calamity.

A third suggestion is released from this incident. It is this: What any age labels best is usually only good to each succeeding generation. The young ruler was adequately outfitted according to his time, but was still unsatisfied. And meditating upon this situation and others, I have come to believe that every young person is an absolutely new creation, an entirely original inflorescence, and hence an unknown quantity. And the treatment accorded, not to be fatal, should be as original as the subject of it. But it never is. From the very beginning, a host of pestiferous meddlers called parents, relatives, friends, teachers, guardians of the faith, and whatnot, gather about to begin the initiation. And they never let up until they have standardized and ordered the growth of thought, feeling, and behavior so that the individual will be in perfect accord with the age in which he lives, on the one hand, or until they have eliminated him, on the other. And the spoliation thus accomplished produces a tragedy often carried to the grave as an incommunicable secret. Jesus understood this situation well, for He, too, was a victim, and hence the narrative tells us He looked upon this man to love him. There was comradeship here in suffering.

Possibly a story will convey my meaning more clearly. When Saul was king of Israel he was often faced by the Philistine host. One day Goliath, the Philistine leader, came out boldly and challenged the Hebrew king to settle the affair by a duel. Saul was paralyzed with fear. But David taunted him and, getting no response, announced his willingness to tackle the giant himself. Being unarmed—as the elders always think youth is—it was proposed that David wear Saul's equipment. This was an honor, indeed, to wear anything that belonged to a king. The idea flattered and pleased him, and so he got into the armor. But it fitted him like Charlie Chaplin's shoes, for Saul was a big man and David somewhat undersized. Consequently his efforts at warlike maneuvers were as graceful and dexterous as those of a British tank. Thus far the picture is entirely conventional. Now comes the originality; David took the ponderous thing off and, with characteristic youthful resourcefulness, produced a sling-shot from his clothes and went out to battle. The bystanders gasped. This was a new thing in their experience. They said David was a fool and a heretic for refusing

the old folkways. They knew he would perish without the armor of the past. But they could not see that he was certain to perish *in* the armor of the past, because it did not fit.

Thus, out of this attempt of those in authority to level down, and the resistance of the newer arrivals in their efforts to reach up, there develops the gravest problem that human beings have to face. It seems right to produce conformists, but it causes stagnation. It seems right to cultivate self-expression, but it proves abortive. Therefore, I beg of you to learn to think clearly for yourselves and to avoid the tragedy of social seduction, on the one hand, and the tragedy of unaided combat, on the other. A sample of what the elders transmit to the rising generations came to me in an examination paper the other day. There are "acres of diamonds" in examination papers, you know. An Indianapolis school teacher was writing on my examination in the extension course and felt it necessary to explain why she was late and had arrived all out of breath. She said she started in plenty of time but before reaching the street-car line a black cat crossed her path and she simply could not proceed. Accordingly she retraced her steps to the starting point and began again. But this is only one of the countless false beliefs and foolish practices handed down as the wisdom of the past which it is an abomination to reject. It is wholly unsafe to swallow anything simply because it is ancient. All things must be tested and careful discrimination is needful to sift the chaff from the wheat. And the wheat is what *you* need, not always what somebody thinks you need. Even when that is done, there is needed, in addition, an honest expression of that which is peculiar to you, an exhalation of your own original fragrance to the world. More than that you cannot do; less than that is cowardice. What will happen to you if you vary from the standards of correctness is beside the point. If you choose to be a mere routineer your portion will be a deep dungeon called formalism, filled with a deadly gas called tradition. If you select the path of innovation you will mount the hill of personality and breathe the free ozone of truth at the top, no matter what is done to your body.

Christ made one supreme effort to save this young man. He diagnosed the disease accurately and then made one sharp, short

stroke of the ethical blade. "Sell your goods." He probed deep into the ruler's life for the remaining spark of originality, initiative, and courage. "Sell your goods." It was a cry of warning. Be free once more. Jump out of your dungeon before the doors close over your head forever. You have always been receiving good things, now try giving awhile. You have always been pampered and you are about to spoil. Try service. "Follow me" a while and see if you will not enjoy life more than you do. Desert your riches, escape the plaudits of men, do a *new* thing under the sun and see what happens. But the probing only revealed dead timber. The young man's faith had been pinned so long to goods, rewards, and standards that

"Faith, fanatic faith, once wedded fast,
To some dear falsehood, hugs it to the last."

And now we have a plain answer to that old theological puzzle: What must a man do to be lost? Nothing.

"Better a pauper, penniless, asleep on the kindly sod—
Better a gipsy, houseless, but near the heart of God,
That beats for ears not dulled by the clanking wheels of care—
Better starvation and freedom, hope, and the good fresh air,
Than death to the Something in him that was born to laugh and
dream,
That was kin to the idle lilies and the ripple of the stream."
—Don Marquis.

In the light of certain theological viewpoints I would like to point out that the answer of Jesus to this man was a plain, practical, specific prescription for an individual case.

Again, I ask you to consider why this young ruler came to Jesus, a young man, for help. Jesus had no riches in the accepted sense. He was not in any official position. He was not even moral and religious, according to the prevailing standards of the time. Why seek Him out?

There are many reasons that have been assigned, but I shall mention only one, and that, to me, of paramount importance: the young are, after all, the chief helpers of the young. This man's parents

could do nothing for him. The elders could advise and warn and lecture; but they could not sympathize; they could not understand—him. He was newer in the world than they. But some way Jesus understood, and hence this promised to be a fine case of mutual attraction and mutual aid, upon the same age level. As the young man observed Him there were surely evidences of freedom. He had the magnetism of positiveness; there were flashes of merriment, looks of relentless purpose, gestures of immense strength, hints of deep resourcefulness, and mystic gleams of salvation. For the moment, perhaps, he might have been saying:

“Once more I long to join the virile race;
For I was blind till now—”

but when he heard the price, it was too high; he could not meet it and turned away in sorrow.

And why have millions through the centuries sought this Man's help in the hours of gravest uncertainty? The answer is in poetry and prose, in song and speech, in picture and statue, in heroic deed and patient endurance. There is a quiet communication of something so that the world's great have joined in making Christ say:

“I am the soul and spirit of your songs;
I am your ballad's grief, your lyric's fire,
I am the light for which your yearning longs;
Your curious rapture and your sick desire.
I am the burden that your lays beseech;
The one refrain that flows through all your themes,
I am the eerie glamour of your speech,
I am the mystic radiance of your dreams.”

No man can explain this influence; but all men can experience it and that is the chief thing in an emergency. Class of 1918, you have studied your Plato, Socrates, and Hegel; you have pored over your Euclid, Newton, and Boyle; you have diligently searched the works of Darwin, Mendel, and Thompson. That is good. You are now broad and tolerant. Have you searched the character of Jesus? Do you know His program? If not, there are yet other worlds to conquer. To stop content at any point is to be caught and im-

prisoned. The past will catch you if you don't watch out. The best only escapes the decay of time and does not turn to ashes in one's mouth. The issue is clear; wish strongly, but learn to choose wisely and you will have the experience of him who said:

“Standing on tiptoe ever since my youth,
Striving to grasp the future just above,
I hold at length the only future—Truth,
And Truth is Love.”

On the Journey to Tibet

BY RODERICK A. MACLEOD, '14

The voyage from San Francisco to Hongkong, via Honolulu, Japan, and Shanghai, is familiar to many readers. Keen-eyed tourists and literary people have made this journey frequently, and have recorded their observations in delightful style. It is, therefore, difficult for an ordinary missionary to add anything new and interesting to that which has been written concerning the above voyage. Of this part of our journey, it is enough to say that the voyage was delightful; and that, after a month of pleasant sailing on the Pacific, we landed at Hongkong on September thirtieth.

The journey from Hongkong to Batang, via Haiphong, Yunanfu, Tali, Likiang, Weisi, and Atuntsu, is not so familiar as the voyage mentioned above. Few Americans have journeyed to Batang. Besides, sailing on the Pacific is “tame and domestic to one who has roved o'er the mountains afar.” The wild and high mountain ranges of Western China impress their awful forms with a thrilling effect on the traveler. It is, therefore, an easy matter for one to write interestingly regarding these regions, which are so grand in their wildness, and yet so little known.

At Hongkong we were introduced to the mountains. The harbor of Hongkong winds its narrow way for several miles between high and rugged hills. The city itself is “set on a hill.” From the deck of the steamer it appears very beautiful. Terrace rises above ter-

race, each containing a beautiful home, partly hid in tropical foliage. The streets wind from one elevation to another in a pleasing manner far up to the summit of the mountain.

The apparent beauty of the city is its chief recommendation. The heat is oppressive. A sort of inertia, due to the tropical climate, is felt even as late as October. Europeans say that they lose ten per cent. in efficiency as soon as they land.

Hongkong is a mixture of "East" and "West." There are no signs of fusion. The British are British and the Chinese are Chinese. The conspicuous and beautiful parts are occupied by the British; the obscure and unattractive parts by the Chinese. There are broad, paved streets, clean and shaded with trees; but there are narrow, rough streets, dirty and hot. The British influence is present among the British; but the Chinese are not any more British or any better off than in any other part of China. There are streets of filth, children covered with sores, old people in rags and begging, and multitudes who do the work of beasts of burden in order to get insufficient food, rags of clothing, and wretched shelter. There is little evidence of British culture among the masses of Chinese. British law and the preaching of the gospel does not seem to have made any impression. They receive the gospel of salvation as the Children of Israel, when they were in bondage in Egypt, received the message of Moses. "They hearkened not unto Moses for anguish of spirit and for cruel bondage." It is interesting to note that the Christian message promises the adding of "these things"—what we shall eat, what we shall drink, and wherewithal we shall be clothed.

We remained at Hongkong for a week. Our time was occupied in purchasing supplies for the overland journey and in arranging passports and passage for Haiphong. On the seventh of October we embarked on the S. S. *Atlantique* and set sail for Haiphong.

The good ship *Atlantique* and her crew were of the French, "Frenchy." Shrugging of shoulders, waving of hands, flashing of eyes, begging of pardons, drinking of wine, animated conversation, and other interesting characteristics of the French people could be seen or heard at any time. The voyage was pleasant and we landed at Haiphong on October ninth.

Haiphong is the seaport of Hanoi, the capital of French Indo-

China. It is a busy little place. Most of the imports and exports of Tonkin pass in and out at this port. The French custom houses are here, and all imports are subject to a careful examination. All goods which do not come directly from France are subjected to a tariff tax at an exorbitant rate. It cost us \$45 to get \$300 worth of goods—some of which were not new—through the French customs.

In the matter of colonization, the French government seems very despotic. The freedom and welfare of the Tonkinese is a secondary matter. That Tonkin may become a profitable addition to France is the question of first importance. To this end, both the resources and the people of Tonkin are exploited. It is true to the "consistent inconsistency" of human nature, that a liberty loving people like the French should be such despots in colonization.

The French have built a railroad from Haiphong to Yunanfu. The building of this road is a remarkable work. It is 596 miles long and occupied eight years in building at a cost of \$40,000,000 and thousands of lives. In the Manti Valley it is said that every sleeper represents a human life. The country through which it passes is so mountainous that extraordinary engineering skill was necessary in the construction of the road. There are hundreds of tunnels and bridges which were constructed under the greatest difficulties. We had heard much of the railroad from a Frenchman on board the S. S. *Atlantique* and were anxious to travel on it.

We left Haiphong for Yunanfu on this wonderful railway on October fifteenth. We were glad to leave the greedy French and the stunted Tonkinese. The latter are a little folk—small of body and mind. They live in miserable hovels and have a peculiar custom of blackening their teeth. Perhaps they are not so wretched as we thought. The climate of Tonkin had so depressed us in body and mind that we lent part of our own misery to every creature we met. At any rate, we were glad to get our bags and baggage on the queer little mountain train and start for Yunanfu.

To Hanoi, our first day's journey, is only a four hours' ride. There was little to be seen but boundless rice fields on every side. The train does not travel after night on this road, so we stayed all night at Hanoi. This is a large city, but we did not see much of it as it was late when we reached there.

From Hanoi to Laokay, the road winds along the side of very steep hills which slope down to the Red river. The scenery was beautiful. The fresh green mountains were a very refreshing contrast to the hot mud flats about Haiphong.

Laokay is on the border between Tonkin and China. Chinese soldiers are quartered here. It was interesting to be awakened at five o'clock in the morning by a company of buglers who were in training. The confusion of tongues at Babel was harmonious as compared with the ear-racking discords of these Chinese buglers. Another "weariness of the flesh" at the place was the custom officials—especially the French. All these things, however, were more amusing than disconcerting. We enjoyed them.

The section from Laokay to Amitcheou is the most beautiful part of the road. The mountains rise to tremendous heights on all sides. The train winds along the side of a precipice. Every few minutes it passes through a tunnel chiseled through the solid rock. Beautiful bridges span foaming torrents. Streams of water, almost churned into spray, dash down the precipices. We noticed one of these in particular. It was several hundred feet above us; and, at one place, the water was falling perpendicularly for about one hundred feet. Half way down the fall, the water was dashing against a projecting rock, and sending a great stream of water outward, like a giant hose. The bridge over the gorge below the fall is a single span and connects two tunnels which are bored through the opposite sides of the gorge. There are about two hundred feet of almost perpendicular rock above the point where the tunnels and bridge pass, and about two hundred fifty feet from the bridge to the rushing stream below. It was a thrilling experience to stand on the platform of the car, while the train passed from one tunnel to the other over the wonderful span of steel which connected the two.

This "land of the mountain and the flood" is not without its perils. In the rainy seasons tremendous landslides occur. Huge boulders and large masses of earth are precipitated down the sides of the mountains. These avalanches carry everything in their path to the river below. We noticed a place where the railway had been recently carried away by a landslide. The work of repairing was still in progress.

The people who inhabit these regions lead a miserable existence. They dress in rags, live in huts of mud and straw, and constantly beg travelers for coins. The poverty of these people is due, in part, to ignorance. In the neighborhood are vast quantities of mineral deposits, which might easily be turned into a means of subsistence; but the inhabitants do not know how to profit by the mineral wealth of their country; and no one has shown them the way. The one who possesses the knowledge which these poverty-stricken people need, and withholds it, is guilty for their poverty. Samuel Johnson said rightly: "He who voluntarily continues ignorance, is guilty of all the crimes which ignorance produces; as to him that should extinguish the tapers of a lighthouse, might justly be imputed the calamities of shipwrecks."

Our fellow passengers were no less interesting than the people we passed. The white folks were an Australian named Johnstone, an agent for the British American Tobacco Company, and a French family—man, woman, son, dog, and perfume. The human part of the family group were very small of stature, lean, and nervous. They were in an intense state of excitement continually. On one occasion their passions lost all bounds and they came to blows. The son, a youth of ten years, got off the train at a place where the train stopped, and did not get on until it had started and was going at a fast rate. As soon as he could get hold of him, the father rained blows with fist and palm on the daring youth, until we thought the boy was severely hurt. When the father was through, the mother began a rapid-fire conversation with the unfortunate lad. She waxed faster and warmer in speech; and, finally, losing her self-control, she flew into a fury, and slapped her son on the face as long as her frail hand could endure the assault. Having spent her fury, she bathed her bruised hands in perfumed alcohol; and, when her son recovered—which he did in a remarkably short time—she administered the same soothing lotion to his face. The appearance of a bottle of claret restored a temporary peace.

The other passengers were Chinese. These could teach the American "shopping woman" how to increase greatly the amount and variety of goods which she might take on the street car. For instance, one Chinaman had four boxes, each about the size of a suit-

case, a huge bag of cabbage, a bunch of bananas, and a box containing two live rabbits. The other Chinese passengers had a similar amount, but we did not reckon exactly how much each had; for they did not inconvenience us as much as the Chinaman who had the cabbage, rabbits, etc. He occupied the seat opposite us, and his baggage occupied most of our seat. Only one of us could sit comfortably at the same time.

As the heat of the day began to beat down upon us, we began to realize that in this part of China is the fountain of all foul odors. From each box oozed forth a countless variety of nauseating fumes, which combined to form Chinese smell. An occasional breeze from the French quarter was a great relief.

As we approached Yunanfu, we passed a lake of wondrous beauty—Lake Tien-chin. Its color was a perfect turquoise blue; and, at several places, its banks consisted of perpendicular rock, rising in one place to a height of over two thousand feet.

We arrived at Yunanfu on the eighteenth of October. We went to the home of Mr. R. B. Wear, the Y. M. C. A. secretary. There we met Mr. H. B. Baker, of the Batang Mission, who came to meet us and to guide us to Batang.

Yunanfu is the capital of Yunan Province. This city is 6,400 feet above sea level, and is the largest city in this part of China. There are several foreigners among the population—one family of Americans, Mr. Wear, his wife, and son. We found great excitement in Yunanfu. A few days previously an unusual and severe hailstorm had swept over the city, and the cause of the storm had been discovered. It was due to the uncovering of a dragon carved on an old monument, which, in the course of time, had become partly buried. All the city was pouring itself into the mulberry grove outside the city wall, where the monument stands. We followed the crowd and saw the monument. It is a gray stone shaft, about twelve feet in height and carved profusely with figures of the Buddha. The lower part has a lengthy inscription in both Sanskrit and Chinese characters. Below the inscription is the figure of the dragon. It is very old—the monument of a Buddhist priest of the fourth century A. D. Chinese scholars were busy copying the inscription.

Another cause of excitement was the preparation for the invasion of Szechuan. The governor of Yunan was gathering all the men and horses he could find, and organizing them for a march on Szechuan. The streets were crowded with soldiers; and various rumors of the possibility that the soldiers would strike and loot the city were current.

The commandeering of the horses by the governor greatly inconvenienced us. Since we could not obtain horses, our goods must be carried as far as Talifu by men; and, therefore, must be repacked from boxes into baskets. Each basket must weigh about fifty pounds. They had to be packed very carefully, as the coolies are liable to stumble on the rough roads of Yunan.

We were forced to remain in Yunanfu for nine days. Most of this time we were busy preparing our caravan, so we did not have much time for observation. We were interested in the Chinese funerals, with their fearful bands, paper images, and white-clad mourners. Another interesting custom is the Chinese way of settling disputes. The contending parties come to the policeman's box and state their grievance. Often they are both speaking at once. Soon a large crowd is gathered about them, and a general uproar follows. Every one says what he thinks and has to shout in order to make himself heard, for a score of people are trying to express themselves at once. The policeman decides according to the opinion of the majority of the mob, charges the loser ten cents, and sends them away.

There is a good deal of quarreling in Yunanfu. The women especially have very bad dispositions. It is not uncommon for a Yunanese woman to take her stool, sit before the house of the one who has offended her, and there rave, abuse, and cry from morning until night.

Our party left Yunanfu October twenty-ninth. It consisted of Mr. H. B. Baker, Mrs. MacLeod, and the writer. Mrs. MacLeod rode in a sedan chair, carried by four men. This was her first ride in a sedan chair, and she did not sit to suit the chairmen, who kept up a continuous protest until she got seated to suit them. Mr. Baker and I rode each in a "Hwagon." A "Hwagon" is made by arranging a seat of rope between two bamboo poles. It is carried in the

same manner as a sedan chair, but is very much lighter. My "Hwagon" was carried by three men, two in front and one behind. We had gone but a short distance when the foremost man stumbled and fell. I was precipitated onto the man immediately in front of me; but fortunately did not injure him and was not injured myself.

As we approached Nganlindjou, another accident happened. It was rather amusing. The chairmen have a custom that the foremost man must call out all the obstacles and dangerous places in the road. The leader cried, "Dig gold" (meaning, a deep ditch). The rear man shouted, "How deep?" and the leader responded, "Dig ten feet deep," thus conveying to the others the depth of the ditch in their path. Just at that moment the cross piece in the "Hwagon" snapped, and I was plunged into the ditch. It was five feet instead of ten. Fortunately, I landed on my feet, and was not hurt in any way. A walk of three miles to Nganlindjou completed the experience of the day.

Our coolies were an interesting lot. Each of them carried a hundred pounds, fifty pounds in each of two baskets, which were suspended one from each end of a pole laid across the shoulder of the carrier. There were only six out of the fifty-four coolies who did not smoke opium. All went along at a sort of dog trot rate for about twenty-five miles each day. It seems cruel that men should do such work, but they are glad to do so in order to live.

At Nganlindjou we spent our first night in a Chinese inn. From a sanitary point of view, the Western stable is far superior to the room in which we stayed. The floor was "of the earth, earthy." There were no windows. Knotholes in the partitions between us and the adjoining rooms accidentally admitted air, but it was more foul than that of our own room, because the adjoining rooms were filled with opium smokers. Our door was kept shut for fear of thieves. The ceiling and corners were covered with cobwebs. It was a stuffy and dirty place.

We did not sleep very much. Our coolies were lodged in rooms about us and it took them until midnight to get settled down. It seemed that each man wanted to know the location of every other man, and to gain this information each coolie called the name of every other coolie, and every other coolie answered. Some such performance, it seemed to us, went on until after midnight.

As soon as the coolies located one another, the hungry Chinese fleas began to locate us. This they did with unquestionable accuracy. These silent searchers were more effective in banishing sleep than the noisy searchers already referred to. Gradually we became inured even to flea bites and fell asleep.

We were awakened at an early hour the next morning, and our minds immediately reverted to a sensational fact, of which we were made aware the day before; namely, that we were about to enter one of the worst robber sections in China. The appearance of twenty soldiers at the head of the caravan eased our minds. During the forenoon, this escort marched before the caravan, but, in the afternoon, as we approached a place where people had been recently robbed, the caravan was halted, huddled closer together, and ordered to march before the escort. This was done to prevent any of the coolies from straggling behind and falling into the hands of lurking robbers. After all this precaution, we did not meet any robbers and arrived safely in Laoyagwan. The inn at this place was quieter and cleaner than at Nganlindjou.

The stage from Laoyagwan to Lufeng is the most dangerous on this route. So many people have been robbed at a pass which is three miles from Laoyagwan that it is named the "Lion's Mouth." Two weeks before we passed through, Mr. Allen and Mr. Graham, both of the China Inland Mission, were robbed at this place. The robbers took all they had, even to Mr. Allen's false teeth. Mr. Graham was carrying a package to a friend in Yunanfu, and begged the robbers to return it to him.

"If it were my own," said Mr. Graham, "I should not ask for it."

"The poor foreigner!" replied one of the robbers. "His head cannot stand the hot sun. Give him back his hat and coat."

At this suggestion, they gave Mr. Graham his hat and raincoat; and he and Mr. Allen went on their way, scantily clad, but rejoicing.

The "Lion's Mouth" pass is by nature suited to the purpose of bandits. It is a gap in a high and wooded ridge which runs across a narrow valley and connects lofty mountains which form the sides of the valley. At the north side, and at the point where the ridge joins the mountain, there is a very high peak. From this lofty eminence the robbers can command an excellent view of the road

for a distance of several miles east, and an equal distance west, of the ridge. If the bandits determine to rob a party, which is seen approaching three miles to the east of the ridge, they sneak along the wooded western slope of the ridge and await their victims at the "Lion's Mouth." If the party to be plundered is seen approaching three miles to the west, the robbers use the wooded eastern slope, as effectively as the western slope. When the robbery is completed, the bandits have the advantage of a safe retreat into the wild and almost inaccessible mountains.

We asked how the band of robbers in this vicinity came into existence. Our cook, an intelligent Chinese, told us that they were remnants of suppressed rebels, deserters from the army, and victims who, when robbed, decided to cast their lot with those who had robbed them.

When we were within a half-mile of the "Lion's Mouth," our caravan was halted. Our escort, thirty-four soldiers, deployed and crept up to the top of the ridge. After reaching the top, they peered down the other side for a long time. When they were satisfied that the way was clear, they signaled for the caravan to advance and we passed safely through the "Lion's Mouth."

Within eight miles of Lufeng there is another place famous for robberies. At this place we saw a gruesome sight. The branches had been lopped off two spruce trees which stood one on each side of the road. In a conspicuous place near the top of each tree, a human head was suspended by a cord which was passed through the mouth. These heads were placed there on the day before and were not yet decomposed. The blood was still dripping from them. We shall never forget the ghastly expression of those horrible faces. Our cook soon ascertained the story of these heads. On the day previous, a band of two hundred highwaymen attacked a company of seventy-five soldiers who were on their way to Yunanfu. This boldness on the part of the robbers was due to the fact that they had robbed the town of Lufeng a few nights before and had taken the arms and bugle of the few soldiers stationed there. As the soldiers approached, the leader of the bandits, an ex-soldier, sounded the bugle as a signal to attack. The soldiers instantly fired on the bandits, killed two of them, including the leader, and took three

prisoners. The dead bandits were beheaded on the spot, and their heads hung as a terrifying example, one on each side of the road.

At Lufeng, we had difficulty in getting an escort. The official was rather indifferent. Finally he furnished the escort and we proceeded. The escort was a mixture of all stages in military progress. Some were armed with large knives, others with old Chinese guns, and a few with modern rifles.

In the forenoon the road was very difficult—a narrow, rocky path through a wooded mountain valley. In the afternoon we entered the territory of the Shedji official, and there the road was much better. Work had been done in repairing the road and the woods had been cut down for fifty yards back from the road, so as to prevent a surprise by robbers.

At Shedji we met Dr. and Mrs. Hardy on their way from Batang to America. They reported great difficulties which they had experienced on the road. We found the official at Shedji very gracious. He called on us in person and promised us an escort over the dangerous mountain road to Gwantong. Our escort from Gwantong to Tsuchong was very interesting. It consisted of a solitary old man. He was small of stature, carried a long knife, and followed Mrs. MacLeod's chair all the way to Tsuchong.

Occasionally along the road we observed a high pole which looked like a flag pole. On closer observation, we noticed that a lantern was raised to the top of the pole, in the same way that we raise a flag. This lantern is lighted in the evening in order to keep away the evil spirits, which do all kinds of mischief and prevent the children from sleeping.

The city of Tsuchong is surrounded by a massive stone wall and from without appears to be quite clean, but within it is exceedingly filthy. Here we were visited by workers from Miss Morgan's Mission. They were bright, cheerful, Chinese girls, very different from the inexpressive, inert Chinese women which we saw along the way. The difference that the Christian religion makes in the Chinese, especially the women, is very remarkable.

A short distance on the other side of Tsuchong we met Miss Morgan herself, who was hurrying home to meet us. She is an independent missionary, supported by friends in America. She

dresses in Chinese costume and eats Chinese food. We thought her a very interesting and clever woman.

Near Liho we met parrot merchants. Each man carried about a hundred parrots on racks which were fastened one on each end of a pole. The legs of the parrots were fastened to the rack by small chains. These birds come from Burma and are captured alive by placing a sticky substance on the branches of the trees on which they roost.

The inhabitants of this region are, for the most part, aborigines—a branch of the “Lolo” tribes. They are a sturdy looking folk and differ noticeably from the Chinese. In ways of living, the Lolos have copied from their conquerors. Even the custom of foot-binding has been taken over by the Lolo women.

To the northwest of Liho there is an independent tribe, known as the “Black Lolos.” This tribe has never been conquered by the Chinese, although numerous expeditions have been sent against them. Very little is known of this tribe. The attempts of the Chinese to take their territory has made it impossible for any one to enter their country. At the present time, it is not unusual for the Black Lolos to capture the Chinese and make slaves of them.

These “Tribes people,” as they are called, do not seem to have any temples. At least we did not see any along the road. Occasionally, however, we saw people prostrate themselves before shrubs and trees and burn incense before large rocks and trees. This led us to think them Animists.

From Sachiao to Pupeng is the longest stage on the road—thirty-five miles. The first half of the journey is over a wooded mountain region which was very beautiful in its variegated shades of green. The last half is a barren rock country.

We tried to get pictures of the “Tribes people” at Pupeng, but they fled in terror at the appearance of the camera.

As we were about to leave Pupeng, we observed the head coolie in a violent argument with one of his men. The man was refusing to go any farther. He had used up all his opium and said that he could not carry. He was forced to go. In the afternoon I noticed him and he seemed very wretched.

About 1:30 in the afternoon, as we reached the summit of a very

high hill, we noticed a beautiful snow mountain. It seemed only a few miles to the north of us. Imagine our surprise when we were informed that it was one hundred eighty miles away. It is twenty-two thousand feet high, and is situated twenty miles northwest of Likiang. The snow-capped peak may be seen at a distance of three hundred miles.

Thirteen miles to the west of Yunanfu we saw a remarkable cave, the entrance to which is one hundred fifty feet wide. It had many large ramifications, but we could not stop to explore them.

The view from the summit of the ridge eight miles east of Hongai was very delightful. Green grassy mountains with steep sides unfolded their tremendous forms to our view as we advanced.

Our arrival at the small country towns caused no small stir; or rather, from one point of view, inactivity; for all manner of work ceased. The whole town lined up along the street through which we passed, and gazed with wonder and amazement at the foreigners. It was especially curious to see the foreigners eat, and a gazing mob constantly surrounded the place where we ate. We tried to get pictures of these crowds; but, before we could get a proper focus, only a few brave ones remained. The majority fled in terror.

At Hongai the police entered the inn at which we were staying, and began to seize the opium and to break the pipes of our coolies. The coolies were going to beat the police and would have done it, were it not for the interference of our cook, who succeeded in pacifying them. It was some time, however, before the coolies got settled down.

On the tenth of November we reached Erh-hai, a beautiful lake, which is thirty miles in length, and surrounded by high mountains. Hsia-gwan, on the southern extremity, is an important trading point on the route from Yunanfu to Burma.

The children of this community had a small patch of red cloth sewed on the shoulders of their garments. The reason for the red patch was a deadly epidemic of measles, which was raging at that time. This epidemic, it was believed, was used by the deity of hell as a means of securing ten thousand children, of which he was in need. Red is a sure protection against the Evil One; hence the red patch.

Tali was our next stop. We were entertained at the home of W. H. Hanna, of the China Inland Mission. At this point we secured horses to carry our loads. Our goods were transferred from baskets to boxes of a size suitable to be strapped on the backs of Chinese ponies and mules.

Tali was the storm center of the Mohammedan rebellion which occurred about half a century ago. It is estimated that ten millions of the inhabitants of Yunan province lost their lives as a result of this rebellion. The last city to fall was Tali. Here the Mussulmen were securely protected by impassable mountains on the east and west, and by the impregnable fortresses of Shan-gwan on the north and Hsia-gwan on the south. The fertile valley of Erh-hai easily supported the population. After a long siege, the Chinese troops promised not to loot the city nor kill any of the people if the Mohammedans would admit them. The Chinese were admitted, and behaved well for a few days; but the subtle treachery of the Chinese was at the bottom of things. At a given signal, the Chinese troops fell on the Mohammedans and slew the entire population—thirty thousand people. Within the city wall there is a huge mound in which there are over ten thousand Mohammedans buried. It is twenty-five feet high and one hundred twenty-five feet in diameter. Beside the mound there is a ditch through which a small stream passes under the city wall. Through this opening the terrified people attempted to escape. A corpulent man got stuck in the passage and dammed the water. This accident barred the only way of escape, and collected the fleeing Mohammedans in one place—all had made for the ditch. The Chinese surrounded them and slaughtered them mercilessly. The dead were stacked in the high mound referred to above. There are three other such mounds without the wall, but they are not quite so large as the one within the wall.

We left Tali on the eighteenth of November. After we left Shan-gwan, we did not come to a town of any importance until Likiang. At night we put up at little mountain hamlets, and at noon we ate in the open where water could be obtained. Along the Erh-hai, there are plenty of wild ducks. Mr. Baker shot four, and we enjoyed several meals of fried duck. Fifteen miles north of Tali, we came to a place where there were a number of hot springs.

The steam rose from them for considerable distance along their courses. The water at the source was quite hot. The rooms in which we slept at night were in private homes. They were the "spare rooms," and were usually half filled with corn and other farm produce.

We arrived at Likiang on November twenty-second. Mr. Kok, a Dutch missionary of the Pentecostal Missionary Union, met us and conducted us to his home. We spent the night with him. Mr. and Mrs. Kok and their two little boys, Peter and Paul, were delightful people. They speak English. We had a very pleasant visit with them.

A short distance from Likiang we came to the Yangtze, and followed its course for several days. At this point the Yangtze is a narrow, rushing stream about a hundred yards wide, and with high, rocky banks. The mountains here are almost barren. Agriculture is impossible, and the people live by raising goats, large flocks of which could be seen along the sides of the mountains.

On the twenty-sixth of November we left the Yangtze and crossed over several high mountain passes. One of these is eleven thousand and another twelve thousand feet high. The sides of the latter are covered with a heavy growth of a large variety of wood. Near the summit is a heavy growth of large pine. At the top of the mountain there is a barren space one mile in length. This place is infested with robbers. The day we passed through a party was robbed. We saw a quantity of rice on the ground. The robbers had dropped it while hastening away at our approach.

We had an escort of "Tribes people," armed with bows and arrows. This may sound very ancient; but, in the hands of our escort, these weapons are very effective. While resting at noon time, three of our escort gave us an exhibition of their skill in archery. They shot at a spruce stump one foot in diameter and forty yards distant. One arrow went exactly into the center of the stump; another struck a little below the center; the third missed the stump. The arrows that struck the stump were in so deep that they could not be withdrawn. Besides this accuracy, which is good for a hundred yards, these weapons are made more deadly in warfare by the use of poisoned arrows. Near the head of the arrow there is a small neck filled

with a deadly poison. The arrow cannot be withdrawn without breaking the head off. The result is certain death, unless a surgeon be immediately available.

The houses in these regions are very rude structures. The first story is built of mud, and serves as a stable. The second story is built of small logs, which are fitted together after the fashion of the log cabin. The roof is composed of rafters, fastened at the top and at the walls with thongs of bamboo; strips of wood laid across the rafters, also fastened with bamboo; and short boards put on like shingles, and held in place by large stones. Few nails are used in the construction of the house. There are no windows and the doors are very low—five feet high—very hard on a foreigner's skull.

The weather was cold and we had trouble keeping ourselves warm. The natives did not experience such difficulty. They built a large fire in the center of their room, and formed a circle about the warm flames. The smoke filled the room, so that no foreigner could stand it; but these people, being inured to such conditions from childhood, live happily in the midst of the densest smoke.

We were delayed at Weisi for four days. It was difficult to get horses to go further north, as the road is very dangerous and fodder scarce. Finally we got the horses to go as far as Shedji—four days north of Weisi.

At Hsia-Weisi we came to the Mekong, a narrow, rushing torrent. Occasionally it is crossed by a curious bridge. A rope, made of bamboo, is stretched across the river and fastened to posts on either side. One end of the rope is elevated. At this end, the person who wishes to cross places a hollow piece of wood over the rope, fastens himself with a strap to the hollow piece of wood, and shoots down to the other side of the river. We saw horses and goods sent across the river in this manner.

At this place—Hsia-Weisi—two Catholic priests were killed fourteen years ago. Their compound was also looted. An interesting story is told of the death of the man who carried the spoil from the compound. It was after night and the man was naturally afraid. He had not gone very far when he heard a rattling in the box; and, thinking the noise to be caused by a spirit, he began to run. As he ran, the noise became louder. He was so terrified that

he was afraid to stop and untie the box, which was strapped on his back. The result was that he ran so hard that he died within a short time after he arrived at his destination. Forty miles south of Hsia-Weisi, on the Mekong, two German explorers met their death at the hands of the natives. This happened twenty years ago, as the explorers were attempting to follow the course of the Mekong.

The road along the Mekong is very rough and dangerous. For the most part, one has to trust "horse sense" in the literal meaning of the phrase. The ponies are more sure-footed than men and walk along fearlessly on the narrow paths, chiseled out of the side of a precipice, where a false step would mean death. A man walked before the caravan and sounded a large gong, in order to warn any approaching party. In some places it is impossible for horses to pass each other; and in a few places, the loads had to be taken off of the horses. The road was so narrow that an animal with a load could not pass. On the right was perpendicular rock; underfoot, a rocky path, a foot and a half wide; and on the left, a drop of two hundred feet to the foaming, rushing waters of the Mekong.

Mrs. MacLeod had a dangerous ride in the sedan chair. She had to get out and walk many times. In one place, a shower of stones came rushing down the side of the mountain and some of them hit the chairmen, as they were trying to walk across a steep place, where the path had been obliterated.

The most dangerous places are where the road consists of a rough scaffolding against the side of the mountain. Branches are spread on the scaffolding and covered with stones and clay. When these are new they are safe; but, as they are never repaired until they give away, one never knows when they are safe. One of them gave way under the second horse behind mine; and the horse and load rolled down a steep bank into the river. The horse and load belonged to a Tibetan party which had joined our caravan. Fortunately the horse was not killed, although the slope to the river was very steep and a hundred feet high.

The people along the way from Shedji to Atuntzu are Tibetans. These are very much like the Highland Scotch—very superstitious, frank in expression, laugh heartily, and get violently angry; are

kind-hearted and cruel; in short, they are an easily read example of the paradoxes of human life—a striking contrast to the inscrutable Chinese.

Atuntzu is eleven thousand feet above sea-level and is very cold. We were compelled to stay here for six days. We could not get enough horses to take our loads. As a last resort, we sent half of our loads on ahead, and left the other half to be forwarded later. Our provisions were carried by "Ula," a custom which the Chinese have forced on the Tibetans. This custom was originally intended for the benefit of Chinese officials; and, in many cases, worked hardship on the people. "Ula" means that the people of one village have to furnish transportation for officials to the next village. Foreigners are classed as officials, but they always pay for their transportation, whereas the Chinese officials do not always do so.

Thirty miles southwest of Atuntzu, on the Mekong Divide, there is a magnificent snow mountain, which is twenty-two thousand feet high. It is considered sacred by the Tibetans; and large numbers of pilgrims from Lhasa and other parts of Tibet may, at any time, be seen passing through Atuntzu. We saw several bands of these pilgrims. They carried their provisions on the backs of sheep, which, after they have walked around the snow mountain, are considered sacred. These pilgrims endure great hardships. Many of them never complete the pilgrimage. Mr. Perronne, a musk merchant at Atuntzu, told us that there was one ravine, near the foot of the mountain, into which so many people and animals had fallen that there were ten feet of bones at the bottom of the ravine. The pilgrimage completed assures the pilgrim of peace and prosperity in this life, and Nirvana in the life to come.

Our caravan from Atuntzu to Batang was very small. We had with us only provisions, bedding, and other necessities. These were carried on the backs of ponies, mules, yaks, cows, and people.

Five days north of Atuntzu, at Yendjin, there are salt wells which produce large quantities of salt. At this place we met with our first accident. Mrs. MacLeod fell downstairs and fractured a rib, loosened a tooth, and cut her head. It is hardly right to say that she fell downstairs; rather, she fell into the place where the stairs ought to be. The stairway, in a Tibetan house, consists of a square

hole in the floor and a notched log, serving as stairs. Mrs. MacLeod forgot about the presence of this dangerous place, and, while walking across the room in the dark, stepped into it and fell eight feet to the ground. The notched log impeded her fall, but fractured one of her ribs.

It is a five days' journey from Yendjin to Batang. The road is very mountainous—some passes thirteen thousand feet high. The view from these high passes is wonderful. Tremendous snowpeaks, covered with perpetual snow, lift their heads on all sides. The temperature is very cold at night, but pleasant during the day. Two days north of Yendjin, we passed through several miles of spruce forest. While in this forest, a messenger from Batang met us. He was loaded down with a Christmas dinner sent by the folk in our mission station. This was an unexpected treat. In an open space near the edge of the forest we ate our Christmas dinner.

During the last three days of the journey we were so anxious to reach Batang that we did not fully appreciate the grandeur of the country through which we passed—mountains piled on top of mountains as far as the eye could see and on all sides.

On December twenty-seventh we crossed the Yangtze. People, animals, and provisions were huddled into a large flat-bottomed boat. The horses jumped over the sides into the boat, and seemed quite expert at that performance. When all was aboard, the boat was pushed off the sand and rowed, by means of large oars, to the opposite side.

On the next day we climbed an exceeding high mountain, and in the evening descended into the beautiful valley of Batang (Plain of Cows). Huc's account of entering Batang became very real to us:

"Towards midday the caravan halted at some ruins, to drink a cup of tea and eat a handful of tsamba; we then climbed to the top of the red mountain, and from the height of this great observatory, admired on our right the magnificent, the enchanting plain of Batang. We found ourselves all at once transported, as it were by magic, into the presence of a country which offered to our view all the wonders of the richest and most varied vegetation. The contrast, above all, was striking. On one side, a somber, barren, mountainous region, almost throughout a desert; on the other, on the con-

trary, a joyous plain, where numerous inhabitants occupied themselves in fertile fields, in the labors of agriculture. The Chinese Itinerary says: 'The canton of Batang is a beautiful plain, a thousand lis in length, well watered by streams and springs; the sky there is clear, the climate pleasant, and everything gladdens the heart and eyes of man.' We quickly descended the mountain, and continued our journey in a real garden, amid flowering trees and verdant rice fields. A delicious warmth gradually penetrated our limbs, and we soon felt our furred dresses oppressive; it was nearly two years since we had perspired, and it seemed very odd to be warm without being before a fire."

Since Huc's time, Batang and its suburbs have been destroyed by an earthquake; and ten years ago, the war between the Chinese and Tibetans caused the destruction of most of the Tibetan houses. There are still many staring ruins, but Batang is rapidly recovering from the wanton destruction of the Chinese.

We received a very warm welcome when we reached Batang. Some of the natives met us outside the city with firecrackers. Mr. Ogden's school lined up along the road and saluted us. All were glad to see Mr. Baker back and to greet the new missionaries. Mr. Ogden and Dr. Shelton with his two daughters met us at the edge of the city. They took us to our own home where the other missionaries and children were awaiting our arrival. These good folks had equipped our house with necessary furnishings, to be used until our own were unpacked. It certainly seemed delightful to live once more in a civilized home.

We left Chicago on the twenty-sixth of August and arrived at Batang on the twenty-eighth of December. On the whole, the journey was pleasant and interesting. We were glad to reach Batang, however, and to settle down to work.

“Trucking to the Trenches”

[The following review of “Trucking to the Trenches,” by John Iden Kautz, ex-'18, is reprinted from *The Indianapolis News*.]

“Trucking to the Trenches” is a war book that is different. It was written by an Indianapolis man who did not know that he was writing a book, regarding a branch of war service that he did not know he would enter, and about which little is popularly known. The Houghton-Mifflin Company is the publisher. John Iden Kautz, a slender lad, whose defective eyes caused him to be refused by the American army, volunteered for the field service in France—one of the hundreds of American college boys who did the same thing in the spring of 1917. He expected to drive an ambulance provided by his college fraternity, the Phi Delta Theta, but there were delays that caused him to take up a service for which there was an immediate and pressing demand in the French army—that of driving the great five-ton motor trucks, whose work is so essential to the success of the armies.

It is a service with which little of what is ordinarily called the glory of war is associated, though the trucks are frequently under fire, and are subject to their own peculiar dangers. But there is a special glory, as this little book unconsciously shows, in accepting manfully and devoutly the service nearest at hand and doing something of vital usefulness in the great task of preserving the world's liberty.

The book is made up of letters home, written with no intention of authorship, and arranged for publication without the writer's knowledge. “These letters,” writes one of the family in the preface, “are so interesting and so close to us that we fear almost to give them to the world. They are just home letters, and perhaps it would have been just as well to keep them—home letters. They are written by a boy who is not far from the ‘holes in knickerbockers’ time, and are just the everyday happenings of six months’ trucking service.”

But the great American family that the war has made of us will be interested, too, in the rapid physical and spiritual development of one of its boys into strong manhood, fit to meet great and manly

tasks. As the weeks passed, and he felt himself growing in special knowledge and usefulness in the task in which men were so badly needed, young Kautz abandoned the idea of the ambulance service, for which there had been a surplus of volunteers.

When American recruiting officers arrived in France they waived the question of eyesight in view of the value of his experience with the French, so that after his six months under a foreign flag he joined the American army transport service.

The letters cover the period of his French service, from the voyage to France to the time of entering the American army. There is an interesting sequence to the letters in gradualness of the approach to the actualities of war and the battle front. Even in France itself there are regions where it seems impossible that this terrible war can be near, but the letters show a swift realization of the plight of France and a desire of being of service to a country that has borne so much.

Then as training and experience draw the writer nearer and nearer to the scenes of battle, there is the desire always to get still closer and regret over not being able to go into the front trenches. Getting to third or second line trenches and within range of machine guns as well as field guns, does not seem enough. The comparative safety of the trucks seems cowardly to the young writer desiring to do all when so many are risking and giving their lives, but later there is reconciliation in the thought of the necessity of the work and the wisdom of not uselessly exposing the trucks.

"I suppose," young Kautz writes after about a month of service, "that we can never make the name that the ambulance corps did for itself. There is none of the romance or glory, no chance of gaining the distinction that the men who came before us honorably did with their little ambulances. Mostly it is just hard, plugging, jarring, straining labor with five-ton loads, which may be anything from logs to shells and nitroglycerin."

It is interesting to glimpse big battles from an angle unusual to war books—that of the transport service. A letter of Sunday, July twenty-ninth, for instance, says: "There is a terrible battle on up ahead—you will have read of it—on the Craonne plateau. We don't get much authentic news, but an English paper only two days old

that drifted into camp yesterday called it 'a second Verdun,' and we are hauling thousands and thousands of shells.

"For the last three days we have been in no more than four consecutive hours in which we had to get fuel, food, and provisions for the next trip. So battles are measured by the rush work of carrying up shells and other supplies. There are long hours when the drivers must go without sleep until they see things." The writer tells also in one place of sleeping strapped to a seat and getting a violent jolt of the chin on the knees in being waked up by an accident.

A vivid idea of the immensity of the traffic necessary to carry on battles is given in the letter of July twenty-ninth. "I suppose," he writes, "one can't realize the magnitude of all this till one sees it. Can you imagine all the traffic in Michigan boulevard (Chicago) turned into trucks and horses going in roads one-third as wide as it is, day and night? Can you imagine this happening on every road going up to the front in a distance greater than that from Indianapolis to Chicago?"

"The other day we passed five solid miles of horses and guns going up—it is not an uncommon sight, but a wonderful one. Think what it takes to feed that many men and horses, then multiply by thousands. Think that beyond the rail terminals it must all be hauled by horses and motor car. Then there are the shells. We are only one section of twenty-four cars out of more than two hundred thousand, yet every time we load with shells the load, exclusive of the cars, which are exceedingly valuable, is between \$78,000 and \$100,000 worth, depending on the kind. We are learning to shrug our shoulders and say: 'C'est la guerre' in the best French fashion now to almost everything that goes wrong."

Again and again the writer speaks of the remarkable luck of the American truck drivers in escaping death, as compared with others in the same service, but he notes in a September letter: "The boys are behaving splendidly when we get in tight places. Last night when the boche were shrapnel sniping at a parc, the bunch sat back and sang 'A Perfect Day' and laughed. To-night as they are preparing to go on they are whistling, though they are hollow-eyed with fatigue."

Yet with prolonged and exhausting hours of work and with exposure to the almost constant rains and mud floundering, this slender youth seems to have thrived in health and been unusually free of colds. In a letter of September twenty-ninth he writes:

"To-day is my second full day of rest in twenty-four days, and it was naturally welcome. I have had ten hours of sleep, the first bath for two weeks, a shirt hunt for fleas, have patched up the holes the mice chewed in my blankets, had a late breakfast of cold coffee and mouldy bread, and shall spend the next few hours in writing letters. The sort of thing I have just written looks rather odd in print [type-written print], but really it isn't bad. For a little while my more or less fastidious sense revolted, but I soon got used to it all, and the way I have thrived under conditions certainly indicates that it doesn't hurt any one. I have stored up enough good health the last four months to last me the rest of my life. We sort of live by comparison over here, anyhow. The other fellow is almost always worse off than you are, so you count yourself lucky in any event, and let it go at that."

Many times in the letters the writer expresses gratitude over being able to do a bit toward relieving some older man of France from the exhausting duty which his younger body is better fitted to perform. In a letter of November twentieth, he says:

"Lately there have been many long and difficult trips and we have been so short-handed that, where the French sections we are with have two drivers to the car and extra relief, we have had only one driver and no relief. It is a good thing we are young, for older eyes and 'tired' bodies couldn't stand the strain of continual days and nights. As it is we have weird fancies and 'see things' a lot, but get through somehow.

"May we brag just a bit to say we only wrecked one car and smashed three on the last trip, while the Frenchmen dropped them over cliffs, tore down bridges, hung them in trees, and turned them over and burned them all along 150 miles of road. Don't blame the Frenchmen, though—three years of it have worn their nerve and stolen their 'night eyes.' Try turning off your lights some night when you are driving through the country, rain or fog—try just a minute of it and compute the nervous strain of six hours of that through traffic."

Previous letters told how the motor trucks must travel entirely without lights.

Again in a letter a few days later—November twenty-sixth—is this: "It is rather laughable; on the very evening when I wrote you that we were dug in for the winter and that the work would not be bad at all, they ordered us out, and we've been on the road five days and nights, stopping only now and then to fill the cars with gas and oil.

"It has been rather terrible, the worst we've ever had. I drove alone, and for the first two days and nights I never left the wheel. There was no food, for the supply trains were hopelessly wrecked, and I went all that time on half a can of salmon and some hard-tack and chocolate.

"You don't have any idea what that means, do you? Forty-eight hours with your fingers cramped around a steering wheel, rain beating in your face and stinging your eyes till they cried and stung and stuck half shut, straining to see in the dark, fighting the wheel and fighting sleep, knowing that if the latter got you the former would too; passing the wrecks of carloads of troops that had toppled over and wounded their charges; fighting that which we most dread, the fire underneath in the brakebands that creeps toward the gas tanks before you know it's there.

"There will be more of that to-morrow. We are far to the north of the desolate plains of Flanders, helping the English in their splendid push on Cambrai. To-day we rest, and God knows we need it. I slept eight hours last night lying in the mud under my car, which was too fully loaded to climb into. There is oil and mud in my face and in my hair, I have not shaved for a week, my clothing is torn and burned and water-soaked, and I'm cold to the bone.

"Really I thought in a half-delirious sort of way that I was going to die or go mad like Clarke, and have to be choked unconscious. He, poor chap, after ditching his car four times and having it catch on fire once, went completely. Practically all of us were 'seeing things.' I can laugh at it now, but not so then.

"You see, the salmon had been open much too long. I knew it, but I was starved; so the ptomaine caught me at the wheel. I remember laughing crazily a long time as I drove. Once I 'shyed' at

something on the road and crashed through a fence, but came up in time to keep from going over."

There are many pleasant touches of lighter incidents in the book. One of the finest things about it is the spirit the letters show of desire to serve, and the spiritual effect of being confronted with tremendous facts of the war, though there is no readily quotable passage to illustrate this. It is the more impressive because one feels that it is representative of the spirit of young America generally, and it is the consolation for the pain that thousands of American families must suffer in the losses that have come and must come in far greater measure.

Young Kautz served gladly with the French, but he was more glad to join the American army. "It is good to have American food and clothing again, and officers who speak your own language and understand your ways," he writes. "One feels a little better to be under one's own flag—something that means a lot more than you think until you've tried another."

From Our Soldier Boys

"'Tis God's voice calls; how could I stay?"

LIEUTENANT MYRON M. HUGHEL, '17, Camp Funston: This is Commencement Day at Butler, and to-day and during the past few days when commencement festivities have been going on in Irvington memory has been particularly strong of the college, the class of 1917, and my old college friends. When some four hundred officers arrived here in what seemed in December to be the most unsatisfactory place on earth to live, we were repeatedly urged to discipline ourselves in the matter of writing or talking about the military in any way by which it might get into print. In many camps there is wide publicity of events and aspects of training, but here we were impressed with the importance of forming the habit of avoiding print in order that later when real information was to be concealed we would have no tendency to do otherwise with it. But I am sure that no one could find it amiss for me to write now a letter for the Quarterly that

I may express to my friends in the faculty and to my classmates and to all my Butler friends my hearty good wishes for them all this day.

Funston would be a lonely sort of place if it were not that we are kept busy all of the time and that the spirit of the army is one of such genuine comradeship. The camp is barren as can be. There is grass, of course, in spots and on the hills surrounding the cantonment on all sides, but among all these plain, monotonous wooden buildings there is not a single tree. Nor is there any such diversion for hours off duty as there is in some camps situated near large cities. We are about half-way between two little towns that have very little of the quality of attraction about them. We have better entertainment on the Zone, in the middle of the cantonment, than we can expect when we go to town.

But we have had a chance to do some good hard work and the interest of every one in Funston is centered on the object of our training. For a time I was on duty enforcing quarantine in the detention camp here, and later was attached to the division personnel office, but for the past few weeks I have been drilling recruits. Throughout all my associations with the men of all ranks here I have been impressed with the wonderful spirit of our National Army. Drafted men? No! Their spirit rather bears out President Wilson's significant remark that the men who are called are merely called by selection from a nation which volunteers in mass. They come with a conception of why they are here that makes them, with few exceptions, willing and ready to work hard to learn what they must learn to be able to do their best against the German menace. In all ranks is this readiness to work and this eagerness to learn that will eventually make the National Army effective as a fighting force and famous as a real factor in the war. It is a serious-minded army that Uncle Sam is going to pit against the outlaw nations, and it cannot but win.

It is mighty hot here now and no way of escaping old Sol's fury. It seems that Kansas has a climate of extremes. I frosted my ears time and time again in the sharp winds that raced through this valley during the winter months until we were permitted to wear the knitted helmets; and yet the sun is beating down so hard now that

one's feet almost burn if one stands at attention very long in a place. We all wear leather chinstraps here and you would be amused to see how each man's coat of tan is interrupted by a line of white down each cheek under the chinstrap.

I think of Butler and my old friends often and hope sincerely that they may continue to prosper.

LIEUTENANT EARL T. BONHAM: As to that statement about being an officer of the first company that got a shot at the boche, I might tell you that I was an officer in the first regiment to get the first crack. You know that we went up to the front with quite a few men and quite a few batteries, and as to which of about ten batteries fired the first shot is still unsettled. However, I might as well claim it though, for no one knows for sure.

To comply strictly with the censorship regulations would be but to tell about my health and the weather, but I will tell you that we are at the front and giving them hell all the time. The boche had an idea that they were tough, and the other night came over under a barrage to try to clean us up. To their sorrow, however, we were on the job and placed a cute little barrage behind them so they could not get back to their trenches. There they stood between the devil and the deep blue sea, between two barrages through which they could not pass. Our machine guns stretched out a bunch of them in No Man's Land, and as soon as their barrage had lifted to enable them to come on into our trenches, they came—as wild a bunch of scrappers as ever greeted any one. Of course some of our boys were stretched out, but they killed a bunch of Huns and captured the rest. It is believed that not an invader got back to his trenches.

I don't know whether I ought to tell this stuff or not, but you called for something of the adventurous nature, and if there is anything more so than a trench raid, I don't know what it is.

LIEUTENANT JUSTUS W. PAUL, '15: We are finally on our way across, but it has not been any pleasure trip so far. There were a thousand and one little things that came up at the last minute and kept us on the jump. After we embarked there were just about as many details to look after.

We have a good boat and a fine bunch of officers. There are two

Y. M. C. A. men and they have a movie machine and other means of entertainment, so we shall not lack for recreation. The guard and other details keep us busy part of the time. The other time is devoted to reading, playing cards, etc. There is a big ship library and in addition a large Y. M. C. A. library. One of the main past-times is listening to tales of "subs" from the ship officers. They have some dandies. * * *

We are floating about in the war zone now and should be in port in a couple of days. There hasn't been any excitement of any kind and I hardly anticipate any as we have a sufficient convoy. The most daring "sub" wouldn't have much of a chance to get us, and if she did we have plenty of boats and rafts. The food is fairly good. I haven't missed a meal yet and have had several extras. The worst part is the darkness at night. Everybody goes to bed about eight. Can't even smoke at night. I have been on watch up in the crow's nest two days out of every three. We work in four reliefs—two hours on and six off. It is rather hard on sleep, but is quite an experience and breaks the monotony. * * *

We are finally here and settled temporarily. We are quartered in wooden barracks much the same as those we had at Fort Harrison. Everything is so beautiful and so quaint and yet so sad and somewhat run down that you seem to be swallowed up by the environment. Spring is here, the grass is green, the brightest green I ever saw—and flowers—every house has a flower garden that would dazzle your eyes. The houses are quaint little affairs with colored trimmings, the main part always being white. The whole town seems like a spot of heaven to see it from a little distance, but when you get down into it, there is the steady flow of black along the street. Women of all stations and ages are dressed in mourning and yet they are so brave—always smiling and bright. I don't think I shall ever forget my first impressions here. * * *

I was away up in central France the other day—rather three days, on special duty. I passed through many interesting towns and places but can't give the names. I met a lieutenant from Fort Harrison there. He was also at Hattiesburg. Chrisman is his name. We had a fine chat. * * *

Just came off guard. Have been on twenty-four hours as usual,

only Jimmy fell in a river last night and as a result I had to stand the whole tour. Usually we divide it. * * * It is so hard not to write of all the interesting things I see every day. There are so many things to be done here and they have to be done at once so we hardly know what to expect in the way of duty. There is one thing I want to have spread around. Tell any one you see who is in the army, that it is not necessary to bring tobacco. We can get all we want at our own canteens and at the commissary and the price is better than at home. But every one does need a canvas basin and bucket. * * *

The company nearly went crazy when the mail came. They don't have much chance to write and I suppose a lot of people in the States don't write to them because they don't get answers. If every one knew the eagerness with which the men wait for mail, every one would write to a soldier. It makes tears come to your eyes to see the expressions on the faces of the men who don't get any letters. * * * Now I am going to study a little French. I am getting along fairly well but it is slow work. However, I shall be able to give Dad some lessons in slang and trench idioms. * * * There is a party down at the Officers' Club to-night—rather, an entertainment. Some music, a bit of elocution, a cup of tea, and a cake. * * * There doesn't seem to be any idea of our leaving this part for some time. No doubt you are glad to hear that, but it is very dull and uninteresting. I much prefer to be throwing shells at the Huns. * * *

I have lots of news this time. Bob Kennington landed Sunday. He came down to see me last night and we went around town a bit, but I had an engagement with a French officer and his wife. He is adjutant at a big prison camp near here and is going to take me through the camp some day. There are about 3,500 boches there. * * *

Had some more visitors to-day. Halford Johnson—you remember him at Butler, perhaps—and McGuire, who was first sergeant of Battery F in the 139th. * * * I have a great many friends here. I go out to see several French families and could not ask for nicer people. And we have some very funny experiences, too. Yesterday the captain of Company K brought his company to attention

and saluted a man who looked for all the world like a French general, but who turned out to be a postman. And I have heard dozens of Americans ask for "des yeux" instead of "oeufs." I have a dinner engagement to-night with a French family.

MERRILL J. WOODS, ex-'18: In the first place I want to thank you for the Quarterly. The three years that I spent at Butler are banner years as I look backward. I would probably have graduated with this year's class, had not the hand of destiny beckoned me elsewhere. That elsewhere at the present happens to be Camp Shelby, but the hand is pointing more and more in the direction of early service across the seas.

You have probably heard much of army life, and I won't bore you with an account of the deadly routine which stands out as the most prominent feature of it. In the ordnance corps, our work varies mostly in the amount of it that has to be done each day. Ordnance work consists in the handling of the fighting materials of an army. All guns and ammunition are handled by our organization. The work calls for expert armorers, qualified munition workers, and experienced storehouse keepers. I have about completed my apprentice course in all branches except the ammunition section, which I expect to start on in about three weeks. In addition to the two hours of classroom work each day, I am on duty at the supply division four hours a day and have three hours of rifle drill. This just about keeps a man busy, don't you think?

The real part of staying at Camp Shelby is in keeping cool these days, when it is a cool day if the temperature gets below ninety degrees. I feel at times that I am not doing nearly so much for the good of the service as I could elsewhere, but right now I haven't much choice.

LIEUTENANT H. U. BROWN, JR., '19: May 3—We are getting what we came over here to get—action. If we were to stop to think about it we would find we were dead tired because night and day we are on the go. We were out last night at eleven o'clock and did not get back until after daylight, but we accomplished our purpose. The future seems to be full of just such "parties," but ammunition supplies have to go up and we cannot win the war if we quit when we

feel tired. But we know the Germans lose as much sleep as we do, and probably more from the way the guns are barking. We live in an old chateau perched on a wooded hill. It is of ancient date and furnishings. I found in my room an old book, written in English and printed in 1718, dealing on the subject of religion. Just now I am reading "Prayers for Sick Persons." Fortunately, I am not sick. Some of these prayers, I fear, would really kill a sick man, and yet they are good stuff when one is in a prayerful mood.

I feel myself lucky in getting over here. Some of the officers of my acquaintance are going home for a few months to train the new army, but all of us would rather stay over and see this thing through. Time passes swiftly. There is no chance to get homesick. We try to see the comedy side of every incident, and our battery from captain down is as cheerful a lot of men as one could find. War is not so bad if you don't pay too much attention to the horrible side of it. A laugh and a cartoon will help to drive the blues away, and in no degree contribute to the welfare of the enemy, nor to the misfortune of your own men. I know that Paul [brother of the writer] is not downhearted, and you know I am not.

May 5—I must stop the letter I have just started, because some sixth sense tells me that a package is about to be received. Sure enough, here it comes, and with it the "gang" came in. The package was duly appreciated by the multitude. One lieutenant as he consumed a cigarette and a portion of the chocolate, settled himself comfortably and absorbed the most welcome reading matter, remarking: "After all, magazines are the best things to send."

It is extraordinarily quiet to-night, possibly because it is Sunday, at least I think it is that day. It is hard to keep up on the days of the week when they are all alike. Speaking of horses, I have one that outranks the steed we used on the Mexican border. He is hard to see unless you get a side view, because he is not exactly what you would call plump. Among his other qualifications he is afraid of automobiles and shell fire. As both of these are common articles (we are near the roads) you can imagine what a good time I have. When he hears a shell coming he begins to shiver and shake, and when the shell bursts he leaps sideways into the ditch. When he hears a machine coming he stops until it gets even with him and

then wheels, plunges, and lies down. This horse makes walking a pleasure.

But this poor beast has been my friend, and I feel compassion for him, for the same shell that got me upset the "critter" and rendered him sure enough "hors" de combat.

May 14—Well here I am with a bandage around my head and another around my leg, wounded in the biggest show of the war and now lying up in the best hospital in the world. I have borrowed pen and paper from one of the nurses to write you a line about the little affair. By the time this reaches you, you will have learned already of my being slightly wounded. It happened when I got too close to a bursting shell. I received a scalp injury above my left ear and a flesh wound on the left thigh. Neither one of them amounts to much but Red Cross people lost no time in giving me first aid and shipping me back to this hospital.

It only took about three hours in all for me to be hit, transferred about twenty miles to the rear in a Ford ambulance, have the pieces of steel cut out and sink into sound sleep enjoying ether dreams. I thought the stretcher bearers were making a mistake when the ambulance stopped in front of this mansion. They took me up the marble steps and in past the bronze doors. I was afraid to take a deep breath for fear I would wake myself up. They put me down in a big hall.

A lady comes up and sticks a cigarette in my mouth, lights it and remarks, "After you have had your bath you will just get in bed in time for your breakfast." And Sherman said war was hell! This good hospital is operated by the French, and is one grand relief after being so long in dugouts and billets. Six others share this good ward with me—an English officer, a doctor from the foreign legion, an American lieutenant in the aviation, another lieutenant of artillery, a captain of a machine gun battalion, and signal corps major. A sister of M. Clemenceau is a nurse in this ward, or at least she is around a great deal. She is a noble character. She has been decorated three times for service, and has such a motherly nature that one can feel her presence in the room even if one is sleeping. She speaks a little English, and says our men are splendid and show wonderful spirit and courage in the hospitals. I do not expect to be here long. I should be back for duty in a week.

May 16—This is only my fourth day in the hospital, and I already feel like an old-timer at this game. I would be enjoying myself thoroughly with little to do but sleep in absolute silence on downy pillows, if it were not for the thought that somebody back home might get a report of my injury and worry. But I guess there is bound to be some worrying during this whole war. I am well taken care of, and by the time you see these words I shall probably be back with the battery, where I will try not to get wounded again. But be assured of this fact, if either Paul or I get injured, or if any one in America fears for the injury of his son, remember the Red Cross is taking good care of us. I know now what I am talking about.

Some American nurses dropped in to see us. They were the first American girls I had seen since I left New York eight months ago. One of them gave me a tablet from which this sheet is torn. One gave cigarettes and they all donated flowers and oranges. They were "some gang," with lots of pep and fun. Another bright period in the history of my stay here was when my friend, the aviator, whose bunk is next to mine, was visited by his group of brother aviators. That also was "some gang." They shook this old hospital from stem to stern. I guess they violated all the known rules of the institution. They insisted on seeing the wounded man's injuries, they ate the cookies the nurses had brought him, they scuffled within reason with him and with me and with one another and generally had a "swell" time. They were a fine group of young fellows, full of life and every one of them (there were seven) had a decoration of some kind and some had all of them. Their stay was prolonged, possibly in the hope that the fair nurses would come in, but the nurses know better and had important work in other wards where the really sick and suffering are receiving their tenderest care. We get along so well in this ward that we really don't need much attention and they give us pretty much our own way.

May 18—We have here a French aviator that was wounded the other day when six Germans attacked him. He was far over the boche lines but he won his way back to safety, bringing some important photographs along. He was hit in the leg by a machine gun bullet but the Croix de Guerre he is now sporting on his night shirt

(it was brought in to him last night) seems more than to make up for his injury. I find myself in good condition. My head is almost healed up but my leg is going to keep me here for some time. They don't allow wounds to heal up in a hurry. They keep them open, making them heal up solidly from the bottom. I have plenty of time to think of you folks back home, tearing down strawberry shortcakes every day. Well, don't worry about us. We are also having a good time. Pretty soon I will be allowed to go out into the park, and later on into town—oh, boy! After six months in the mud—look out!

May 23—I have been transferred from Hospital No. 1 and am now at Base Hospital No. 34. Part of my time is spent now in wondering if I am justified in cursing my leg. It is not painful at all but will take time to heal. Somebody tells me I can count on a month, which is quite a disgusting admission to have to make. The wound itself as made by a shell fragment was small, but the doctor had to do a deal of cutting to get it and so I have to sit around now and wait for the blankety blank cut to get well.

The wounds around my ear have healed, but I guess I shall have a couple of beauty spots there. At any rate those scars shall be treated with all due respect. It is a rather hard job to lie in a hospital, even as good a one as this is, far away from the battery, when one knows that they are holding the line, and that every man could be of some help (at least he always thinks so) if he were there. The country about here is beautiful. I am not so far from the old school where I spent my first three months in France. I didn't think I would be going back along the same line some day on a stretcher. Neither did I think that day we went to Ft. Harrison that just a year to a day from that date I would be taking a ride in an ambulance over here. However, I am willing to take another ride in it if it will help win the war. We are not afraid of being wounded, because we know of the good treatment of the hospitals. Well, the doctor is here to probe around in that leg. I might not use strictly classical or Sunday school language if I wrote during his explorations and so I close and give him the right of way.

The Sixty-Third Commencement

The commencement was in every respect a war commencement. The spirit of the week was dominated by thoughts about the great war. Every theme of address or talk centered upon the war. Whatever decoration was used, it was the colors of our native land. Inseparable from the stars and stripes floated our service flag. No thoughts, no words, no hopes or prayers excluded our absent boys. This deep feeling of appreciation and constant reiteration of indebtedness to the distant students was impressive—very impressive. And with it all followed a dedication of self to their great task. A solemnity pervaded the atmosphere of the week—not depressing, but purifying and uplifting.

BACCALAUREATE SERMON

The baccalaureate sermon was preached by Dr. Frederick E. Lumley, of the College of Missions, in the chapel, on Sunday afternoon, June ninth, at four o'clock. It is given elsewhere in this issue.

PHILOKURIAN REUNION

The reunion of the Philokurian Literary Society was held Monday evening, June tenth, in the Philo hall. The attendance was not large, but a splendid spirit prevailed and the program was thoroughly enjoyed. Old times came back and all appeared once more in the heyday of college life.

After the devotional exercises and roll call, Mary Louise Rumppler, '17, sang. Mr. Everett Scofield, '09, president of the Philo Alumni Association, spoke of the organization and purpose of these annual gatherings. He then introduced B. F. Dailey, '87, who compared the old time Philokurian Society with the present day tendency. He said he thought he understood the spirit of up-to-date Philo and would offer some remarks on the subject of "Love, Courtship, and Marriage." Miss Muriel Brown, ex-, read two war poems, and Miss Jean Brown, '19, told something of the social side of Philo at the present time. Harry Martindale, '11, read selections from his original Philo poems, which were enjoyed, as they always

have been. Speeches were also made by Edward Baird, '09; Katharine Martin, '12, and Carl Means, '14. All spoke of their debt to the society and their interest in its welfare.

For over forty years the Philokurian Society has been a vital factor in Butler College life. Its alumni number hundreds and it is hoped that the annual gathering next year will be largely attended. The following officers were elected for the coming year: President, Everett Scofield, '09; vice-president, Mae Hamilton, '18; secretary-treasurer, Catharine Martin, '12.

CLASS DAY

The Seniors on Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock were greeted by a well-filled chapel. The following program was presented:

Piano Solo.....	Miss Ruth Cannaday
Poem.....	Wallace Wadsworth
Violin and Piano....	Misses Eda Bachman and Cannaday
History.....	Miss Mildred Morgan
Piano Solo.....	Miss Cannaday
Prophecy.....	Class of 1918
"One Word More".....	Miss Mary Padou

The poem, history, and closing words are given. A unique feature of the program was the presentation of the class prophecy in dramatic form, written by Miss Mary Virginia Kingsbury. The play represented the class holding its first reunion twenty years hence in the old chapel. After handshakings and greetings and identification of the *dramatis personae*, the class is called to order by the president of 1918, Richard Moore, who, after a few introductory remarks, presents the speakers of the occasion:

"The Professors as I Remember Them"....	Mildred Hill
"Some Recollections of Butler".....	Neil Kershaw
"How Butler Has Helped Me in Tibet"	
	Opal Burkhardt
"Our Soldier Members".....	Katharine Burton

Then all adjourn to a class dinner. Following the exit, Miss Mary Padou appears upon the platform and says:

I am the Spirit of Butler College. I sprang from the head and heart of a great man as Athena of old sprang from the head of Jove, the Mighty. Shining heavenly fair with the dazzling brilliancy shed by the light of a great-minded motive and a self-sacrificing heart, I arose and had my being.

In the days before my birth other great, noble spirits had arisen in the pioneer settlements of Indiana. The spirit of education had begun its great work of inspiration, of noble and high endeavor for the larger things of mind and heart. Great minds had conceived great spirits. Caleb Mills had conceived the thought of our public school education. But as yet Indianapolis had no institution of so-called higher education. Then, in the mind of Ovid Butler the germ of the thought of a college for the city of Indianapolis grew and developed until when it had attained full growth, I, the spirit of Butler College, was born.

I, mightier than any institution, mightier than buildings or campus, mightier than equipment or endowment—I, the animating spirit, which is never daunted and never dies, came forth to do my great work in the world. I was to be the pervading influence in the lives of many generations.

What made my existence possible? Did I owe my being to great wealth, to a thoughtless generosity? No, a thousand times, no. The man who made my life possible, was not rich. True, he had valuable land, but he also had a large and valuable family. Why did he not, as is the manner of men, care only for the future of his own, and let the remainder take care of themselves? Because there was in his heart a great desire for service, a wish to do for his fellow men. I was the result of that tremendous wish; I was and am a dream come true.

This dream was not for a restricted college. From the very beginning the broad, far-seeing mind of its founder had ordained that I, under my sheltering wings, should shelter and give of my best to all, women as well as men, without regard to race or color.

From the very beginning of the institution in 1851, when it had its home on College avenue, on the original Butler farm, I was ever present. Through the patient, plodding years that always characterize the beginning of any great work, I never faltered. I was often weary, but never absent.

Then came the War of the Rebellion. Butler's men, one hundred and fifty strong, went forth to battle. Among them was Joe Gordon. He was my embodiment. He had all my determination and hope and youthful enthusiasm. He, with many others, never came back. Deep, deep was the wound I felt.

Wound followed wound, and blow followed blow, for after the terrible conflict came the dreadful panic of the seventies. Not only the student body, but the funds of the college as well, were depleted. The board of trustees decided to move from College avenue to the wilds of Irvington, for wilds they then were. That meant practically a new beginning, for Irvington was a long way from the city of Indianapolis, with a mule car system as the only way of communication. But dogged determination and sheer will power kept me alive, and not only alive but strong and energetic.

With the years came many influences to help keep my flame alight. Occupying the Demia Butler Chair of English Literature, the first chair of its kind in the country, was Catharine Merrill. Needless for me to state what she has done for me, the Butler Spirit. Needless for me to state what Scot Butler has done. They, along with others who have preceded and succeeded them, have been the contributing powers which have made "mine the figured flame, which blends, transcends them all."

Through all the years that have followed, my dominating quality has been the climbing from hope to hope, to realize the longing of my founder, his coworkers and disciples.

But now again, within the past twelve months, I have suffered the cruellest blow of all, far heavier than that which the Civil War inflicted. As of old, the sons of Butler have answered their nation's call. But wherever they be, whether in training camp or trench, I am ever with them, ready with inspiration and ennobling love, ever recalling to them the best of the best, ever giving to them the far-seeing sight which recognizes the optimism of the future, though oft it be clouded with smoke and flame and the belching wrath of a cruel power. The way lies straight before them.

And I, the Spirit of Butler College, who through trial and tribulation have maintained the dignity and inspiration of my very beginning—I show to you who are here, the vast, unbounded prospect

that lies before us. Go, do thy best, and I will always be with you, to help you to dare and to do!

CLASS POEM

BY WALLACE WADSWORTH

*When bold the brutal foe his form upreared
And ruthless tore the torch from Freedom's hand,
The sound of a gathering mighty storm arose,
In clouded wrath was righteous might disclosed,
That darkling spread its shadow o'er the land.*

* * * * *

I

Within these halls where learning's fire glows bright,
With days made full by pleasant little things,
We worked and loitered, this our world, its bounds
Our classroom walls, these wooded campus grounds,
Its peace unmarred by distant strife of kings.

II

'Twas here we learned the warmth of friendship's flame,
Here to the full we lived each present hour,
We worked a little, played a little more,
And pierced the veil the future held before
With dreams engendered by each new-found power.

III

The paths ahead lay broad and straight and smooth,
Unshadowed through the vista of the years;
But as we gazed, with youthful surety,
There came a tremor of the earth, and we
Turned each to each with sudden unknown fears.

IV

And then, from out the chaos, there took form—
Insistent, calm—a voice that all must hear,
A stirring note that drew away our gaze
From contemplation of those pleasant ways,
The paths whereon our goals had gleamed so clear.

V

They heard and heeded, those, our comrades, friends,
 Nor mourned the sudden dimming of the sun.
 They left their places here for us to fill;
 With steady purpose and unfaltering will
 They turned themselves to the task they had begun.

VI

And they have gone who but a short while past
 Were here among us, one with us in all
 Our sports and pleasures,—then, o'er night
 It seemed, they heard, and grew to manhood's height,
 With manhood rose in answer to the call.

VII

And we, to whom they've left their places here,
 We think ofttimes of them, but are we true
 To their warm surging memory, have we met
 Their glorious unselfish sacrificial debt?
 We've taken their joys; what of their duties, too?

VIII

Beyond us lies the world, a darksome world,
 With myriad needs, with many wounds to bind.
 And mates have gone from us, perhaps to give
 Unto the death for right; but *we* must *live*
 To keep alive the fires they left behind.

IX

Our lot is not the battle's bloody wrath,
 Nor is our pathway marked so sharp and clear,
 But, so long as true hearts and loyal minds
 Find undone tasks within our land's confines,
 That long shall we find place for service here.

* * * * *

Even now, within the cataclysmic fire,
 Some one of those, perchance, has been struck low.
 Can we not say, for each proud star displayed,
 Here beats true hearts, like them for right, arrayed?
 Shall not we here each swear that solemn vow?

HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF 1918

BY MILDRED MORGAN

In accordance with the time-honored custom of Butler, we were told to write a history, to gather together facts, and, where facts and gossip memory were lacking, to draw on imagination, so that in future years when classes less filled with Thomas Taggarts, Lew Shanks, Charlie Chaplins, General Glenns, Platos, and Kewpie Davis's shall be discouraged of success, they may rake out our history and from our past achievements find inspiration.

Will you go back with me to the fifteenth of September, 1914, and behold the class of 1918 as it takes its first street-car ride to Butler, and witness its thunderous entrance and open-armed welcome into the portals of Butler College? Filled with tender high school memories and egotism, many of us holding tightly to our memory books, filled with a superfluous amount of pep and enthusiasm, we came—129 strong—and undertook to tell Professor Putnam that he didn't know anything about what we should take, and President Howe that the campus needed cleaning, that bon ami would be good for the windows, and that we would like a new "coed" recreation hall. The next day after our arrival, we discovered that our suggestions had not been fully appreciated, and we also discovered that we were rated as nothing more than a raw-boned, green-hued bunch of rookies, and that the Butler faculty had learned to march to a different tune from "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here." We were ushered to chapel, where we were told that cigarettes belonged on the other side of the railroad track in the watchman's tower, and that chapel was the place where Professor Johnson used to tell the giraffe story—that must have been in the days of Pythagoras, for it seemed to have been only a memory when we first came. We also learned that dancing on the campus with gentlemen was a thing tolerated only at the College of Missions.

Pretty soon, finding that no one else could curb our superfluous energies, we were allowed to delegate that privilege to some of our own species; so on September twenty-ninth we held our freshman election and chose Ralph Stephenson to be our boss, and as his assistants, Irene Pritchard for vice-president, Mildred Hill for sec-

retary, and Richard Moore for treasurer. Since our meetings were so severely disturbed by some who wished to learn the secrets of our magic power, we chose Johnny Ferree to act as sergeant-at-arms. Among other things that stand out in my memory in the early part of that freshman year were Freshman English and Miss Keene with her much bedecorated Forest-of-Arden hats and super-vogue waists; and Richard Moore as the front seat occupant, with his dangerous eyes and sense of humor and peculiar artistic ability, and several premature exits from the classroom and subsequent fears and aimless wanderings about Butler's classic halls. In that connection, I also recall piles and piles of notebooks, filled with peculiar little curlicues, called phonetics. Phonetics are mighty fine things—they make efficiency experts, help us in dish-washing, scrubbing, patching punctured tires, and incidentally in speaking more correctly. Among other important happenings that freshman year were various and varied chapels devoted to Student Control Methods of Examinations, and one particular time when some one surprised us by bringing out some splendid musicians from the Indianapolis Conservatory of Music instead of the usual pros and cons of Honor Methods; and we surprised them by adding to their harmony the charms of seven little alarm clocks timed at five-minute intervals and carefully concealed behind the pictures. Those little clocks could have shown John Philip Sousa a thing or two about real harmony! For years we tried to find out the ingenuous author of that clever method of intervention and finally learned that it was Ruth Cannaday, Virginia Tillie Kingsbury, and Anna Mary Collins. Snakes and various nauseating odors also varied the chapel services that year.

But the thing that shines forth with the brightest light in my Happy Memories' Book was the events of a certain October fifteenth, when we received a special gilt-edged invitation from President Howe to appear en masse in chapel. Of course we were a popular bunch and had graced many social functions with consequent lingerings near the Bonehead path, heavy eyes, and delayed arrivals in the early morn, so in order to preserve our youthful freshness, and mental as well as physical health, President Howe published an edict at this eventful party. This edict was second in literary and

political importance only to the edict of Milan and read to the effect—no more parties—no more dances—no more after 9:30 hours—no more nothing except communication with books; penalty for violation of said rule was forfeiture of the privilege of attending classes for a matter of a week or two. Parties were defined as anything more than two and a chaperon and a chaperon was required for them. Henry Jameson, Fritz Wagoner, and Lela Kennedy used up all the chaperons in Irvington and had to start all over again. Though we swore in our Double D Society to stand by each other, by some kind of a Potsdam-like system of spies our culprits were apprehended, so Niel Kershaw, Esther Murphy, and others of us had some nice little vacations.

In spite of our limitations, it was a marvelous year. We won everything from mumblety-peg to secondary championships in football, and had victorious bonfires every week and a splendid football banquet where Ralph Agnew won immortal fame by that little speech, "Nobody knows what I'm going to say but God and me, and now nobody knows but God."

We had vacation on Washington's, Lincoln's, and Wilson's birthdays that year.

Sophomore year—as Professor Hall says, the year of wise-fools—we were more subdued; we had learned some things to do and some things not to do; and had now passed from the rookie to first class private stage. As insignia befitting our newly acquired rank and corresponding dignity, we donned the regulation orange and purple hats which made their appearance en masse at every football, wedding, and other public function that occurred.

We chose as our leaders Clifford Kirby for president, Helen Duke for vice-president, Bertha Coughlen for secretary, and Carl Amelung for treasurer. Our class business consisted in various suggestions for a class party, but we couldn't decide whether it should be a fishing party or a Japanese lawn party, so we dispensed with it entirely. It was during our sophomore year that the Economics class won immortal fame through the peculiar disappearance and subsequent cremation of a bunch of examination papers, and subsequent public confessions of the culprits on final examination day. This year was made famous by the entrance of Whitney

Spiegel, Agnes Foreman, and the Bernhardt-like Genevieve Downs, without whom our dramatic ability, as will be shortly divulged to you, would have been sadly lacking. This year was also made famous by Ruth Cannaday with her seven ministerial suitors camping on her footsteps; and the departure of Bill Young, Bill Wiedrich, Bill Peacock, and Tuck Brown for the cacti of Mexico. During this year the 10 to 11:30 club made its appearance and held its meetings in all of the available machines beneath Professor Coleman's room; and sent code messages to one another by means of machine horns or otherwise amused themselves by disturbing Professor Putnam's money-making schemes by playing "duck on davy" and "three deep" near his *sanctum sanctorum*. Had holidays on Washington's and Lincoln's birthdays that year.

Junior year was our greatest year; all of our officers were ushered in unanimously and we attained the rank of lower noncoms. Our officers were Fred Wagoner, president; Mildred Hill, vice-president; Oscar Hagemier, treasurer; Fern Wright, secretary; Wallace Wadsworth, editor-in-chief of the Drift. Our Drift was the finest that has ever been published, from Helen Matthews's frog ode to Johnnie's chapel speech, and, more than that, we were the first class to attempt one in four years—and our junior prom, with its moonlight dance, cabaret, and Roepke's floral decorations (which haven't been paid for yet), was the best in Butler's history. But let me tell you a little secret—Whitey Hagemier has been grieving ever since about the smallness of funds collected and as juniors we had several secret meetings and passings-of-the-hat over it. The jazz ball takes its place alongside of the prom as a junior product and a most memorable social affair. One morning last year we came to school and found quite a generous supply of plastering upon the floor in the upper halls; there was much speculation as to what caused it and much gossip about an animal's having been transported to the upper regions along with all of the chairs from some of the classrooms. We were never able to find any very definite information concerning the escape, but we heard that Helen Findley, Clarence Blackford, and Charity Hendren were responsible for it. Neither were we ever able to learn who was so self-forgetful as to place a cigarette in the mouth of the distinguished gentleman to my rear.

Dramatics flourished last year, with "The Brixton Burglary" and the dainty little maidens of "Safe in Siberia." The addition of Professor Harrison, with his Shelley-like enthusiasm and fondness for waltzing, to the faculty and a crop of engagements marked our junior year. Had a vacation on Washington's birthday.

Last year we began to find ourselves; out of our various activities we learned that we could be good for something. Probably acquaintance with Professor Jordan, ethics, Aristotle, and those wicked old Hedonists helped us to learn that. And so we came on to our senior year—in many ways the best and in many ways the hardest year for us. In the first place we found our numbers reduced from fifty-four last year to thirty-four this year. Some of our finest boys have gone on a little farther and found themselves, and have gone to fight for those things which Butler helped them to know to hold dear. Of our number nine are with the American army in France—Duke Witherspoon, Fred Daniels, Tuck Brown, Whitney Spiegel, Halford Johnson, Carl Amelung, Squidge Larkin, Fritz Wagoner, and Ralph Stephenson; and four are here in training camps—Merrill Woods, Henry Jameson, Harry Perkins, and Dean Fuller. Things have happened so thick and fast that I found it necessary to consult Virginia Kingsbury's diary to stick to facts at all. Others of our number have heard another call for service and some have left us while others have stuck by the ship. They are Henrietta Minton, Helen Gillman, Waide Gillman, Agnes Binkley, Anna Carlstedt and Bertha Shellhorn. Many others have appeared in sparklers and pins (they say that Florence Wood and Helen Reed couldn't sleep at all the night after theirs arrived) and some are lurking in the shadows of secrecy. We could divulge much but we have one more day to live. We started out to have a party for each newly engaged one; but when one tried it on us twice and others followed fast, we gave up in despair.

Early in September we chose our senior leaders—Corncob Richard Moore for president, Mae Hamilton for vice-president, Opal Burkhardt for secretary, and Ralph Agnew for treasurer. Since then we have had a meeting every week, and recently after every chapel service. Our business has been weighty, ranging all the way

from a dance with five unmarried men and twenty-six unmarried girls, to a wiener and onion roast at the Foreman's cottage, and always the sepulchral question of Roepke's floral bill. We have been so democratized and Butlerized and loyalized this year that we have almost merged into the brickbats of this building, of which Professor Jordan loves so well to speak. We have, in between philosophy papers, weighty debates as to the educational value of attending college on days twenty-two degrees below zero, Tippecanoe battle papers, Y. W. C. A. stunts, selling tickets for "One Drop More," knitting in chapel and writing to soldiers, attending training camp and soldier dances just for patriotic purposes, found time to have three parties all of our very own. All of them were characterized by the nonattendance of the male members of the class except, perhaps, that faculty dinner, for which our five men deserve a *croix de guerre*. Nothing has disturbed our general peace except the fact that Butler was able to get coal during that little cold spell, and the appearance of some words on the ill-fated tower which miraculously disappeared before some of us less suspicious beings had an opportunity to view them. Another important senior fact was the lack of a holiday on Wilson's or Washington's or Lincoln's birthday, which was probably made up for by a delightful Cleanup Day and Liberty Loan parade.

We have donned the uniform of black and white—mostly black. Did you know that we had it all fixed up to wear white slippers but Miss Graydon says that it is not becoming to the academic dress to wear them, so to-morrow we appear in borrowed black ones. We had already received the highest noncom rank when we donned our caps and gowns; but we've learned to march to the tune of "Butler Will Shine" and how to salute our superiors, so to-morrow we get another commission and we leave Butler a somewhat less learned, and less hilarious group than when we came. After to-morrow we will be only a tradition and some other class will tell of our pranks. Nothing will be left of us except a stack of biweekly papers, along with the monkeys and Zulu implements of war in Professor Lumley's little anteroom; or perhaps a beautiful picture which will soon grace these walls—a stately picture. Beneath those black caps (with tassels on the left) you will see us, the class of 1918. To-morrow

we take our last street-car ride to Butler—eight miles a trip, two times a day, makes eighty miles a week; in forty weeks that means 3,200 miles; in four years makes 12,800 miles. Now, how much would that make at eight cents a day?

We leave Butler College—its memories, traditions, and seven-o'clock sociology exams—to you to make of them what you will. We know that the old bell will probably drop through the ceiling again when we leave; but we've heard the call of service, and we hope to answer it, and so we leave the street-car rides and Gillum's to you other noncoms who follow in our footsteps.

ALUMNI SUPPER

At five 'clock the alumni began to gather on the green east of the main building. One hundred ninety-seven who had engaged plates in accordance with the wishes of the committee having the supper in charge, and a number who had not engaged plates, were present. A new plan was adopted this year of charging 50 cents a plate and allowing a committee the enormous labor of preparing the meal. And let it here be said that the delicious supper was prepared under the able chairmanship of Mrs. Marjorie Hall Montgomery, '15, and her assistants. The supper was served cafeteria style. The classes were well represented, from 1856 to 1918.

As the shadows began to fall, the company adjourned to the chapel, where the program was given, with John W. Atherton, '00, first vice-president of the association, presiding. The class of 1918, grouped about the piano, led the singing of college songs. Mr. Atherton called upon the secretary to read a letter received from E. W. Gans, '87, president of the association, who is connected with the War Trade Board at Washington:

It is with great regret that I must deny myself the pleasure of accepting your invitation, transmitted through your Secretary, to join you this year in your annual "feast of raisin (bread) and filet of sole." Two major (and many minor) events prevent: (1) A young lady I am much interested in, has invited me to enjoy on the same day, an elaborate bill (and bills) in connection with the close of her years of study at Vassar, the college of her mother's choice

thirty years ago, and which holds vital interest for us both; and (2) we have not yet at Washington licked Kaiser Bill and cannot long refrain from making it as hot for him as possible.

Your invitation takes me back in a history-making year to the joy of our last get-together; to the indescribable pleasure of letting the ladies who did the work, do it in the way they chose, dignified with the high sounding name of "delicate diplomacy"; of the splendid results produced by the committee of the whole; the supper seldom equaled, never surpassed; the appetites ditto; the splendid spirit of the meeting in the chapel; the large number of classes represented; Mrs. Atkinson's eulogy of "Youth" that dyed our gray hairs black again and made us feel like "six-year-olds;" the many representative children of former graduates; even the stolid old chapel with its pedagogic air all its own, resounding to the merry laughter, bring back to me sweet memories, as the odor of a rose, the image of its donor. But this year these legacies of the friendships of college days must be my inheritance and not the chance to enjoy them again.

While location here deprives me of these pleasures, it gives a wide opportunity for duty of a sterner sort. The war, with its main objective well defined, and to accomplish which every energy of the nation is bending, has withal resulted in a general awakening of the nation on innumerable collateral subjects. The giant is finding his real strength—his real domestic duties, long left undone. The citizen long unthinkingly accepting the advantages of this beneficial republic, is now awakening to the fact that he has obligations to perform.

The interesting and gratifying feature is that the tremendous tasks now forced by necessity on the government in myriad fields, in large part, are producing results of lasting benefit. In controlling the commerce of the country, fundamental trade information is obtained that will give us the key to a future prosperity of untold magnitude and benefit. The requirements of the government for trained men and women have opened fields of activity of unmeasurable extent. It is no longer "What shall we do?" but, "Where shall we get the people who can do?"

And the way our citizens are responding to this call would make

any one's patriotic zeal rise to fever heat. A constant stream of patriots apply for the privilege of "doing anything they can"—and, given the opportunity, they do. Millionaires and day laborers work side by side in many places. Men who count their annual income in seven figures, work sixteen hours a day at routine work and are a brilliant example to the young plodder. There can be only one outcome to the activities of a nation thus awakened!

And the college graduate—this is his day! (Men are referred to here as also embracing the women.) Kaiser Bill is the Moses who has led the college graduate into his promised land!

The college man and woman are wanted by the military of all branches, by government departments of all kinds, by Red Cross activities, by manufacturers of newly discovered industries—and our dear lady friends not so favored are in such demand that the individual is lost in the demand for hundreds, thousands, tens of thousands, in many departments, and the demand seems still as great as ever.

It is a world disaster that, like all others, gives endless openings to the men it develops. It is a lifetime opportunity I am grateful to have, and which in some measure compensates for the tension of duties and separation from many good friends. To the college people this is their opportunity and like loyal alumni you are all rising to the occasion. Before another anniversary let us hope it will be lasting peace, so we can all get together again.

A committee consisting of Miss Graydon, '78; T. C. Howe, '89, and H. U. Brown, '80, was appointed to reply to the letter.

The nominating committee, John R. Carr, '00, chairman, reported the following ticket for next year:

President—Mrs. Jessie Christian Brown, '97.

First Vice-President—William G. Irwin, '89.

Second Vice-President—Lieutenant Justus W. Paul, '15.

Treasurer—Carl Van Winkle, '15.

The report was accepted, and the officers declared duly elected. The report of the acting treasurer was read by Stanley Sellick, '16:

TREASURER'S REPORT

JUNE 13, 1917, TO JUNE 12, 1918

Receipts—

Balance on hand.....	\$225.31	
From Board of Education through error.....	26.24	
Quarterly dues	424.00	
Contributions	267.50	
		<hr/>
		\$943.05

Disbursements—

Alumna! Quarterly	\$615.01	
Printing and stationery.....	43.30	
Postage	21.80	
Stenographic work	96.58	
Drama class	50.00	
To Board of Education to correct error.....	26.24	
Additional cost alumni dinner June, 1917.....	3.21	
		<hr/>
		856.14
Balance		<hr/>
		\$86.91

Unpaid Bills—

Stenographic work	\$4.50	
Postage owing Butler College.....	20.00	
Printing	11.44	
		<hr/>
		35.94
		<hr/>
Total balance		\$50.97

The supper committee for next year was appointed by the chair: Mrs. Edith Keay Fowler, '99, chairman; Mrs. Walter Kessler, '95; Mrs. Grace Julian Clarke, '84; Mrs. Anne Hughes Wilkinson, '07; Mrs. Florence Hosbrook Wallace, '08.

The roll was called by classes with the following representation: 1869, 1; 1878, 1; 1879, 1; 1880, 1; 1884, 1; 1886, 2; 1887, 2; 1889, 1; 1890, 3; 1892, 2; 1893, 2; 1894, 3; 1895, 1; 1896, 1; 1897, 2; 1899, 1; 1900, 2; 1906, 2; 1907, 1; 1908, 1; 1909, 2; 1910, 1; 1911, 2; 1912, 1; 1913, 2; 1914, 6; 1915, 7; 1916, 9; 1917, 9; 1918, 17.

The necrology for 1917-'18 was read:

Charles Eugene Underwood, '03, July 3, Indianapolis.

Dr. John A. Campbell, '60, July 20, Steamboat Springs, Colorado.

Dr. Lucien D. Campbell, ex-'80, August 27, Steamboat Springs, Colorado.

Walter Raleigh Couch, '72, November 22, Golden, Colorado.

Dora Grace Blount, '87, January 20, Indianapolis.

Osmund H. Tibbott, early 80's, January 20, Washington, D. C.

Henry Clarence Toon, ex-'15, January 21, Great Lakes Naval Training Station.

Mrs. Katherine Griffin Johnson, '03, wife of Emsley W. Johnson, '93, January 29, Indianapolis.

Lieutenant John Charles Good, '17, March 30, Camp Dodge, Iowa.

Dr. John P. Avery, '60, April 9, Indianapolis.

William H. Brevoort, '62, April 23, Vincennes, Indiana.

The class of 1918 was voted into membership of the association. Ten-minute talks, which in part are given, followed, beginning with Miss Mae Hamilton, '18:

MISS HAMILTON: It is with regret as well as with joy that we, the class of 1918, become members of this organization. Regret—yes, we are having a queer little twist at our heartstrings as we come to the realization that our college days, with all that they have meant to us and the hundred-fold more that they are going to mean to us, are over. There is a pang at the thought that the things that have been so much our very own are soon to become the possessions of some one else. Now that we are about to separate, the friendships, which we have too often taken for granted, have become very dear to us and we are going to miss them sorely. Even now, we know that there will be times when just a sight of these old buildings and just a glimpse of this campus would bring to us more heart's ease than anything we could think of. But the thing that we feel most strongly as we are about to leave college, is a great wave of love and appreciation for the professors of dear old Butler, as we just begin to realize what they have meant to us. Their patience, their unfailing interest, and unfaltering faith have been the impetus to continued effort, to a determination to reach the goal. It is they who have awakened in us our highest ideals and

standards, who have given us a vision of truth, who have fired our imaginations so that at times we have caught glimpses of what the world might be if it were ruled by love and justice. It was then that an ideal was newly born, to many of us, an ideal of unselfish living, an ideal of service for others. We could not help but feel a sadness at the thought of leaving the atmosphere which they have created for us.

“We feel we owe a debt to *them*
Which never can be paid.”

And yet—I say we are eager to be leaving. There has never been a class leave Butler that has had so much await them. Surely the world has *never* demanded, and rightly so, so much of the college-trained man and woman. A part of the men of our class are already “over there” bearing the brunt of it all. We must measure up to their standard of service. We, too, must find our places, bear our share of the burden. We, too, have heard a call, and with Luigi answer, “’Tis God’s voice calls, how could I stay?”

So, to you who have done so much to keep the spirit of Butler the warm, living, vital thing she is to-day; to those who have made this, our alma mater, possible; to our professor friends; to dear, old Butler College herself—we pledge our loyalty, our very best selves. We promise to you, this day, to use to the best of our ability, “the whole store of strengths” which you have all laid in store for us, in service for our college and our fellow beings. It is the desire of the class of 1918 to add in some way to the spirit of Butler, which we have found strong, fine, beautiful.

CLARIS ADAMS, ex-'10: I am reminded by this introduction of a story that I heard some time ago, of a little colored boy who had been given a verse of scripture to learn. The verse was the words of the Master when He said, “It is I, be not afraid.” The boy learned this verse until he had it letter perfect, but when he got up to say it, in the presence of a room full of people, he said, “It’s just me, don’t get scared.” And so it is “just me,” and I hope you won’t get “scared.”

The dear lady who used to attempt to teach me public speaking told me never to begin with an apology, but when Mr. Atherton

told me that he had carefully prepared the program for the evening, I felt that an apology was due. The reason I am on the program is that there are two ladies to whom I can never say no, and one of them is Miss Graydon, and she spoke to the other one before she spoke to me.

I was reminded of a story as I listened to the roll call by classes, one that Chauncy Butler told himself, of a conversation he held with a boy of sixteen. "How old are you, my boy?" he asked. "Sixteen," was the answer. "That was just my age when I went as a drummer boy in the war." "What war was that," he asked, "the Revolution?"

When the classes of this association meet, it seems to be customary to tell of wonders done by each class. That makes me think of the rivalry between Los Angeles and Seattle, two great rival cities on the Pacific coast. Los Angeles has no harbor. At a convention in Los Angeles, at which a man from Seattle was present, one man after another told of the glories of Los Angeles, ending with, "If we only had a harbor, we would become the greatest city in the United States." Finally, the man from Seattle, who was very much disgusted, rose and said: "I will tell you a secret by which you can have a harbor and become the greatest city in the United States. Just get a long pipe and extend it from Los Angeles to the coast, and if you suck as hard as you blow, you will have as great a harbor as we have in Seattle."

And so I feel in regard to the Alumni Association, that if we all put our shoulders to the wheel, we would have a much more liberal representation here at the alumni meeting, and we should back up the men and women who are giving so much of their lives in the service of their country. I do want simply to add my tribute of affection to the expression of gratitude to this institution which has meant so much to every man and woman who has been a student here within its walls. This is the home of our youth. This is the home of our young manhood and our young womanhood, where we spent some of the happiest and most pleasant and profitable days of our lives. It is here that we were molded into useful men and women and formed ideals that will sustain us, let us hope, in all the storms of our life. Butler College means more to us than simply

an institution of education. It is what we gave here, as well as what we learned, that will be the most treasured to this institution.

I can't remember for the life of me what I studied under Miss Graydon, but I cannot forget what I learned from her. I will never forget that Miss Graydon and the other professors who gave us more than instruction, who gave us association with their lives that will sustain us, gave us their ideals. It is character and not culture, or perhaps a combination of both that counts. That is why a small school overshadows a great institution. Not long ago there was a great deal of criticism against college men, that they were interested in frivolities instead of learning the best things of life, and a great number of people said that colleges were not doing the things for which they stand. That flag is the answer to that. These boys in the service are now vindicating their institutions. You find everywhere that the college athletes are among the leaders. These youths have been transferred into men. With the spirit of "Do or die" they will go against the German line and will break it with the same spirit that they used to break the opposing football lines. And that is the way I expect "Tow" Bonham to handle the Kaiser. In this day, men will have to show themselves men, as those on the battlefield have shown themselves to be. Those golden stars on the flag will not be long alone, for there will soon be many more. We will have the pride of knowing that they have striven for a great and noble cause. And we, by doing our part here at home, must keep our covenant with those heroes of Butler College.

MISS CORINNE WELLING, '12: For sixty-three years our Reverend Mother has been sending her beloved seniors into the world. We are representative of that great group gathered together here year after year, glad again to creep back into the fold—glad to wander beneath the oaks and beeches, glad to walk the halls, and glad to sit in the old chapel. These are all the same. Yet aside from these, we have come back to a somewhat different college in each of our minds. We are living in memory: we come back to the college as we knew it as a student. It will probably always remain to each of us what it was during our four years' sojourn.

There are some of us, however—the present seniors, especially,

and we who linger here as their instructors, who know a new college. It has its roots firm in the past; it is being watered by the storm clouds of a world's struggle, and unfolded by the sunshine of liberty—and it is flowering.

Can't you remember when the contributors to the *Collegian* used to keep college opinion properly tempered by such remarks as these:

"Don't let your studies interfere with your college life."

"It is not what you know, but what the professor thinks you know."

"Just carry books, look wise,
Use bluff, and you'll hypnotize
Prexie, till he will advise
A diploma for you guys."

Of course there are still some students whose ambition never exceeds the "get-by" stage. But their day is past. That spirit may linger in the crevices, but it is afraid of the 1918 college attitude.

The keynote now is preparation. And the students are beginning to believe (what we have been telling them for years) that they are to be the future leaders; and they are getting ready to take their places. They are working to a purpose, a pure, noble purpose—service to humanity. Everything else is falling to the background, significantly, without pressure from the faculty. This seriousness is manifest in the students' care in their choice of courses—the cinch course is losing its popularity, and in its place stands the course that offers the greatest preparation to a student for his life-work. It is manifest in the attentive attitude in the classroom, in the careful preparation of daily lessons. Yet withal we are delighted to see that Jack is not a dull boy. He still knows how to play, and he enjoys his play more because he needs it more.

In hand with this seriousness is the sister virtue of college spirit. Butler is still as close to Indianapolis, and Indianapolis is probably as attractive as ever. But she is losing her hold on Butler students. College comes first. There is a fine spirit in her organizations—a unified purpose to back to the full all the common interests of the college. There is a very genuine friendship of every student for every other student. The student body is steadily pushing into the foreground the college Christian associations—the common meet-

ing ground of student life. And these organizations are determining the social ideals and spiritual perspectives. I challenge the charge that Butler lacks college spirit as a fallacy.

More remarkable than the present serious attitude of the students, than the dynamic college spirit, is the patriotic fervor. The little poem that Mary K. O'Haver, a junior, wrote, is not idle verse:

"As I knit, while I sit,
On a sweater for a kit,
Or a sock, or a mit,—
As I knit, while I sit,
I am hoping it will fit,
That the heel won't rub and hit
On a blister and unfit—
As I knit, while I sit.

"As I knit, while I sit,
I'm not blessed with skill or wit;
I only do my bit
As I knit, while I sit;
But I know I will not quit
Till I've made the whole outfit,
Sweater, scarf, sock, and mit—
As I knit, while I sit."

The knitting needles ply through the chapel services; the *Collegians*, and letters, and remembrances pass in steady travel to the army camps, the naval stations, and the Western Front. Eighteen hundred seventy dollars was raised by the students and faculty for the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. war work. Every activity of the college has contributed to the support of some phase of the war. Every Tuesday for eight weeks eighty per cent. of the students grouped themselves into classes to study our ideals of democracy and the relation of our Christian principles to them. These we have done—but these are the least part.

There hangs the symbol of our greatest gift—the record of our lads who are going up to the supreme sacrifice. Some of these are alumni, but many of them are from the student body of the last two

years. How proud we are of that flag! It is the donation of the Sandwich Club, and zealously have they guarded it through the year. It hangs in our chapel; it led our division in the Liberty Loan parade; it hung above the stage at the presentation of "One Drop More"; it stretched over the porch of the College Residence at the exercises on Memorial Day; and it shall grace our commencement; an emblem of the patriotism that is at the heart of our college life.

Fellow alumni, the college was good in our day—the college that each of us pictures in memory. But "the old order changeth," and a new and greater college is in the making. She calls on you—not as a gallery of pictures, but as a living spirit—to help her, like Merlin, to "follow the gleam."

A musical number was given at this point by Miss Beth Wilson, '15, 'cello; Miss India Wilson, '19, violin, and Miss Mary Ann Zoercher, '17, piano.

MRS. JESSIE CHRISTIAN BROWN, '97: I am very much overwhelmed at the announcement of Mr. Carr. This is the first time I have ever been president of anything. Women, however, have the right to be president of anything except the United States. It was too bad that we had to tell those old bald-headed men how old we were when we regisered and then not get to vote.

There is an advantage of being a member of a coeducational institution. A teacher once asked her pupils what animal always followed man. One bright little boy answered "Woman."

I haven't any subject for my talk this evening. I was not given any subject to talk about, but Miss Graydon limited my talk to ten minutes, and you who have heard me know that I am just getting started in ten minutes. Perhaps it is just as well that I do not name my subject, for one time when I announced my subject, the headlines in the paper came out the next morning with, "Women's Battles on Meats and the Garlic in the Bible."

I could reminisce, but I do not really have very interesting reminiscences to relate. And yet at the time I entered Butler College the pavements began to make their appearance. I came out here a perfect stranger. My mother came with me. She felt that she had one anchor and that was Professor Benton. I remember the first

day I went into Professor Brown's Greek classroom. I wondered who that thing was behind the desk. I was so frightened I could not remember the name of the textbook I had used in high school. But the next day I came back, I decided to marry him. Of course, I did not tell him about it right away, but he found out later.

I want to speak to you this evening from the standpoint of a parent. I have a child in Butler College. I am very happy that I have my boy here in Butler. Ever since he came into the world I have dreamed of his being here, and now that he is in Butler, it seems like a dream realized. Some one asked a caretaker in an estate in England how it was that the grass was so soft and velvety, and the answer was that they had cared for it and loved it for about two hundred years. And so the way in which to make Butler finer and better is to love it from generation to generation. This may seem like a wild dream and perhaps it is.

One time little Hilton Brown came over to my house for luncheon and the boys all drew pictures and we guessed what they were. No one could guess what Hilton's picture was about, and finally he told us it was a "dog fight." When I asked where the dogs were he replied, "Oh, you can't see the dogs, this is just the fight." And so it is with the Americans now. This is just the picture of the fight. You can't see the boys. The pictures of the boys are written in our hearts. But at the same time one should not be gloomy. We are happy that the boys are doing their part.

I know of no school anywhere where our boys and girls can be better taken care of as to their education and character than at Butler College. Young people can get as fine, true, sincere education here at Butler as any institution in the country. The things worth while I may have in my mental and spiritual character I received at Butler College. And I cannot be grateful enough that Butler College started me on the right road. I am therefore glad to have my child here. And there is something else and that is the deep and sweet friendships that are formed in a college like Butler. The friendships are so eternally satisfying, so golden, that are formed in a small college. I want my boy to have the deep, sweet, sincere friendships that are formed in a college like Butler, as well as to get the education.

This is a literal transcription of what one boy over there wrote back to his girl. "Darlingest: We are not in the same place to-day that we were yesterday, and if we move to-night, we will not be in the same place to-morrow that we are to-day. Yours, Darling." The Butler boys will certainly have something more interesting than that to write back to those at home, but anyway, the boy had love in his heart.

I think of that little verse of Walt Whitman, when he said, "I have only one song I like to sing, and that is love of comrades."

FRANK F. HUMMEL, '93: After this introduction I am afraid to tell you what my superintendent told me when I went into business. I had been teaching in Kokomo, Indiana, and when I handed my resignation to the superintendent he said, "Well, in a few years more you could work up to a principalship or a superintendency." "But business pays more," I replied. "Then go into the school book business, but I am thinking of the good you can do in the world." That sentence has rung in my mind for the last twenty years. If you stay in the school teaching work your opportunity to do good is very great. If you go into business your opportunity to do good is not very great. Now, I do not believe that and neither do you, but there is this fact, my friends, that the attitude of the public toward the business man is not quite what it ought to be. We do not think of our friends in business as being dishonest, but suspicion rests on those whom we do not know. The pendulum has begun to swing the other way. It seemed to be the tendency to forget that the source of all the necessities of life is in the great indispensable organizations. We think that if we could get into the personal letter files we would find there the records of corruptions. We think if we could get the information from the inside we would find rottenness back of their success. Usually an audience does not like to listen to a business man because facts are without flavor or without juice and that is what an audience wants. The trouble with most of us is that we do not think enough for ourselves. We like to hear the speaker who has splendid diction and all that is very pleasant to hear. We do not like to deal with facts. I think, my friends, that this is a pretty good time for us to change our mental attitude

toward certain groups of men. Those of you who are not in business perhaps do not appreciate the uneasy days that rest on the business men. We do not know what is ahead of us. Material is increasing in cost so rapidly that we can hardly keep track of it. And what is true of school book business is true of any business. This is a time when every man, especially every business man, should be patriotic. And when I say patriotic, there are some classes I do not want anything to do with. The profiteer, especially the man who will flatten the purses of the women and children. Another class of men, and that is a certain kind of politician who will jeopardize his country—the lives of our soldiers as well as those of the women and children. We should be patriots. By patriots I mean men who do their duty as they see it, it makes no difference if their next door neighbor does not know what they are doing.

This one point I want to make. In these trying times when you are doing everything you can, there is one thing you can do for business and that is to get your mental attitude right. Do not let any man tell you that business men are dishonest. It is what a man does with his money that puts it to the test. Wickedness comes from the way money is spent. If I could accumulate enough money to leave \$10,000,000 to Butler College, you would not care how I got the money; you would say, "He spent it right." I do not believe that when the war is won and peace is made, that victory will be complete unless it makes us reconstruct our public opinions. Regulate your own mind.

Mr. H. U. Brown, '80, read the following Alumni Honor Roll:

'86, Thomas U. Raymond.	'10, Alonzo Hartley.
'94, John W. Barnett.	'11, Harold Tharp.
'97, Robert Alexander Bull.	'12, Wood Unger.
'97, Dr. Samuel McGaughey.	'13, George Cullen Thomas.
'98, Errett M. Graham.	'14, Elvin Daniels.
'02, Dr. William Shimer.	'14, Xerxes Silver.
'08, Mallie J. Murphy.	'14, Paul Ward.
'08, Paul Wiley Weer.	'15, Bruce Robison.
'09, Roger W. Wallace.	'15, Elton R. Clarke.
'10, D. Sommer Robinson.	'15, B. Wallace Lewis.
'10, Carl Barnett.	'15, Justus W. Paul.

'15, Edward Ploenges.	'17, Leroy Hanby.
'15, William W. Wiedrich.	'17, Andrew Hopping.
'16, J. T. C. McCallum.	'17, Myron M. Hughel.
'16, Francis Payne.	'17, Earl McRoberts.
'17, Austin Clifford.	'17, Avery Morrow.

Mr. Brown expressed earnestly the need of gathering and safely keeping all information possible concerning the alumni and former students in service—the facts of their enlistment, their photographs, and letters and journals, and anything relative to their great activities.

Professor Putnam, of the faculty, spoke, emphasizing the necessity of this move and appealing to the alumni to assist by sending in any information concerning any enlisted man who ever attended Butler.

Miss Graydon was appointed to compile a history of the Butler soldiers.

With the singing of "America" the gathering adjourned, though many reluctantly left the old chapel.

THE CLASS OF '68

At four o'clock on the afternoon of June twelfth, at the home of Scot Butler in Downey avenue, in Irvington, Dr. Butler, Judge Ayres, and Mr. Walter Scott Smith met at Mr. and Mrs. Butler's invitation to observe the golden anniversary of the class of 1868. Just fifty years ago on the nineteenth of June, there graduated from the old North Western Christian University the following young men and women: Alexander C. Ayres, Scot Butler, Alcinda T. Blount, Barbara P. Blount, Samuel H. Dunlop, Joseph W. Marsee, Mary M. Moore, Harry C. Ray, Anna W. Scovel, Walter S. Smith, Edwin Taylor, and Granville S. Wright. The Butler home place was beautifully decorated with flowers for the occasion, and Mr. and Mrs. Butler were assisted by their daughters, Mrs. Clifford, Miss Butler, Mrs. Recker and Mrs. Tefft. During the afternoon a number of old friends called to extend congratulations, among whom was Mrs. A. C. Atkinson, of the class of 1856, the college's first graduating class. Many entertaining stories were told

of college days at old North Western, and Mr. Smith sang a group of songs of his own composition, one entitled, "Fifty Years Ago," being especially for the anniversary. Letters were read from the following members of the class, regretting their inability to be present: Mrs. Barbara Blount Cassel, of Rossville; Mr. Edwin Taylor, of Evansville, and Mr. Harry Ray, of Shelbyville. Sitting in the pleasant twilight reviving old memories and listening to Mr. Butler reading the class letters, all, whether members of the class or not, felt the truth and beauty of the lines with which Harry Ray closed his letter:

"Long, long be my heart with such memories filled,
Like the vase in which roses have once been distilled;
You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still."

THE CLASS OF 1893

The class of 1893 observed its twenty-fifth anniversary by a reunion on the college grounds Sunday afternoon following the baccalaureate sermon. A picnic lunch was served at six o'clock under one of the big oak trees on the campus and the survivors of '93 enjoyed a repast of chicken salad, sandwiches, coffee, ice cream, and cake as they sat at ease on cushions and garden chairs under the big tree that has shaded so many alumni plays. Will Howe, now head professor of the English department at Indiana University, acted as master of ceremonies and called on each member of the class to give an account of himself. In the following short talk he recalled the old days and the members of the class:

Twenty-five years ago, the year 1893, in the month of June, fifteen raw recruits went forth to battle. To-day they come back to their Alma Mater with broken column—one has fallen by the wayside—bringing reinforcements who will take up the burden after they have laid it down. No class that has gone forth from the holy precincts of Butler ever left with higher purpose or cherished higher ideals. No class looked forward more eagerly to taking their part in the big game. What we have not done is all too plain to us who have been both participant and spectator. What we have done remains to be recorded by the judicial historian when the game is

over and the books are closed. On that baccalaureate day we were fresh and ready, and as we sat in the front seats at chapel and listened to the wise words of our beloved President Butler, we searched ourselves to find whether we were made of the stuff that would stand the strain. We rejoiced over the wise leadership that had been our blessing; we little realized that the teaching of those years would become so bright as the days went by; we peered vainly into the future to read what was in store for us. To-day, like Henry Esmond of old, we are returning, bringing our sheaves with us. With a quarter of a century behind us we may take inventory of what has been done and of what we have.

This is no time for mere flattering speech. Now it is the truth only that we are asking, and as we look into each other's faces—some of us have not met since that commencement day—in the midst of war, in the hurry and worry of middle-life—what of the record?

Jesse Brady, manly and honorable as a business man, who has been true to the ideals that Butler held before us.

Stella Brady, cheery and worthy as an ideal wife and mother.

Harry Brown, quiet and unassuming as a student, who has made a place for himself with an honorable name in his western community.

Eva Butler, no older after twenty-five years of honest service as teacher and guide.

Ed Clifford, painstaking and industrious as a student, who has been true to the highest ideals of service to humanity.

Julia Fish, ever the same genial and interesting Julia, one whom we like to think of after these many years.

Frank Hummel, distinguished in the business of the distribution of books.

Lona Iden, the same faithful and conscientious Lona that we knew of old, true and loyal unto the very end.

Dan Layman—we are proud of our only doctor, of what he has done and of what he will yet do before the books are closed.

John Minnick—some weeks ago I saw him in the High School of Commerce in New York City and I was proud to know him as I saw him then, respected and admired as one of the chief men in that big school.

Frank Williams—who ever knew Frank that did not love him, always a true and honorable citizen and friend.

Mary Thomas, now Mrs. O'Brien, faithful and worthy as she was in those Butler days.

Belle Ward, doing her part in a quiet and honorable way.

Luther Thompson, the only one who has passed on, of great promise, perhaps the one who we should have said in '93 would be among the last to leave us. The inspiration of his life—honest, upright, manly, true, and loyal—God never made a soul of finer steel.

One shall be nameless, a mere teacher who has lived on the memories of those happy days and tried not to dishonor the friends he left at Butler.

What would we not give to have them all here to-day as they are now or as they were then!

This is the roll. Now citizens and parents, who have kept burning the fires of faithfulness and loyalty and patriotism and have not been pushed aside from the path of duty and unselfish service. So far all have escaped the penitentiary, not one has become a millionaire, one a banker, one a doctor, one a lawyer, one a minister, two business men, three teachers, three wives and mothers, and three yet stubbornly unyielding to innumerable suitors.

Before I close I wish to record the names of those who meant so much to us in counsel and leadership. Allen R. Benton and William Thrasher, both of whom, although they have gone beyond, have left rich memories with us of the old days; our beloved President Scot Butler, the finest Roman of them all; Demarchus Brown, Henry Lane Bruner, Harriet Noble, Thomas Iden, Hugh Miller, Thomas Carr Howe, since elevated to the presidency, who has kept Butler true to her old traditions. No class ever sat at the feet of worthier guides, honest in scholarship, true in ideals, and loyal in devotion.

I have tried to turn back some of the pages and to lead you to look again on the old happy scenes and happy faces that we may meet the future without flinching, and

“Greet the unseen with a cheer.

Strive and thrive! cry speed—fight on, fare ever

There as here.”

Letters from absent members of the class were then read, also a poem by Mamie Hay Minnick.

Those present at the reunion were Lona Iden Lacy, with her husband, Frank Lacy, and their son and daughter, Albert and Mary, a sophomore and a freshman at Butler during the past year, who were both interested listeners to the story of the days when their parents were in college. Julia Fish, who lives at the Blacherne in Indianapolis and spends all her time doing Red Cross and French relief work in a most strenuous fashion, helped to dispense the hospitality of the evening and was declared to be handsomer than ever. Frank Hummel brought back to suburban Irvington some of the polish and tone of his Chicago home. With him was Mrs. Hummel, who is an old friend of some of the class, and added much to the pleasure of the gathering. Eva Butler left the girls at the dormitory to their own sweet devices while she joined in the revival of twenty-five-year-old memories. Frank Williams motored over from Wabash, bringing his wife and daughter Dorothy, a young lady who has inherited the famous Frank Williams eyes. Will Howe was on hand with all the old enthusiasm, thoughtful appreciation and wealth of ideas that made him a class favorite when he was a quarter of a century younger. Dan Layman, with Mrs. Layman, was a most welcome visitor and contributed his share to the happy memories of bygone days. Lee Burns, an ex-member of '93, and Mrs. Burns, added to the pleasure of the reunion by accepting the invitation to be present. The class as a body adjourned to pay Dr. Scot Butler a visit at the home place in Downey avenue. They were all welcomed most heartily by Mr. and Mrs. Butler and Mr. and Mrs. Perry Clifford, and many jokes and good times were revived concerning the student gatherings at the Butler home place in the early '90's.

The class presented President T. C. Howe with two Liberty Bonds for Butler College to indicate on their twenty-fifth anniversary of graduation their appreciation, honor, and love for their Alma Mater.

X. Y. Z.

SENIOR CHAPEL

The last chapel of the year is given over to the Senior Class. This year the speakers were Richard Moore, Mary Padou, and Benjamin E. Watson. Richard Moore said:

I appreciate the opportunity that I have to-day, as the first senior president since the Civil War, to represent not only the men in my class who have fought their battles at home and played the waiting game with such pluck, but those who have already gone into the army camps and those who are now on the firing line in France. I realize, then, that I am speaking for those absent as well as present, and that while they from the height of their present deeds would probably be able to express with greater appreciation what Butler has meant and does mean to them than I can, nevertheless I feel that I am honored to be given a chance to represent them even in this small measure.

It is generally known that what a man spends most of his time and energy upon proves to be what he cares most for. My first interest in Butler came through services rendered on the football field as water-boy. There was great rivalry among Hen Jameson, Tuck Brown, Happy Harland, and myself for the coveted position. It was the way the fellows on the Blue and White team fought that inspired us boys to fight hard and play the game fair. It was then that we formed the great corncob and Indian gangs. The fort used to be in Cross's old barn and the range took in all of Irvington, especially the college campus from the C., H. & D. tracks back of Irwin Field on the south and Emerson avenue on the west. Drill was held every Saturday morning and the attack took place in the afternoon. I can see old "Perkie" now, in his overalls, worn ragged at the bottom by running through weeds and thickets, with an old army belt around his waist full of corncobs, a shield in one hand, ammunition in the other, and depicted on his countenance every phase of grim determination and hallowed wrath at his fellow belligerents as he bellowed out, "Come on, gang, I just saw Rot and bunch beatin' it around the corner of the alley." And I dimly recall the sound of a voice through the battle din, "You scamps, keep out of my garden." It was one of the enraged nonbelligerents who

believed that the longest way around was the sweetest way home, a view contrary to our reckoning that the shortest distance between two points is measured on the straight line joining them.

Little did parents realize when they received the tired warriors in the evening and bound up the damaged fingers and applied salt water to the chiggers, that some day the corncobs would give place to the hand grenades.

Of course, we did not anticipate anything as great as the war, but we knew that if we were ever called in defense of our country the inspiration we got on the sidelines would not be in vain.

When we entered college, few of us knew the significance of what a college education means, just as we did not realize the benefits we derived from our corncob battles. Now that we are at the end of our four years' work, we begin to comprehend the greater value of college experiences. We have learned that there are things worth fighting for. It does not take much study to become a fighter—any one can develop into a good soldier after careful training in a camp,—but the men who are in need are those who have not only that quality but an understanding of the principles they are fighting for. There are enough men for the bulk of our army. What the government wants is leaders. I think it has been proved since we entered into this great war that the men who give the best account of themselves are either college graduates or those who have been connected with college. As in business life so in the army, the college men are always given the preference. Every man who has the opportunity now of completing his college work owes it to himself and to his country to do it. It is really a harder fight for the college student than it is for the man on the firing line. The man on the firing line has really only one idea in mind,—that is of giving his life to the cause of his country,—while the young man in college is struggling with that same desire and yet must carry his school work.

The impressions and associations made here during our four seemingly short years will always be a source of benefit and inspiration. It will be our aim in whatever we do to uphold the standard set for us by those who have preceded.

THE DAY

The Commencement exercises were held in the open shady spot facing the residence. At 10 o'clock the academic procession, consisting of the senior class, the faculty, the trustees, the guests of honor, and the speaker of the day, marched, as usual, from the Bona Thompson Memorial Library to the campus. By the courtesy of *The Indianapolis News*, the music was furnished by the Newsboys' Band. The invocation was pronounced by the Rev. Z. T. Sweeney. The address of the occasion is given elsewhere.

The president of the college conferred the degree of Bachelor of Arts upon:

Ralph Leslie Agnew	Fannie Violet Hyde
Eda Bachman	Ruby May Keefauver
Helen Annis Barry	Lela Florence Kennedy
Clarence Blackford	Neil Kershaw
Agnes Foreman Binkley	Virginia Mary Kingsbury
Opal Okuki Burkhardt	Charles Day Lutz
Katherine Burton	Richard Harvey Moore
Nellie Ruth Cannaday	Sara Mildred Morgan
Anna Junge Carlstedt	Esther Murphy
Anna Mary Collins	Mary Harriet Padou
Chester Davis	Helen Margaret Reed
Eugenia Smith Dent	Bertha Coughlen Shellhorn
Helen Findley Gillman	Marguerite Ulen
Julia Mae Hamilton	Wallace Carter Wadsworth
Charity Ann Hendren	Benjamin Ernest Watson
Cordelia Carney Higgins	Florence Elizabeth Wood
Mildred Ross Hill	Fern Wright

The President then said: There are other names on this list which you have doubtless noted on the printed program in your hands. They are the names of those who would be here to-day were they not in service, having obeyed the call of duty to other parts, and none of us can think of them without emotion. They are Lieutenant Earl Terence Bonham, in France, a great football player, a great football captain, a fine all-round athlete, who went into the camp and was sent upon the completion of his term at Fort Har-

rison to France, and was assigned at once to duty in the first battery that fired in the first action against the Germans; Sergeant Fred Daniels,—and we all like to think of Fred; Private Oscar Christopher Hagemier, at Camp Sherman, another true-hearted, fine lad; Lieutenant Henry Michener Jameson, Camp Taylor, a stalwart, manly, noble descendant of a sturdy, great race; Corporal Halford Johnson, another beloved friend in France; Lieutenant Whitney Rau Spiegel—he also completed his term at Fort Harrison and went to France with that quartette; “Tow” Bonham (because it is only thus we knew him), and “Tuck” Brown (Hilton U. Brown, Jr.), who is to-day recovering from his wounds in a hospital on the French front, and Paul Ragsdale, who is over there in the trenches; Whitney Spiegel is one of the first quartette to go; Sergeant Charles Garrison Winders, Camp Shelby, a big-hearted, genial lad, loved by all, the son of the beloved pastor for years of the Downey Avenue Christian Church; Private Merrill J. Woods, Camp Shelby, another true-hearted lad. Those eight would be here to-day, and perhaps there are others who might have completed their course had they remained, but these were definitely within reach of concluding with this commencement.

These eight are a part of that great group that represent us in action in the service of their nation,—two hundred of them now; they are over there. We used to think and wonder whether these boys and girls of these days were of the same stuff as the one hundred and sixty-six that went out from the old North Western Christian University, now Butler, in the days of the Civil War, to help, as a distinguished speaker said in a great address from this platform here on Memorial Day, to keep this nation fit and make it adequate that in these days it might save or help to save the liberties of the world, as in those days it assured the liberty of a race. These boys and girls in these days we now know are no less sound at heart, no less lovers of their native land, no less disposed to be ungrudging in hazarding, if need be, their lives for the welfare of their fellows. So there is a part of the record of this college, a part of that magnificent record that is being made by the college men throughout the length and breadth of this land, so that we know to-day that we have not been deceived as we fostered and strove to make these colleges what we wished to see them.

Now, you young men and young women, this is the very last thing we can do for you. I have given you in the name of the college, and very gladly, a bit of parchment which says that you have completed a certain course of study, and that you are for that reason entitled to that precious thing,—and it is a precious thing indeed, a treasure to be coveted—the Bachelor of Arts degree. I want to congratulate you with all my heart upon having come thus far on the way. Look back on the years,—the grade, the high school, and now the college, and you have chosen well. You have made yourself of the elect. I congratulate behind you the fathers and mothers, the brothers and the sisters, and all who love you, because I know the tug at their heartstrings that those feel when they think of you,—and don't ever forget that. I congratulate you upon being able to live in these most glorious days. We have had a great message this morning—words of very truth in every accent from beginning to end. I would that you might heed all that our great speaker has said to you throughout your lives; but I would have you remember now that you are going out into the day of greatest opportunity, and, as I have said to you before, those who are here to-day of the class of 1893 and who celebrate to-day their twenty-fifth anniversary, feel this way: "Would that we were just going out into action as you are now, when life means so much, when opportunity is everywhere about you." Perhaps your only danger is the risk of confusion in making choice of the most useful thing. So, friends, hold yourselves as precious. Your lives are very dear and very choice, and as you go out be of good courage, and, oh, be strong in your faith. We know now as we did not know a few years ago what it means to have a faith in the great God, and what it means to have His son, Jesus Christ, as our elder brother. That is the thing that makes it easy for the boys who are over yonder to "go over the top" into "No Man's Land" and on beyond. Friends, keep yourselves always in the shadow of the Master. Hold your lives precious and dear and acquit yourselves as good Americans, and thereby justify what the members of your faculty have striven to do for you, and what, more than that, the founders of this college and all other colleges have had in mind when they gave of their time and their best that you and we might thus profit. Go,

friends, in the fear of God and in the fellowship of his son, and God will bless you to the end of your days; and whether it be a short time or long, it matters not, just so you are found every instant doing your duty. The rest will take care of itself. God bless you.

I have the announcements of certain honors. The highest standing for the college course is determined upon the basis of at least three years of residence in the college. Accordingly there are some who have made high records who are excluded because of a shorter residence here. The highest standing for the entire college course are:

Mary Virginia Kingsbury,
Eda Bachman,
Helen Annis Barry.

A number of years ago we established here a Senior Scholarship. That carries with it certain honors and relief from fees through the senior year. That scholarship is granted to the student because of excellence in class work, of high character, and of promise, so far as we can determine, of great future usefulness. I take great pleasure in announcing the award of that scholarship to Miss Mary Katherine O'Haver.

This, as I mentioned a moment ago, is the twenty-fifth anniversary of the class of 1893. We hope to have with us to-day some members of that class. They met together here on the campus Sunday afternoon. This is a note which I wish to read from that class:

"To Butler College, our Alma Mater: We, the members of the class of 1893, on our twenty-fifth anniversary, do hereby give two fifty-dollar government bonds of the Third Liberty Loan. Even if the gift in itself is small, we hope to be able to show something of the sense of appreciation and gratitude which we feel to Butler College. We treasure what we have learned there. We cherish the friendships formed there. We shall never forget the college and we trust the college will never forget us."

My friends, this concludes our exercises of this the Sixty-third Commencement. Will you kindly rise while we are dismissed by the Rev. Raphael H. Miller, secretary of the Men and Millions Movement.

Scholarships for French Girls in American Colleges

The Association of American Colleges is arranging to bring one hundred French girls to the United States for the academic year 1918-'19 for attendance at American universities by means of scholarships. The scheme provides that each institution shall take two girls and pay their entire collegiate expenses and board, while the French Government will pay their traveling expenses to our country.

The enthusiasm with which many colleges have entered upon this plan is another indication of the soundness of the patriotism of the American college and of the earnestness of the authorities to render the largest possible service in behalf of the new world democracy. One of the college presidents has written, "You may include our institution as one of the schools that is quite willing to accept its share in responding to a nation as noble as France and as heroic in its defense of their homes and country."

As chairman of the Department of Education, Woman's Section, of the State Council of Defense, Miss Katharine M. Graydon has been asked to take this matter up with the colleges of Indiana. Earlham College and DePauw University have consented to take two young women each, while Indiana University is taking one graduate student through another channel. It is earnestly hoped that our college may be able, through her management or through her generous friends, to enrich herself by bringing into our midst two of these French girls.

News from the Board of Trustees

At a recent meeting of the board of trustees John E. Canady, of Anderson, Indiana, and Merle Sidener, of Indianapolis, were elected to fill the vacancies created by the death of James B. Percy, '88, and the resignation of John H. Frazee.

Two new departments were created, a department of Education and a department of Household Economics.

Earl H. C. Davies, Ph. D., of Washington University, was appointed professor of chemistry.

Miss Evelyn Butler, A. B., Butler College, 1893; A. M., Columbia University, 1917, was made professor of English (Demia Butler Chair of English Literature).

Miss Anna Weaver, A. B., Leland Stanford, Jr., University, 1898; A. M., *ibid.*, 1899, was made professor of Greek (Jeremy Anderson Chair of Greek).

Memorial Day Address

One of the memorable occasions of the year was the observance of Memorial Day. The exercises were held on the campus. The guests of the day were the senior classes of Manual Training High School, of the Technical High School, and of Shortridge High School. The program consisted of general patriotic singing, of a brief talk by Mr. E. U. Graff, superintendent of the Indianapolis public schools, and of an address by Dr. A. B. Philputt, pastor of Central Christian Church and member of the Butler College board of trustees. It was a noble address and we deeply regret that we are unable to present it to our readers. Now and then the old college rings with a fervor and eloquence worthy of the Hebrew prophets, an expression of righteousness which glorifies the surroundings and makes for the highest inspiration. Such was the utterance of the speaker on May 30.

The Friendship Circle

The Friendship Circle is a unique alumna organization which has been meeting for two years. It had its inception on June 12, 1916, when Georgia Butler Clifford, '91, entertained at luncheon the women who were graduated in her class, a few other college friends, and Miss Harriet Noble, professor of English at Butler from 1883 to 1893. This meeting of former friends, classmates, and teacher was also a celebration of Miss Noble's birthday, an anniversary which Mrs. Clifford had kept in mind through the years since her college days. The occasion was so delightful that more frequent meetings of the group were suggested, and from that sprang the idea of a club.

The organization is in reality a loving tribute to Miss Noble, who as teacher and friend has been a vital element in the life and development of the women who are its members. Every one of them has retained through the passing years a friendly relationship with their teacher, corresponding with her when away and seeing her frequently. The name, Friendship Circle, symbolically expresses the idea of the organization: Miss Noble, the true center; its members, the radii of the circle, and all bound together by the golden hoop of friendship.

The meetings are held once a month at the homes of members. Since the food administrator's ban on afternoon refreshments, the circle has been gathering for luncheon each month. On Wednesday of commencement week the birthday of Miss Noble was again celebrated at the home of Rose McNeal Kessler, '95, with a delightful luncheon. Mrs. Kessler lives down on Pleasant Run, where students of the old days were wont to hunt botanical specimens. It is a hardly recognizable region now, for a broad boulevard sweeps through its midst and has cleared away the most of the delightful tangle of vines and shrubs and wild blossoms. But Rose has managed to retain for herself much of the old quiet and charm and lives in a veritable garden of birds and flowers. During the afternoon Miss Noble spoke of her birthday the year before, when she had been in a sanatorium at Battle Creek, Michigan, and of what the circle and its friendship had meant to her during the months of illness there. She expressed the hope that the Friendship Circle would live on and on through the years. Mrs. Myrtie Sewell Whitsel, '86, of Chicago; Mrs. Emma Engel Bales, ex-'93, of Winchester, and Mrs. Emma Johnson Davis, '94, of Oxford, Ohio, were guests of the afternoon.

The members of the club besides Miss Noble are: Georgia Butler Clifford, '91; Evelyn Butler, '93; Julia Fish, '93; Eva Jeffries King, '91; Orpha Jeffries Hall, '93; Romaine Braden Schell, '90; Grace Julian Clarke, '84; Corinne Thrasher Carvin, '86; Julia Graydon Jameson, '90; Mary Galvin Davidson, '94; Georgia Galvin Oakes, '95; Letta Newcomb Wright, '92; Mary Brouse Schmuck, '91; Jennie Armstrong Howe, '89; Rose McNeal Kessler, '95, and Vida Tibbott Cottman, '90.

Deep in the hearts of all these women is sincere gratitude to their Alma Mater, Butler College, the source of their sweet common memories; she who gave to them the opportunity for forming these rich, lifelong friendships, and the inestimable benefit of contact with such teachers as Miss Harriet Noble and all the old corps who become dearer and nearer as the years roll by. A. B. C.

Butler College Bulletin

Many interesting facts are contained in the Bulletin of 1917-1918, among them this enumeration of students:

Graduate students.....	15
Undergraduate students	419
Special students.....	3
Teachers' College Study Department.....	238
Summer session.....	80
Teachers' Normal Course.....	14
	<hr/>
Total	769
Deduct for names counted twice.....	13
	<hr/>
Total number of students.....	756

"One Drop More"

The atmosphere of the college has naturally and rightly been serious,—to some somber; but on May 25 the students and faculty, trustees and alumni and friends joined in a rollicking, frolicking, dramatic entertainment given in the Masonic Temple by the Biology Club. The farce was written by Miss Mary K. O'Haver, '19, and Miss Jean Brown, '19, and was also staged by them. Great credit is due the girls for their accomplishment. The *dramatis personae* was made up entirely of the boys of the club, and they carried off their parts with gusto, whether a sweet maiden, or a Red Cross nurse, or a knitting mamma. The proceeds netted the club about \$200.

Some Requests

Since the secretary of the Alumni Association has been appointed to compile a history of the Butler boys who are wearing the colors, she makes a very earnest appeal to the alumni and friends for help. This work will be of little or no value unless it be well done; therefore, the request goes forth for your assistance. Our first effort will be to gain the name and home address of every boy who has ever been connected in any way with Butler College. From that point we can work out to fuller information.

Will you not, without being personally asked, send in to the secretary the two items mentioned above of every Butler boy you know who has enlisted? Do not rely upon some one else answering this request, but please answer it yourself. The sifting can easily be done here.

With all the information possible, the secretary hopes to meet her appointment by compiling material which will eventually make a volume on The Butler Student in the Great War.

The secretary also asks for your address whenever you change your residence. Letters come in, sometimes quite sharp, asking why the Quarterly fails to reach subscribers. The failure is due to one thing and one thing only—you forget to inform us of your removal. Please remember this.

The treasurer wishes to remind those who have not paid their alumnal fee for 1917-1918 that it would be most gratefully received now. The Quarterly must be self-supporting, it is self-supporting when the alumni pay \$1 per year; but when only a fraction of the fees come in, matters at this end are hard. If the Quarterly possesses any value to you, why not pay for it?

Personal Mention

Mrs. Mary Montgomery McKay, ex-, with son, visited college in May.

Mrs. Mary Stilz Talbert, '12, and son spent commencement week in Irvington.

Miss Gwyneth Harry, '14, is spending the summer vacation at the University of Wisconsin.

Earl S. McRoberts, '17, has received an appointment to the United States Radio School, College Park, Maryland.

Dr. Haynes J. Freeland and Mrs. Mary Parker Freeland, '14, are at home at 1756 Race street, Denver, Colorado.

Miss Mary Gans, daughter of E. W. Gans, '87, graduated from Vassar College in June; Miss Adelaide Wise, daughter of E. P. Wise, '87, from Hiram College.

The Biology Club scholarship of \$125 was awarded to Miss Mary Brown, '19, who will attend the summer course of the Marine Laboratory at Woods Hole, Massachusetts.

Of the English department, Miss Corinne Welling, '12, will spend the summer vacation at Boulder, Colorado; Professor Evelyn Butler at Columbia University, New York.

It was pleasant to see at the alumni supper Mrs. Alice Secrest Snider, '66; Mrs. Mary Stewart Cochnower, a former student, of Cincinnati, and Mrs. Mary Laughlin Sims.

The Quarterly is pleased to report the convalescence of Mrs. Ira W. Christian (May Durbin, ex-'81), at her home in Edinburg; of Miss Lola Conner, '17, and of Miss Beth Barr, '15.

President Howe, '89, entertained at luncheon on commencement day, Dr. William Douglas Mackenzie, Dr. Scot Butler, '68, Dr. Jabez Hall, Dr. Morrow, Dr. Philputt, Abram Cory, R. H. Miller, W. G. Irwin, '89, and Rev. Z. T. Sweeney.

Layman Schell, '21, son of H. S. Schell, '90, is stationed at Port Royal, South Carolina.

Fred Harvey Jacobs, '16, returned from Yale University in time to spend commencement week in Irvington.

Miss Vera Koehring, '16, is spending the summer in Miss Gertrude Tuttle's camp near Burt Lake, Michigan.

M. M. Amunson, '05, of the First Church of Christ, Brooklyn, New York, has been granted a leave of absence and is serving in France.

George W. Hemry, '05, has been appointed to Y. M. C. A. work overseas, and is now probably in France. He sends his kindly remembrance to all Butlerites.

The degrees of Doctor of Philosophy were conferred at Yale upon Clarence L. Reidenbach, '12, and Bachelor of Divinity upon Fred H. Jacobs, '16; Master of Arts at Indiana University upon Edith Hendren, '17, and Alice Dunn, '16.

The annual Sandwich Club banquet was held on May 7, at the Downey Avenue Christian Church. At it were seen of the alumni members T. W. Grafton, '80; E. E. Moorman, '99; Frank Davison, '14; Elmo Higham, '14; Stanley Sellick, '16.

At the commencement exercises of the Indiana College of Music and Fine Arts on June 15, Miss Mary Louise Rumppler, '17, appeared as vocalist on the program of the artists' course, and Miss Flora Maude Askren, a former student, as pianist.

Dr. Samuel McGaughey, '97, has received a commission as captain in the Medical Reserve Corps. He was one of the first physicians to offer his services to the government when the recent call was made for three hundred additional physicians from Indiana.

Miss Nellie Kern, '00, is spending her summer at The House of Good Will, East Boston, Massachusetts. She writes that she is "enthusiastic over this opportunity to live in a settlement house in the Italian quarter. Two years ago I taught a class of Italian girls and fell under the charm of this work."

Howard Caldwell, '15, has enlisted as seaman in the United States navy.

Mrs. Hazel Collins Lloyd, '13, of St. Louis, and children, spent June in Irvington.

Mrs. Emma Johnson Davis, '94, returned from Miami, Ohio, to spend commencement week in Irvington with her parents.

Charles M. Fillmore, '90, has resigned his charge of the Hillside Christian Church and accepted the pastorate of Eastern Heights Christian Church, Indianapolis.

D. Sommer Robinson, '10, has been serving since March as chaplain on the transport "Frederick." Mrs. Robinson and four-year-old Dan remain in Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Miss Mary L. Winks, '15, is at Washington, where she has entire charge of the filing for the administration and planning sections of the engineering division of the Ordnance Department.

Karl S. Means, '14, received a fellowship for 1918-'19 at the University of Chicago, but in the dearth of teachers of physics has been persuaded to remain another year at Butler. The college appreciates this decision of Mr. Means.

Mrs. Mary Galvin Davidson, '94, has returned to Saranac Lake, after a few days at home. In June her eldest daughter, Margaret, was graduated from Shortridge High School, and her second daughter, Katharine, was operated upon for appendicitis.

It was pleasant to see again on the campus James G. Randall, '93, and Mrs. Randall. Dr. Randall is professor of history at Roanoke College, Virginia, and one of our most valued alumni. He was en route to the University of Illinois, where he will teach in the summer school.

John Fuller, '17, wrote in March from Vologda, a place of 50,000, strictly Russian. He tells of meeting three bears one night walking up the main street. Probably his evening walks have been discontinued. Strict censorship prevents enumeration of various experiences. He finds in the town little food at exorbitant price.

Mrs. Anne Hughes Wilkinson, '07, and family have moved to Marion, Indiana, for permanent residence.

Mrs. Emma Engel Bales, ex-'93, of Winchester, Indiana, was the guest of Mrs. Vida Tibbott Cottman, '90, during commencement.

A. L. Ward, '99, has accepted the pastorate of the Christian church at Franklin, Indiana. The Quarterly sends congratulations to both pastor and people.

The Butler Alumnae Literary Club has elected for 1918-1919 the following officers: President, Miss Eva Lennes, '08; vice-president, Miss Corinne Welling, '12; secretary-treasurer, Miss Barcus Tichenor, '10.

Here at Butler we are all happy in the appearance of John Iden Kautz's letters in the volume, "Trucking to the Trenches," and commend it to the alumni. The book will find a worthy place in the literature of the war.

Mrs. Myrtella Sewell Whitsel, '86, of Chicago, and Mr. Whitsel were in Irvington during commencement week, the guests of Mrs. Corinne Thrasher Carvin, '86. It is hoped not so many years will pass until Mrs. Whitsel returns again.

Dr. Alexander Jameson and Mrs. Jameson, '90, accompanied Miss Katharine M. Jameson, '16, to Hattiesburg, Mississippi, where the wedding of Lieutenant Lewis and Miss Jameson took place on Sunday evening, June 23, at six o'clock, at the Presbyterian Church, the chaplain of the 150th Infantry officiating.

Dr. Clarence L. Reidenbach, of New Haven, was installed as pastor of the Downey Avenue Christian Church on Sunday, July 7. He was elected to fill the pulpit in March, at which time he was studying in the graduate school of Yale University. He has recently received the degree of doctor of philosophy. He is a graduate of the Yale School of Divinity, New Haven, Conn., taking his theological work following graduation from Butler College in 1912. On Tuesday evening, July 8, a reception was given to the new pastor and his wife. Mrs. Reidenbach was Miss Hildred Hughes, a former student of the college.

Mrs. Margaret Wynn Milligan, '06, has returned after a visit of several weeks with her husband, Lieutenant James W. Milligan, stationed at Fort Adams, Rhode Island.

Jasper T. Moses, '03, is serving in Washington in the editorial department of the Intelligence Division of War Trade Board work. Mrs. Moses and the four children are at Newcastle.

Mrs. Cordelia Butler Tefft, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Scot Butler and a former student of the college, is in Irvington with Mr. and Mrs. Perry H. Clifford, while her husband, Dr. William Henry Tefft, is serving overseas as Lieutenant-Colonel in the Medical Corps of the United States Army.

E. E. Moorman, '99, is the new teacher of the Friday Noon Bible Class for Sunday School Workers, conducted at the Young Men's Christian Association building. For a number of years he has been pastor of the Englewood Christian Church of Indianapolis. The Friday Noon class was organized in September, 1901, and has had only two permanent leaders, Judge J. W. Thompson, from 1901 to 1911, and Thomas C. Day, from 1911 to 1918. Its purpose is to serve teachers of the International Uniform Sunday School Lessons, and for many years it has been conducted as an all-the-year-round class, open to all men and women who desire to attend.

On June 24 occurred an event of interest not only to the immediate family of which B. F. Dailey, '87, and Miss Urith Dailey, '17, are closely connected with Butler College as alumni, but also to a large circle of friends and to those interested in the history of Indiana. On a farm near Clinton, Indiana, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dailey celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of their marriage. Every living descendant and descendant-in-law was present at the family gathering and dinner, twenty-five in number. Mrs. Eliza Dailey Cook and Mr. Cook, three children, and two grandchildren; B. F. Dailey, Mrs. Dailey, and three children; Mrs. Emma Dailey Bradfield, a former student, three children, and one grandchild, were among the number. Mr. Dailey is eighty-two years of age, Mrs. Dailey seventy-seven. They were married sixty years ago and came as groom and bride to the farm and house which have remained their home ever

since. There their six children were born. There their three children have died. There have occurred all the joys and all the sorrows incident to their long journey. There has radiated an influence which has blessed the community. They both came of fine, sturdy, pioneer stock of the kind which has made and enriched Indiana. Mrs. Dailey was Miss Linna Wright, member of a family which has given twenty-three preachers to the West. Her grandfather came to Indiana from Lexington, North Carolina. Her father, then a boy of twelve years, wanted to walk all the way, and did so as far as Putnam county, except the one day which sickness compelled him to remain on the wagon. Mr. Dailey's father's family came from Butler county, Ohio, in a wagon, and in 1824 settled on a farm in Parke county.

The Irvington community enjoyed a privilege on the afternoons of June 29 and 30, when Mrs. Jennie F. Jeffries opened her house for the display of a rare collection of Oriental rugs and textiles. A Persian gentleman, Mr. Moustapha Avigdor, is in possession of this collection, and through the influence of Mrs. Moddie Jeffries Williams, '97, of Toledo, was willing to visit Indianapolis. Mrs. Williams, a connoisseur of Eastern weaving, interpreted the rugs, while Mr. Moustapha supplemented her intelligent talk by opening the eyes of all present to the significance of many characteristics previously unknown. His love for his possessions and his tireless cordiality in showing and explaining their value were appreciated by all present, among whom were many of our alumni.

Among the alumni seen on the campus were: Mrs. N. E. Atkinson, Mrs. Alice Secrest Snider, Mrs. Mary Stewart Cochnower, Scot Butler, A. C. Ayres, Walter Scott Smith, Chauncy Butler, Barton W. Cole and Mrs. Cole, Mrs. Mary Laughlin Sims, B. F. Kinnick, Annie Tibbott, Mrs. May Thornton, Katharine M. Graydon, Demarchus C. Brown, Charles W. Moores and Mrs. Moores, Hilton U. Brown and Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Clarence L. Goodwin, Ellen D. Graydon, Cora Smith, Mrs. Grace Julian Clarke, William C. Smith and Mrs. Smith, J. P. Findley, Mrs. Myrtella Sewell Whitsel and Mr. Whitsel, Corinne Thrasher Carvin, Jane Graydon, Erastus Conner, B. F. Dailey and Mrs. Dailey, R. F. Kautz and Mrs. Kautz, George H. Clarke, A. M. Hall, Perry H. Clifford, W. G. Irwin, T.

C. Howe, Mrs. Nettie Sweeney Miller, H. S. Schell and Mrs. Romaine Braden Schell, Mrs. Vida Tibbott Cottman, C. M. Fillmore, India Martz, Mrs. Georgia Butler Clifford, Adolph Schmuck and Mrs. Mary Brouse Schmuck, Mrs. Eva Jeffries King, Mrs. Orpha Jeffries Hall, W. F. Lacy, Mrs. Letta Newcomb Wright and Mr. Wright, Bertha Thormeyer, Evelyn Butler, Julia Fish, Will D. Howe, Frank F. Hummel and Mrs. Hummel, Mrs. Lona Iden Lacy, Dr. Daniel W. Layman and Mrs. Layman, Frank Ford Williams and Mrs. Williams and daughter, Mrs. Emma Engel Bales, Clara Goe, Mrs. Emma Johnson Davis, Willis K. Miller and Mrs. Isabella Moore Miller and son, Mrs. May Brayton Johnson, Edgar T. Forsyth, Mrs. Georgia Galvin Oakes, George V. Miller and Mrs. Pearl Jeffries Miller, Charles Richard Yoke and Mrs. Yoke, James C. Burkhardt, Mrs. Jessie Christian Brown, Mrs. Edith Keay Fowler and Mr. Fowler, John W. Atherton and Mrs. Louise Brown Atherton, John R. Carr and Mrs. Elizabeth Whitesides Carr, Fred Robinson and Mrs. Robinson, John W. Moore and Mrs. Flora Green Moore, Mrs. Florence Moore Huggins, H. L. Herod, James G. Randall and Mrs. Randall, Ruth Allerdice, Golie Stucker, Pearl Forsyth, Carl Turner and Mrs. Daisy McGowan Turner, Clay Trusty, Elizabeth T. Bogert, Everett Schofield, Lois Kile, Charles O. Lee and Mrs. Lee, Monta Anderson, Barcus Tichenor, Eva DeWald, Mrs. Sidney Hecker Warfel and Mr. Warfel, Harry H. Martindale, Mrs. Gertrude Pruitt Hutchcraft, Irma Bachman, Catharine Martin, Mrs. Mary Stilz Talbert, Corinne Welling, Mrs. Hazel Collins Lloyd, Martha Kincaid, Helen Tichenor, Mrs. Juliet Brown Coleman, Mrs. Ellen Graham George, Gwyneth Harry, Robert Hamp and Mrs. Dorothy Kautz Hamp, Karl Means and Mrs. Means, Mrs. Cornelia Morrison, Carl Van Winkle, Mary Williams, Mrs. Alta Barmfuhrer Kane, Mable Felt, Margaret Griffith, Mrs. Bernice Hall Glass, Mrs. Marjorie Hall Montgomery and Mr. Montgomery, Louis N. Kirkhoff and Mrs. Ruth Cunningham Kirkhoff, John McBride, Clarence Oldham, Grace O. Small, Ferris Stephens and Mrs. Stephens, Amy Banes, Edith Eickhoff, Annette Hedges, Fred H. Jacobs, Vera Koehring, Hanna Mueller, Stanley Sellick, Grace Thomas, Florence Moffett, Urith Dailey, Mary Louise Rumpler, Ruth Habbe, Mary Zoercher, Florence Wilson, and many others.

Marriages

GILLMAN-FINDLEY.—On April 27, at the bride's home in Irvington, Mr. Waide Gillman, ex-'18, and Miss Helen Findley, '18, daughter of J. P. Findley, '86, were married. Mr. and Mrs. Gillman are at home in Brown county.

SHELLHORN-COUGHLEN.—On May 30, at the Fourth Presbyterian Church, Indianapolis, Lieutenant Robert Hamilton Shellhorn and Miss Bertha Coughlen, '18, were married. Lieutenant and Mrs. Shellhorn left immediately for Fort Sill, Oklahoma.

THOMPSON-FAUST.—On June 14, at Baird, Texas, Mr. Stith Thompson, '09, and Miss Louise Faust were married. Dr. Thompson is professor of English in the University of Texas.

MILBURN-HURST.—On June 19, at the bride's home, Indianapolis, by the Rev. C. M. Fillmore, '90, Mr. William S. Milburn and Miss Gladys Helene Hurst, '16, were married. Mr. Milburn is stationed at Paris Island, South Carolina, in the radio wireless service, where the bride accompanied him.

NETHERCUT-HABBE.—On June 20, at the bride's home in Indianapolis, Lieutenant W. R. Nethercut and Miss Ruth Habbe, '17, were married. Lieutenant Nethercut is stationed at Camp Dix, Dallas, Texas, where he and his bride are at home.

KIRBY-WEAVER.—On June 22, in Indianapolis, Mr. Clifford B. Kirby, ex-'18, and Miss Mary Milburn Weaver were married. Mr. and Mrs. Kirby are at home in Indianapolis.

PATE-HARRIS.—On June 22, at Bloomfield, Indiana, Mr. Baxter Pate and Miss Verna Harris, '16, were married. Mr. Pate is stationed at Chillicothe, Ohio, where he and Mrs. Pate will for the present be at home.

LEWIS-JAMESON.—On June 23, at Hattiesburg, Mississippi, Lieutenant Philip Curtis Lewis and Miss Katharine Merrill Jameson, '16, were married. Lieutenant Lewis is stationed at Camp Shelby, where he and his bride are temporarily at home.

RYAN-NOLAND.—On July 1, at the bride's home in Anderson, Indiana, Captain Oswald Ryan, a former student, and Miss Rebecca Noland were married. Mr. Ryan is captain of Battery D, 2nd Indiana Field Artillery, and is prosecuting attorney of Madison county. He is at present stationed at West Point, Kentucky.

GROOM-BANES.—On July 6, at the home of the bride's parents in Indianapolis, Mr. Stewart B. Groom and Miss Amy H. Banes, '16, were married. After a motor trip through the East, Mr. and Mrs. Groom will go to Charleston, South Carolina, where the bridegroom is in service with the Naval Aviation corps.

BROWNING-HENDREN.—On July 6, at the home of the bride's parents in Indianapolis, Mr. Henry L. Browning, ex-'18, and Miss Charity Hendren, '18, were married by Mr. Stanley Sellick, '16. Mr. Browning is stationed in service with the Aviation corps at the Speedway. He and his bride will be at home, after a short wedding trip, in Indianapolis.

Births

STREIGHTOFF.—To Professor Frank H. Streightoff and Mrs. Frances Doan Streightoff, '07, on January 11, 1918, at Greencastle, Indiana, a son—Frank Doan.

HAMP.—To Mr. Robert W. Hamp, '14, and Mrs. Dorothy Kautz Hamp, '14, on May 15, at Indianapolis, a daughter—Marian Joan.

MYERS.—To Mr. Samuel Myers and Mrs. Lettie Lowe Myers, '08, on April 20, at Indianapolis, a daughter—Bonnie Bess.

CARR.—To Mr. John R. Carr, '00, and Mrs. Elizabeth Whitesides Carr, '07, on April 22, at Indianapolis, a son—John Robert.

MURRAY.—To Mr. James L. Murray, '09, and Mrs. Lucy Hughes Murray, ex-, on June 11, at Indianapolis, a son—William Hughes.

GILBERT.—To Dr. Gilbert and Mrs. Margaret Crockett Gilbert, ex-'16, on April 16, at Ann Arbor, Michigan, a son—Quinter Olen, Jr.

MINTON.—To Mr. Ralph C. Minton, ex-'17, and Mrs. Henrietta Cochran Minton, ex-'17, on May 18, at Indianapolis, a daughter—Media Catherine.

Deaths

AVERY.—Dr. John P. Avery, '60, died in Indianapolis on April 9, in his seventy-seventh year. He was buried from his home in Crown Hill.

BREVOORT.—William H. Brevoort, of the class of '62, died at his residence, 522 Busserou street, Vincennes, Indiana, at 2 a. m., April 23, 1918, at the age of eighty years, two months and ten days. He was the last survivor but one of the class of which Addison C. Harris, prominent lawyer, and once United States ambassador to Austria-Hungary, and Alvin I. Hobbs, distinguished preacher, were members.

Brevoort, in the old North Western Christian University time, under Professors Benton, Hoshour, Brown, and Hoss, was a diligent and an efficient student. He had a high standing in his studies, and was notable for his sterling honesty and conscientiousness, not only in the classroom, but in his social and business relations. It was unthinkable that he would do anything dishonorable or petty. These characteristics followed him through life. Soon after his graduation, for a brief interval, he taught effectively the high-school branches in Columbus, Indiana. But he devoted himself to agriculture. He was not content to follow the methods of farming prevalent in his youth, but kept in touch with all the progress of the last two-thirds of a century in invention and in discovery. One of his classmates, in making an extended tour with him of his city and surrounding miles, was surprised by the spontaneous marks of deference and respect shown him by all his acquaintances, who seemed to be everywhere. The *Vincennes Sun*, the oldest newspaper in Indiana, and moderate in expression, on the day of his death, said: "He had a large circle of friends and associates in his business pursuits, who will miss his confidence, advice, and good judgment."

By the exercise of that poise and concentration which marked his course in college, he acquired a large property, mostly real estate.

He died the owner of about seven thousand acres of fertile soil, touching Vincennes and the Wabash river, and extending downstream about nine miles. He was the largest landowner in Knox county, and it may be doubted whether any natural person in Indiana owned a larger number of cultivated acres. For many years he struggled for the construction of a levee to protect from overflow the vast stretch of which his land was a part. A few years before his death he succeeded. The levee was built; it took his name; and his lands were assessed \$75,000 as benefits. One of his sidelines was the purchase, rearing, and sale of live stock. Thus, he converted the raw material of his farms into animal tissue, decreasing labor and increasing profit.

William H. Brevoort was a son of a physician, Dr. Jason F. Brevoort, of Dutch, not of German extraction, retired at the time when the subject of this sketch was in college, and resident and owner of a considerable landed estate in Bartholomew county. William H. moved to Knox county in 1865, and bought a small parcel of land around which his extended acres grew. In 1869, he married Miss Harriet Mantle, a daughter of Dr. John M. Mantle, through whom he became closely connected with the Judah family, well known throughout Indiana, and with numerous descendants of Noah Noble, governor from 1831 to 1837. Harriet Mantle died. In 1876, Brevoort married Miss Amelia Shattuck, whom he survived. He left but one child, John M., the issue of the Mantle marriage, who is a Butler alumnus, '90, is married, and lives contiguous to the homestead.

William H. Brevoort was a zealous member of the Christian or Disciples' church, and an earnest believer in the propagation of its tenets, based, as he thought he knew, on the text of the Holy Bible. He lived a life of honest, of intense, endeavor. He never did a conscious wrong. He dared to say and to do whatever he believed to be right. He had the true chivalry—moral courage. He lived and he died, *sans peur et sans reproche*.

AUSTIN F. DENNY, '62.

TIMNEY.—Kenneth Timney died at his mother's home in Fairland on April 7. Kenneth, better known as "Tommy," entered Butler in the fall of 1912. He was genial and soon had many friends.

Spring found him in his place on the baseball team, helping to bring honor to his college. Upon leaving Butler at the close of one year's work, he began teaching at Shelbyville, but ill health there forced him to cease all labor. However, he won for himself a place in the hearts of all with whom he came in contact. Perhaps the most fitting word to say of Kenneth is that his life was not lived in vain, for it leaves to all who knew him fond memories—memories to be a source of strength in times of trouble. KARL S. MEANS, '14.

ALLEE.—Alice Catharine, infant daughter of Ruth Hendrickson Allee, '11, and the late Eugene Allee, died on June 17, in Indianapolis, and was buried at Cloverdale, Indiana. Mr. Allee died on April 14. In this brief notice lies a depth of sorrow, for which the Quarterly sends to Mrs. Allee its tender sympathy.

Our Correspondence

MRS. ETHEL WOODY HORTON, '07: I feel as if I must steal Ring Lardner's words and say that I am following "in the wake of the war," or, more accurately, war construction. Since last June my husband has been with the firm of Bates & Rogers, of Chicago, who are doing government contracts. This work took him first to Rockford, Illinois, where he superintended many barracks. Last winter he was doing his bit in the construction of the Hog Island shipyards, and now his firm is doing warehouses on the Susquehanna across the river from Harrisburg. The children and I have followed Mr. Horton from place to place, enjoying the sight-seeing possibilities, as well as the privilege of being near him in these days of wartime uncertainties. Just now we have a delightful camp in the mountains, where the youngsters can run and shout to their hearts' content.

I did certainly enjoy the April number of the Quarterly. Although I never miss one of the items of "Personal Mention," I appreciate the articles which make it a magazine worth anybody's reading, whether an alumnus of Butler or not. Best of all, however, it takes me backward to the old campus, the time-worn, much-loved buildings, and to that beautiful epoch in my life—my college days at Butler.

RODERICK A. McLEOD, '14: I am sending you a copy of a digest which I made of a diary I kept on my way to Batang. It was my purpose to send a copy to all of my friends; but as I am occupied with pressing work at all times, I cannot do so. If you think it interesting enough, please pass it to the faculty of Butler. I am so sorry that I cannot write well, for I admire greatly—indeed I am thrilled by—the style of good writers.

There are so many things of which I want to write you that I do not know where to begin. First of all, let me mention the beautiful silk flag which came to us. We shall always treasure it as the standard of Americanism. We shall always be grateful for this precious gift.


We are both in good health. Mrs. MacLeod recovered rapidly from the injuries incident to the fall which I mentioned in the "digest." The climate is splendid. The days are pleasant, and the nights cool. Batang is 9,500 feet above sea-level, so the air is pure and dry. There is plenty of pure cold water. All things make for good health.

It is now (February 24) the time of the Tibetan New Year, an event celebrated with great enthusiasm. The Tibetans are very fond of music and dancing, and at New Year's time they do a great deal of dancing. Last night a group of young people—our neighbors—came in and danced for us. It was charming to see the natural grace of these mountaineers. They sang as they danced, and seemed so carefree and happy.

We are busy at the study of Tibetan. It is a very interesting language, full of interesting expressions. For example, the words for "be careful" are "keep your mouth and eyes together."

How we long for news from America, especially during these eventful times. Most of the news we get is three months old. The mail is very uncertain. Please send me the Quarterly. I love Butler College, and I want to know what is going on.

IRENE HUNT, '10: The Quarterly arrived yesterday. It is always interesting and satisfying. Just now the intimate letters from the boys at the front are especially attractive because they help us to see the war from several points of view. I hope the commencement season will bring many alumni into touch with the college.

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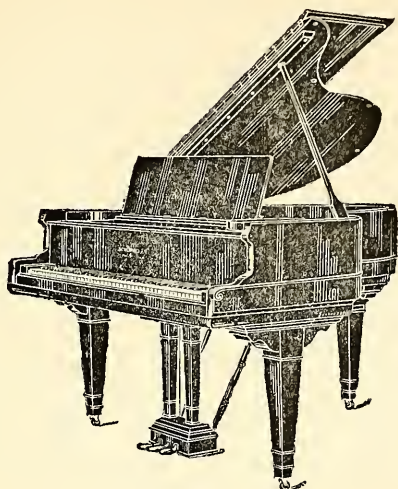
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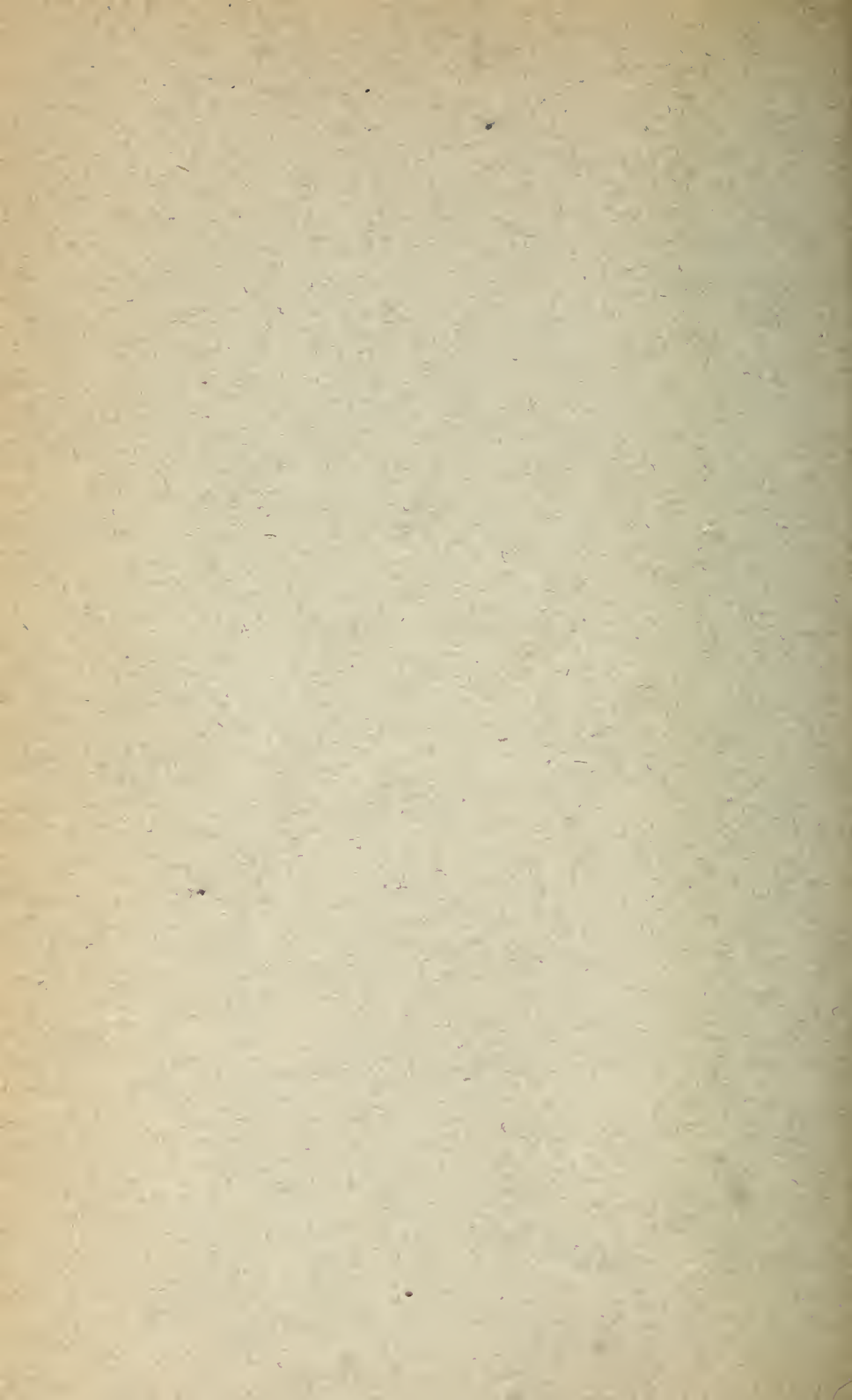
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INDIANAPOLIS



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Entered as second-class matter, March 26, 1912, at the post office at Indianapolis, Ind., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Officers of the Alumni Association—President, Mrs. Jessie Christian Brown, '97; First Vice-President, William G. Irwin, '89; Second Vice-President, Lieutenant Justus W. Paul, '15; Treasurer, Carl Van Winkle, '14.

Secretary and Editor of the Butler Alumna! Quarterly—Katharine M. Graydon, '78.

The Spires of Oxford

I saw the spires of Oxford
As I was passing by,
The gray spires of Oxford
Against a pearl-gray sky.
My heart was with the Oxford men
Who went abroad to die.

The years go fast in Oxford,
The golden years and gay,
The hoary colleges look down
On careless boys at play.
But when the bugles sounded war
They put their games away.

They left the peaceful river,
The cricket-field, the quad,
The shaven lawns of Oxford,
To seek a bloody sod—
They gave their merry youth away
For country and for God.

God rest you, happy gentlemen,
Who laid your good lives down,
Who took the khaki and the gun
Instead of cap and gown.
God bring you to a fairer place
Than even Oxford town.

—*Winifred M. Letts.*

Induction of the Butler College Unit of the Students' Army Training Corps Into the Federal Service, October 1, 1918

Picture the old college building set in the autumn glory of its field, looking down upon serried rows of three hundred boys standing at attention; at one side of the flagstaff Lieutenant Henry E. Dodd and Lieutenant W. Scott Harkins; at the other side President Thomas Carr Howe, Mr. Hilton U. Brown, Mr. Demarchus C. Brown, Judge James L. Collins, while a semi-circular border several rows deep of students and alumni, of Civil War veterans and parents and friends outline the whole, and you have the scene of October 1.

At 11 o'clock The Indianapolis News Newsboys' Band struck up the strains of the national hymn, and slowly the flag rose until at the top of the staff it flung itself to the breeze. Lieutenant Dodd stepped forward and said:

"I have been sent here by the War Department as commanding officer of Butler College Students' Army Training Corps. You to-day have been sent here, or rather have volunteered to come here, to help swell the big army of the United States. We are going to lick the Hun by doing so. To-day in this country there are seven hundred and fifty colleges doing exactly the same thing at this time. I know that every one of you men here is in the right spirit, to become good officers and good soldiers. I know you are going to cooperate with the institution and with the military authority to make this unit one of the best in the State and in the country. I am here to see that you do so. Don't worry. Things will go along smoothly.

"Now at this time I want you to stand at attention while I read the oath to the flag, and as I read and stop you will repeat what I have said. Remember, this is a very solemn obligation. Probably you will never forget it:

" 'I pledge allegiance to my flag and the Republic for which it stands; one Nation, indivisible, with Liberty and Justice for all.'

"Now, attention to the Orders of the War Department, the Secretary of War and General March."

The "Orders" were read by Lieutenant Harkins:

"MESSAGE OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES TO THE STUDENTS' ARMY TRAINING CORPS

"The step you have taken is a most significant one. By it you have ceased to be merely individuals, each seeking to perfect himself to win his own place in the world, and have become comrades in the common cause of making the world a better place to live in. You have joined yourselves with the entire manhood of the country and pledged, as did your fathers, 'your lives, your fortunes, and your sacred honor' to the freedom of humanity.

"The enterprise upon which you have embarked is a hazardous and difficult one. This is not a war of words; this is not a scholastic struggle. It is a war of ideals, yet fought with all the devices of science and with the power of machines. To succeed you must not only be inspired with the ideals for which this country stands, but you must also be masters of the technique with which the battle is fought. You must not only be thrilled with zeal for the common welfare, but you must also be masters of the weapons of to-day.

"There can be no doubt of the issue. The spirit that is revealed and the manner in which America has responded to the call are indomitable. I have no doubt that you will use your utmost strength to maintain that spirit and to carry it forward to the final victory that will certainly be ours.

WOODROW WILSON."

"MESSAGE OF HON. BENEDICT CROWELL, ACTING SECRETARY OF WAR

"As college students you are accustomed to contests of physical force. You are familiar with the tedious training and self-sacrificing discipline that are required to develop a team that can win the game. You know that the contest is won by teamwork, push, co-operation with one another and coordination of every individual talent to the single purpose of common success.

"In the military struggle in which you are about to enter, the same conditions prevail. In order to succeed, many weeks of thoroughgoing training and drill are essential to develop the coordination of

skill and imagination that are essential to achieving the vast and vital end to which the country has pledged its every effort. The fighting machine will come into effective working order more rapidly in proportion as each individual in it devotes his full attention to the particular service for which he is best qualified. In entering upon this training as student-soldiers you have the opportunity of developing your abilities to the point where they will be most effective in the common struggle. I am sure that you will do this in the same spirit and with the same enthusiasm that you have always exhibited in the lesser struggles to which you have been accustomed to devote your energies. I am sure that you will rise to this opportunity and show that America, the home of the pioneer, the inventor, and the master of machines, is ready and able to turn her every energy to the construction of an all-powerful military machine, which will prove as effective in liberating men as have the reaper, the aeroplane, and the telephone."

"MESSAGE OF GENERAL MARCH, CHIEF OF STAFF

"The Students' Army Training Corps has been organized to assist in training a body of men from whom the United States will draw officer material in large numbers. The need for these officers is one of the most imperative connected with our large army program, and patriotic young men will be given an opportunity to acquire this training with the knowledge that they will thus be enabled better to serve their country in the great drive which is to come. Superior leadership spells success in war, and it is the duty of every member of the Students' Army Training Corps to do his utmost to qualify as a leader of men."

President Howe then addressed the Unit as follows:

"Members of Butler College Students' Army Training Corps— young gentlemen—we are here to-day to win the war. It is not our fault that there is a war to be won. That job has been thrust upon us. If this republic is to last, if everything that our fathers have cherished and held most dear, if the things that your grandfathers fought for and perhaps died for, are to continue to endure, this war must be won. Germany and the things that Germany stands for, as she is to-day, cannot continue on this globe in peace with the things

that this nation and the Entente Allies stand for; and it has come at last to a showdown, and we are winning the war; but we are still, perhaps, a considerable way from the end.

"Now, you men to-day, and all of us here to-day, are taking part in something that has been an event the like of which has not happened before in the history of mankind. This is the greatest republic the world has ever known, greatest in resources, in population, and in ideals, and the time has come when we have to exert ourself to our utmost to preserve our very existence; and you—think of it, fellows—you men here have the imperishable honor of being called upon to take a star part in that immortal performance. Never before have the citizens, the young citizens just coming into activity as you are, had a chance to come up in this fashion and take part in the greatest endeavor of which mankind can be capable. I congratulate every one of you that you are here this morning, and—think of it—as the Lieutenant has put it, reading the Orders from Washington, you are a part of a great army of men, perhaps from a hundred and fifty to two hundred thousand, all over this country, doing the same thing. Is patriotism dead? No. It never was more alive in the world than it is to-day. And you men here, whether you live long or whether you live a short time, are going to look upon the step you have taken to-day as the proudest thing you have done in your life; and if it is given you to live long years and your heads become hoary with honor, this day will look brighter and brighter to you, when you stepped out and took your part on the side of everlasting justice, to help your republic establish that in the world.

"Now, young men, just one word—I am not here to talk long to you; there are others who will have something to say to you—I hope that this college is in this job to win the war—and it has been since the war began—with all its might. The commanding officer comes here because we desired him to come here. We chose to be a part of this thing. This is not a double-headed jurisdiction. We are one. You are under the jurisdiction of the commanding officer; you are also under the jurisdiction of the college. Neither considers itself better than the other. We are all committed to the same task, and we are going to bend every effort, gentlemen, to do the thing right; so that when the end of this war comes we may go out

and see the boys and greet them as they come marching home from victory, when they have put Germany where she belongs.

"Now, my friends, I am going to ask Mr. Hilton U. Brown, president of the Board of Directors, to say a word to you; and after him Professor Demarchus C. Brown, his brother, who for twenty-five years or more, was one of our honored professors, and now State Librarian; and following him we will have a few words from Judge James A. Collins, a man known throughout the length and breadth of this country for his efforts for the welfare of mankind. These men will say a few words in their order, without further introduction."

Mr. Hilton U. Brown:

"Gentlemen, I am here in behalf of the directors of Butler College to bid you welcome, and to extend the same hand which has power in it because it has love and affection back of it, and has already been extended by this institution in two other wars. Only a half-century ago nearly every man in the college was called to the front. Many of them never returned. Some returned, and some even are here, honored members of the Board of Directors to-day. Later others went into the Spanish-American war. Last year more than two hundred of the students of this institution enlisted for this great war; and now you come, already three hundred of you are enlisted in this corps, and more are following. Three hundred men at Sparta held the pass against the enemy. Three hundred such men as you can work such wonders as my feeble tongue cannot describe. The Government has seen fit to appeal to the colleges, through this gentleman in uniform, to give their great service in this immortal period, the world's crisis. There is not the slightest lingering doubt in the minds of any of you, nor of us, nor of these friends who are here, that you will render the kind of service that the United States expects you to render, and which those who are 'over there,' and whose reverberating guns you can almost hear this very moment, have rendered. Already at least five of those who went out from these halls last year have paid the full tribute of their patriotism, and scores of others are in hospitals and we know not where; but we know that their service is a hundred per cent., as yours will be.

"As the president said, we congratulate you. Yours is the opportunity of all times; and we not only congratulate you, but in behalf of this institution we pledge to this Government all its resources; and we back that with its history and its honored traditions. We bid you Godspeed."

Mr. Demarchus C. Brown:

"I deem it a great honor, gentlemen, to stand in the presence of young men, to face the youth who are so ready to do the work of the world. And youth is a wonderful thing. We think of its joy and its vitality, of its willingness to play, of its willingness to work, of the fact that it is the beginning of things; and so we deem it a great honor to stand in the presence of young men, and of young women, too, willing to give their service to the country. We honor your fidelity. We honor your willingness to go into life's tremendous struggle. But now comes a different call from anything you have ever had before. You are not now called to the ordinary duties of life, but to serious training, training that will lead you to face death and to face it rightly, and we have no doubt that you will.

"You know we always look upon the Government as something to help us, as the means of our protection, as our security, as something that brings happiness, joy, and content; and right that is, because that is our idea of government. But now comes the reverse. The Government says, 'I want you to give that up; I want you to come and help.' And why is this? What is the reason that we are now turning about face, and are going ourselves into this serious work? It is because conditions have changed; because this protector of yours has been attacked when about its peaceful duties; because the lives of your friends, of your fathers and mothers, if at sea, have not been in safety; because the Government has tried to keep a fair neutrality and has failed because of the ruthlessness of others. These are the reasons that the conditions are now changed. Another reason is that a foreign government, through its officials, has planned against our security. It is not worth while to mention the fact that the German Foreign Secretary laid plans for an attack upon this country through Mexico. It is not worth while to comment seriously now upon the fact that the Ambassador of Germany, while in our own land, supposedly an officer of peace, was

planning against our own safety. These are the reasons now why the reverse has come about, and it is your business and my business, and the business of all of us, to help to the very best of our ability, if necessary to lay down our lives.

"These, I maintain, young men, are good reasons why you should stand here in the presence of the flag and in the presence of these Government officers and take the mighty oath that you have taken. It is a great thing to think that you are now, soon possibly, so far as we know, to go to the battle front. We read in history of the Crusade to preserve the Holy Land, but what sort of a crusade is this? Not merely to preserve the land of Palestine. Not merely to preserve in a great way a small section of land, of territory in Asia. But to protect the ideal of the Holy Land, the ideal of justice, which is far greater than the other. To protect women and children who have been ruthlessly slaughtered. To protect the great ideas of justice which we all love so deeply and so profoundly. What a mighty crusade that is. How many hundreds and thousands are willing to cross the mighty ocean that these ideals may be preserved. In such a crusade you and a good portion of the youth of this land and of this community are ready to go at once to preserve these ideals, and I have therefore only a few words to say.

"I take off my hat to you. I salute you on all occasions. We rejoice in your vigor, we rejoice in your vitality, we rejoice in your glorious youth, and we salute you here on this campus. We deem it a mighty honor that we can stand uncovered, not merely before this flag, but uncovered in your presence, because in you are tied up our feelings of patriotism; in you are bound up our love; in you are bound up our honor; and in behalf of this community, in behalf of this college, in behalf of these people standing here I rejoice, and I salute you with all honor."

Judge James A. Collins:

"President Howe, members of the faculty, and officers and members of the Students' Army Training Corps, soldiers of the great republic in the world, I greet you.

"Mr. Hilton U. Brown and Professor Brown have both presented to you the thought of the wonderful transformation that comes to this collegiate institution in the thing that is making history to-day,

the establishment in more than five hundred colleges of these students' training corps. That transformation has come about because of the tremendous struggle that is now going on across the sea.

"When the Hague Peace Conference met a few years ago, representing as it did the most advanced thought of civilization, it set up a new standard; and it seemed as though all disputes and difficulties between nations, as those between individuals, would be settled in courts of arbitration, and the blood of men would never flow again on the field of battle. Nineteen fourteen saw the dreams and hopes of civilization blasted by Germany's declaration of war. Like a bolt of lightning from a clear sky, that evil empire turned loose the dogs of war and all Europe staggered.

"We were a lawful country and a peaceable country. We had no part in their disputes or differences. It was a matter of utter indifference to us who sat upon the throne of Servia. We believed, and we had a right to believe, that Germany could not and would not involve us in this struggle. Optimistic and satisfied, we proceeded on the even tenor of our way. Great was our surprise, however, when we learned that the ocean, the mighty highway of the world, was to be made the battlefield for the submarine. Accepted as an idle threat, it proved a stern reality when the cable flashed its awful message that the *Lusitania* had been sunk to the bottom by the German pirates of the sea; and the awful toll of women and children sent to their death without warning and without opportunity to escape shocked the civilized world. From that moment it became our war. Diplomacy and the fine arts of the diplomat could never right that wrong. The voices of those dear dead were stilled forever, and their tears mingled with the waters of the sea, but their spirits cried aloud for revenge against that inhuman monster, the outlaw of the ages. War was inevitable. No nation, however peaceful and loving, could avoid a conflict that involved its own existence.

"Beginning with the rape of Belgium, Germany has written the bloodiest chapters in all history; and if the mind could conceive of a combination of all the cruelties of all the rulers of all the kingdoms, ancient and modern, the terrible savagery of the Indian, the ferocity of the South Sea Islander, the atrocities of the unspeakable

Turk and the savage Zulu, we would have then some conception of what the Hohenzollern family means by war. Waging war under a code that they substituted for the legalized measures of warfare, rape, murder, plunder, and arson followed in the wake of her victorious troops. Waging war under a code that assaulted little children and wounded the tender babe at its mother's breast, that assaulted and murdered the aged and infirm, that plundered churches and gassed hospitals, that wantonly destroyed everything and left everything a waste; a code that crippled and deformed and blinded its victims; a code so complete in its comprehension of barbarism and murder that his satanic majesty must have blushed for shame. And right then we were forced to meet this titanic struggle; and in defending our own right we shall fight for the things that stand for pure democracy, for the right of all people to have a voice in their own government, for the right and liberty of all nations to do the things which may achieve a just and lasting peace among ourselves and all nations.

"As President Wilson has well said, to such a task we can dedicate our lives and our fortunes, everything that we are and everything that we have, with pride in the knowledge that the day has come when America is privileged to spend her blood and her might for the principles that gave her birth and happiness and a peace which she has treasured. God helping her, she can do no other. The cruel barbarism of this gigantic struggle is the destruction of human liberty and the restoration in the conquered territory of the ancient paganism of the Hun. At this very hour every single town and province under the dominion of the German armies is controlled, and under her terms of peace will be controlled forever, by Germany. Should she emerge from this struggle carrying out this plan and dream of hers of a Mitteleuropa, Belgium, Poland, Russia, Roumania, and Servia, controlling as she does one million one hundred and twenty-one thousand square miles of territory, with one hundred and eighty-seven millions of people under the sway of her brutal policy of force, the hopes of democracy would be blasted for centuries to come. The only way to save the world from the menace of Prussian aggression, to make democracy safe, is to win the war; and America is going to win the war. Upon the shoulders of

our citizenship is now placed the burden of the struggle and we have to assume it firmly, believing that with the aid of Almighty God democracy will have a new birth of freedom that will sweep from every throne every titled tyrant in Europe.

"Our entrance into this mighty struggle has brought to desolated Europe hope and inspiration. In the rising tide of democracy the allied nations see the radiant dawn of a new day dispelling the clouds of hate and revenge, and shedding the sunlight of civilization and Christianity for the social regeneration of mankind throughout the world.

"Gigantic as the task is, America will never be found wanting. Our angels of mercy with the badge of the Red Cross are to be found in every stricken town and city in Europe. We are ministering to the wants of the unfortunate and teaching the immortal lesson that no man liveth to himself alone. Our treasure is being poured out to the sick and wounded and is providing food for the hungry and clothing for the naked. Humanitarianism has ever been a cardinal principle of democracy, and in this colossal struggle between autocracy and democracy, between Christianity and German 'Kultur,' there must be no failure on our part. The success of the German armies would erase from history the scroll of Bunker Hill, Valley Forge, and Gettysburg. Aye, it would wipe out the fame of Washington and Lincoln; and more than that, my friends, it would make the Lord's Prayer idle rhetoric, Gethsemane a farce, and Calvary a grim mockery. This nation of a hundred millions of people, with a wealth of two hundred and fifty billions of dollars, will not fail the world in this hour of need, nor will she permit the change of a single line of her glorious history. Who will say that the stars and stripes will not yet gild the horizon of the new century, and spread throughout a war-cursed and war-ridden Europe the spirit of human liberty.

"'Your flag and my flag!
And how it flies to-day
In your land and my land
And half a world away.'

"At this very hour our gallant boys 'over there,' under the leadership of Pershing and Bundy, are breaking the Hindenburg line and driving the Germans back over the line, and no power will stop them until they have planted the stars and stripes on the imperial palace in Berlin.

"Oh, my young friends, this is a glorious privilege of yours, a glorious privilege for democracy; and as you and I read the magnificent history of the Anglo-Saxon race, the marvelous achievement of democracy, and we recognize the glorious triumph of twenty centuries of the Gospel of Pity and Love, we are right in believing that the victory will not be to the Napoleons of the world, but to the men of brotherhood and peace. We see a militant Christianity leading the vanguard of the nations

" 'Till the war-drum throb'd no longer, and the battle flags were furl'd

In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.' "

The Chapel Talk on Opening Day

BY PRESIDENT THOMAS CARR HOWE

I want to say a few words to you this morning about college life. I congratulate you most sincerely upon having chosen to be in college. I congratulate you upon a world situation that makes it necessary for a cry for help to go out from the heads of the nations to all of the young folks throughout the length and breadth of the world to concentrate their thoughts and their life activities upon the higher values, upon the highest possible ideals that prevail among their respective peoples. Some of these peoples may of course be mistaken, as we are quite sure they are; but I congratulate you upon the fact that the President of the United States and all of those in authority—governors, cabinet ministers—all alike—have called upon you that you should rally your forces in this unparalleled emergency to the support of the great republic. I am very

proud that I am spared to be here to-day in this world to witness this thing and to see how you, children of ours and of our fellows, are not deaf to the cry that goes out, that you see clearly, and that you are willing to consecrate your lives to a great ideal.

I have tried to think of what I ought to say to you as college students, most of you to-day for the first time, and my mind has run back—you will pardon me for this bit of personal reminiscence—to the day, now thirty-four years ago, when I first set foot on these beloved grounds; how I as a boy just out of high school and by no means equipped as you all are, coming from your splendid schools of these days—how I came here with fear and trembling, seeking for something called an education, the meaning of which I did not know, but somehow I had been told that I ought to seek training to get ready to do something in the world. And I have tried to-day to think what it would have been that might have helped me most just then. Perhaps you are different from what I was. I shall take a chance, however, that human beings are more or less alike the world over, or at least we in America are more or less alike the nation over. We are brought up more or less alike, barring of course some outstanding differences; but in the main we are a good deal alike and we go through the same course, and I take it we have somewhat the same aspirations, the same fears and tremblings. I felt timid, but at least I put on a bold front and sustained myself as best I could, and I am thinking that many of you this morning have the same feeling—and I want to help the boy or the girl who needs help. If any one does not need the help that I can offer, I hope you may find it elsewhere. But I am thinking some of you may be at sea somewhat, and I want first of all to bring you this message—be of good cheer; do not be downcast; do not be discouraged. You have this great advantage I think over some of us who are older, that you have a somewhat more definite course marked out for you than we had. There was in those days no great crisis confronting this nation of ours. To-day we as a nation have just one thing to do, and that is to win the war; to win the war because it is necessary; to win the war, as was said yesterday, because we must do so if this nation is to continue under the liberties and blessings we have known and have grown to appreciate. And yet, with all those

things, with the fact that many of you young men are entering college and the service of the nation at the same time, and that is a fine thing, I suspect there may come times—not right now, but perhaps before long—when you will have doubts and discouragements. Again I say, we are not different from others; others have passed through like times. Take that young man there [pointing to the portrait of Joe Gordon] who spent his life in the struggle of 1861-'65. Those fellows went out from these halls and other colleges without the kind of preparation and training you are going to have for service when you go. You are going under much different conditions—and better conditions. So I want to urge you, be not at any time discouraged or cast down, for there is a good God who is ruling this world and who in His mysterious way is going to perform His wonders and cause righteousness, with your help, to prevail.

This is the first thing that I would have you keep in mind—do not be discouraged or cast down in any way; do not in any way lose your self-respect; put a high value on your life. In time of war we think it is a period of destruction. I wonder if any of you read an estimate made a few days ago in connection with the discussion of this great Fourth Liberty Loan, of the great expenditures which we are making in these days and have made since we entered the combat. It was shown there that the greater part of the great funds raised and expended was a great investment in increased transportation facilities, great docks and railroad systems, and numberless things that are needed in the development of this new form of civilization which we see before us to-day. All of this is by no means lost, and the many, many thousands of men, say those who are laying down their lives on the battlefields, are not losing their lives. Ah, no; thousands of these men, if they had stayed at home in humdrum peace—and I am not praising war, God forbid—but it is a solemn fact that hundreds of thousands of those men, if they had stayed at home, would have lost their lives. Some men are finding their lives to-day because of the great opportunity for high endeavor and for great investment of self—greater than has ever before happened in the history of the world. So while it is a terrible fact that it has **taken a war** to do this, it is not all a time of waste.

Your life to-day has a higher value, girls and boys, than it has ever had in the history of mankind. You are more precious to-day, and particularly you with the free, red blood of America coursing in your veins, because America must come out of this war as a leader of the world's forces; she must come out as a leader in Christian activities; she must come out as a leader in social betterment; she must come out a leader in the education of her folk; she must come out a leader in finance, as she is now. And it is to you boys and girls that the nation, and not the nation alone but the world, is looking to supply this leadership. You do not know where you are going or what you are going to become. I heard the other day of a boy whom I have not seen since he sat before me in my classes as a student in Harvard University, twenty years ago this fall. He was a good, solid, honest student. I have heard of him now and then, how he had gone from the university, after completing his course and taking his doctor's degree, to become professor in Dartmouth College. Four or five days ago one of our boys in Washington told me that this lad, now a man with gray hairs, is the private secretary of the Chief of Staff of the United States Army; he is the first one to get the news that comes across the cables of the movements of our soldiers; he makes the maps in accord with these reports and furnishes them to the General Staff and upon this they can base their calculations as to further movements of the troops.

You do not know what you will be called to do. That is a tremendously responsible place, and you are called to respect the God-given thing you contain—human life in its finest form, and here to start or to continue the best development of it so that you may fill your place, if not to-day or to-morrow, in the years that are to come.

Again an example. There is working in Washington, and there has been for years, a man whose name perhaps you know and that is about all. He was born in humble circumstances out in Missouri in an adjoining county to the general in command of the United States troops in France. These two boys have had a somewhat similar course of development, but this man in particular came to be a student in Harvard. In connection with his military work he studied law and graduated from a law school at one of the Western universities. He was particularly interested in military law, and

when the word came to raise an army in this nation—and we know now full well that you cannot send out a cry and have, as a former Secretary of State eloquently said, “a million men spring to arms” in any effective way. That does not happen in these days when war is a thing of brains. When this nation was faced with the problem of finding the troops to go into the breach and save France, bled almost white, and England, striving her utmost—how was this to be done? It was evident that the volunteer system was inadequate; there had to be a draft, although the idea was repugnant at first. But when that thing was decided this boy was ready with the information, the technical knowledge, to arrange the draft that came last year and the draft under which you fellows have registered. I refer to General Crowder. That man is one of the big men in the world to-day because he has helped by his knowledge, acquired by long, hard study and use of the midnight oil, coming forward when he was needed and giving to the entire world a superb example of efficiency that an efficient nation had not dreamed of. And he gave us a chance to keep military and civilian men together so that we do not have one class arrayed against the other. There have been no draft riots here as there were in the time of the Rebellion; there have been no disturbances worth mentioning, and that is due to the fact that there was a boy who gave himself to a particular line of study and equipped himself, and when the time and the emergency came he stepped forth and put us right. Is not that a great thing? And yet it is only one example of thousands we are seeing all about us in these days of the man who is ready. But, my young friends, that readiness does not come over night. It comes because the boy or the girl has gone through the schools, the grade school and the high school—and you have done exceedingly well that you are as well equipped as you are—and then have been willing to go beyond that and train themselves to the utmost so that they can serve the best.

And so while I exhort you not to be discouraged and downcast, I also say respect yourselves, respect the life that is within you. Many of you just now do not appreciate the meaning of that, but remember that great issues depend often upon small matters. There have been a number of times in this war when the simple turning

of a hand would have won the war one way or another. You know the story, do you not, about the English fleet that failed to take Constantinople? If you do not you should read it. You know about the battle of the Marne and how it was won, and why in a number of instances the Germans have failed because of some insignificant circumstance, apparently, which the opposing side took advantage of. And so no one of you dares to disregard the talents that are within you. It is your duty, as never before in the lives of any of us, that you should have that self-respect that will make you insist upon, in the first place, not wasting a particle of your physical energy. Do not misunderstand me. You dare not waste a particle of your physical energy. We must win this war, and it may take that bit of energy you waste, in an idle moment, to win the war. Do you think that is putting it extremely? Oh, no, it is not; because the lack of that may make you fail when you are called to the test that will win or lose. You dare not neglect any opportunity that is given you for intellectual equipment or discipline. I wish you men and women could see all of the letters that come to us from the boys across yonder, fellows who were careless here, we thought, but who in the face of that awful crisis have grown into men, and they write back to us, "For God's sake, train yourselves. Tell the boys and girls back home to train themselves." A few days ago we had a letter from a boy who was with us last year. He has two soldier brothers over there. He wrote back and said that he was afraid I might read his letter in chapel. (I think he wanted me to read it and I am going to one of these days). And then he sent his love to a number of members of the faculty and asked me to break it gently. I have not had the time or courage to undertake the task yet. But he said, "You cannot tell the fellows back there too much about training their minds. Tell them to study hard." And he was the sort of a fellow that did not like to be told that. He went on, "If this war is over next summer when school is open, you can bet your boots I will be there."

One of the most eloquent sermons I have ever heard about that thing came from one of our boys who had been in college a comparatively short time, speaking of this being a war of brains and the need for training. He was back here a few days ago—a major

now, think of it!—and he emphasized the same thing—train your minds and equip yourselves. And while you take care of your bodies and preserve your energy and make use of every bit of opportunity you can get to study and to learn for the war and for what is coming after the war, because that will be the big time, after the war—do not forget that you owe a great debt, a great obligation to think of the spiritual side, because without that side the physical part and the intellectual part have no value; they are as nothing. So do not forget, men and women, to respect yourselves, to respect the life that is within you, and remember that it is more precious than ever before in the world—and to train yourselves in body, equip yourselves in mind, and to do all you can to train yourselves spiritually. We are just beginning to see along the horizon the first rays of the sun of a new age, and I tell you I congratulate you with all my heart that you are going forth to walk in the splendor of the noonday of the new time when that sun has more fully risen. And it will be your part, as never has it been before, to help build the nation—listen well to this—to help preserve its liberty and to see that Prussianism does not get a hold upon us, that we are in no way infected by it because we have had to meet it and fight it.

Now you have come to college to be with us, some for a long time and some for a short time. The college welcomes you, and I wish I had time—as I have not—to say the things that are in my mind of the part the college—the college which had its beginnings over there on the eastern coast of this country in 1636 when the first college was founded—how that college plant has grown and grown until it is the men who have come out from these colleges with their training who will beat down and drive back the foes of light and freedom, because it is the college men that will do the job and that are doing it. The college has a great share and must ever have a great share in the work of civilization.

My mind has gone back this morning to what the college offers to us. These words were written by a great soul long before this war began, but they are true words and perhaps some of you have not heard them so I will read them to you this morning, with the hope that you will carry a part of them with you. This is the offer of

the college to men and women: "To be at home in all lands and all ages; to count Nature a familiar acquaintance and Art an intimate friend; to gain a standard for the appreciation of the other man's work and the criticism of your own; to carry the keys of the world's library in your pocket and feel its resources behind you in whatever task you undertake; to make hosts of friends among men of your own age who are to be leaders in all walks of life; to lose yourself in generous enthusiasm and cooperate with others for common ends; to learn manners from students who are gentlemen, and form character under professors who are Christians. This is the offer of the college for the best four years of your life," and, because of the changed conditions, I add, "for whatever time you may have to spend there."

There is much in my mind that might be said, but there is one word I want to read to you, a chapter that we love better than any other chapter in any book in the world. And remember at all times, though we hear much about hate and songs of hate in these days, that after all the biggest thing in the world these days is not hate, and we are learning that fact more than ever before—it is love, and so I want to read to you, in concluding these remarks, this chapter, which is the finest thing that has ever been written or spoken about it, so far as we know, by any man:

"Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not love, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal.

"And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not love, I am nothing.

"And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not love, it profiteth me nothing.

"Love suffereth long and is kind; love envieth not; love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up,

"Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil;

"Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth;

"Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

"Love never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.

"For we know in part, and we prophesy in part.

"But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

"When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things.

"For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face; now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.

"And now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; but the greatest of these is love."

Fog

By P. W. W., '14.

First experiences in the air are still unusual enough to have a romantic touch for the popular mind. Although much of what has been written about aviation has been overdone, in an effort to increase the already too obvious halo of sentimental adulation, the fact remains that a novice in the flying game does get peculiar thrills. He gets these thrills in a way not possible to him later, when he has become habituated to his ship. The first flight, the first solo, his first loop and Immelmann—perhaps these are more exciting than any subsequent formation work or night flying. Knowledge takes the wonder away, and flying is too obviously a technical job which has to be done for any one to remain permanently sentimental about it. Even the high diver at a circus comes to lead a prosaic enough life; though he may not have candor enough to admit it! But he can't deny an occasional thrill; neither can an aviator.

One of the most interesting of my experiences as a flying cadet had to do with a fog. I was returning from a spot forty miles distant from the field one raw misty morning about eight o'clock. As I spiralled up from the ground I drew into a fog bank at an altitude

of two thousand feet. On the way out I had remained below this mass of cloud, mentally resolving to go above it as I returned. So up I went, nose into the mist, as the world below disappeared. Rudderless south by my compass, away from the field, I held the lubber's line on the S. It was gloomily dark, and raw vapor with a coarse edge to it stung my cheeks and choked my lungs. Water dripped from my wires, struts, and all trailing edges. I wiped my goggles repeatedly. I began, furthermore, to realize how much the flyer relies on that distant horizon when in the air; for, when I looked away from my compass, I began to circle. I could see nothing around me but a nebula of milky vapor.

After a seemingly interminable period of struggle, the mist became softer and warmer. Gray changed to white, with an almost velvety feel. Suddenly I saw, not thirty feet away from me, an enormous ball of fire. Although startled, I headed straight at my old friend; he couldn't be so terribly misplaced as he seemed! And then I wallowed through the top of the cloud.

The situation beggars description. I was level with the surface of a tossing celestial sea of billowy foam. As far as the eye could reach, nothing but cloud! My old ship drew speedily up, even as an emerging Aphrodite, and revealed to me three mountain peaks in the distance. I recognized them as the highest points in Southern California. How squat they looked! Like little islands in an uncharted ocean. Above this richly barren landscape hung a sky of Russian blue. The contrast with the world below was intoxicating. The sun warmed with a positively familiar intimacy. I felt at home, although not another living being was in sight.

The thrill overpowered me; I literally shouted with glee. My appreciation of nature had so far been heightened as to give me ecstasies. I dived down into the fog and back up into the heaven above in large "zooms." I pulled up a few hundred feet and nosed down for three sizzling loops with the power full on—even that didn't satisfy me; I did a fourth one. The experience was most novel. As I looked down from the top of the loop, the cloud below gave me the weird sensation of falling upward—into the sky. So over and over I went, watching my shadow with its rainbow halo play on the bank of foam below.

Wearying of the play I took up my course home. Near the home

field I nose-dived through the fog, out of the gorgeous upper air into the cold dank mist of the underworld. I landed with the feeling that I had experienced the classical "descent into Hades"!

Compulsory Training

BY LIEUTENANT KENNETH VICTOR ELLIOTT, '20

Died of wounds received "on the field of honor"

The recent agitation in Butler College concerning the national crisis is an evidence of the most healthy state of mind which has existed here for years. The fact that we are considering seriously national and international affairs is a manifest that we have in our midst, not college boys and girls, but college men and women. The effect of the recent disputation upon the lethargic element of the institution is even more encouraging. It has made it think.

We Americans must realize that we are not only playing a part in a world crisis, but that we have arrived at a national crisis of our own. The supreme test of a democracy, as a practical form of government, is before us. Have all our wars been but blood-drunken orgies? Did the heroes of Valley Forge die in vain? Did Washington, Franklin, and Patrick Henry pursue a will-o'-the-wisp? We, their descendants, are called upon to confirm or repudiate them. We must prove that individual comfort in a democracy does not jeopardize national ideals.

Until recently, Europeans symbolized America with liberty, freedom, and democracy. To-day they do worse than condemn us—they pity us. Just imagine an American abroad, once regarded as an adventurous cavalier of a free and virile country, being pitied because he is an American. Will patriotic sentiment be allowed to sit neglected and despondent by a cold hearthstone? Shall we allow prestige, clad in the frayed and faded raiments of a bygone age, to pass down the dusty road to history? God grant that we shall not. Some may say that in our golden might we can ignore foreign opinion; but we cannot, for the opinions of foreign nations, which are not enemies, are "contemporaneous history."

The resolution favoring universal training, which was adopted by a large majority of the male students, is a worthy expression of Butler's stand in the present situation, but that it was opposed by an obviously sincere and thoughtful minority is regrettable. Perhaps the exact purport of the resolution was misunderstood. The resolution advocated universal training—not proscription—and there is a vast difference.

Universal training is simply an intelligent preparation for what is at our national threshold. To advocate it is but an expression of willingness materially to support our commander-in-chief, our President.

It is contended that universal training is undemocratic. It is not. Under a voluntary system do you think it democratic when an enthusiastic bricklayer trains while an effete butterfly dances? Should a struggling student learn military tactics while a corpulent capitalist practices monetary tactics? No. Universal training is essentially and absolutely democratic. It includes rich and poor, high and low. Switzerland, probably the most democratic nation in the world, has had universal training for years, and, as a result, can turn out as high a percentage of trained men as tyrannized and militaristic Germany. Australia, undoubtedly the most democratic commonwealth of any kingdom, has adopted in a modified form the Swiss system of universal training, which is neither inconvenient nor oppressive.

Therefore, let us support this resolution as a unit. You, Butler student, are no longer an irresponsible child. You are an important citizen of a great republic and you dare not shirk your duty to it. You are the beneficiary of a long and righteous rebellion, and you must keep the faith of its instigators. The nation is a seething element in a gyrating world, and you are one of its trembling atoms.

Theological students who opposed the issue, if you would gain a seat on the golden stair, prepare to help exterminate that spirit in Germany which uses the decalogue as a blotter for its treacherous notes and indulges in all the felonies of the criminal category. The gun is the most expressive commentary on the Bible.

Students of Butler, let us recall that resolution and make its adoption unanimous. Let the *esprit de corps* of Butler be liberty, loyalty, and love of country.

From Our Soldier Boys

"'Tis God's voice calls; how could I stay?"

SERGEANT B. WALLACE LEWIS, '16, Camp Funston. My civilian life is a past dream. In the short time I've been in the army I have so absorbed the military that really I *am* military to the core. The soldier is different from other people—he dresses differently, talks and acts differently, and thinks differently. The most serious economic questions bother him little; art, music, love, are a closed book with us until——.

You asked me if this was a popular war. Emphatically Yes. There are about 25,000 men here (over 75,000 have been sent out of this camp since last fall), and I believe there aren't over ten men in camp who aren't *r'arin'* to go. Our battalion is composed of volunteers entirely—rich men, college men, poor men, roughnecks, but all volunteers. Our morale is not a bit better than theirs. The spirit of this army is wonderful. For illustration:

The other day we received an order from the War Department calling eight of our men for immediate oversea duty. They all went up to the medical officer for a special final examination. When they came back we could hear them one-quarter of a mile away yelling like fiends, and running and whistling; that is, six of them. Two were turned down and one of them cried like a baby. The other was terribly downcast. Now those men (the six of them) were going at once into the nearest approach to Hell this world has ever seen. They howled for joy. You can't beat an army that offers its life with a yell of joy.

To-morrow morning our battalion (456 men) marches down to the train and embarks for an unknown destination. We only know that we are going near the Gulf. Three months will see us at the latest among the men of the American Expeditionary Force, General Pershing in command. By the time you receive this, we will be way down South, God knows where—we don't care. Uncle Sam takes care of his sons.

I have had the good fortune to be made a corporal. One hundred

seventy-five volunteers entered the battalion at the same time I did. Six were made first-class privates and I was made a corporal. I feel a little pride in the achievement, in that promotions are few and far between in the Signal Corps. We have college men in our company who have been here since November and are still privates.

I could tell you all about camp life, if I had a ream of paper and a month of time. It is intensely interesting and healthy. I have gained eight pounds, can hike with the best of them, can eat like a hog, and can sleep like a log. There's nothing like the army as a physical developer.

There is one great problem worrying the army. We know we are all right, that we are in this thing to the bitter end. What we are afraid of is that the civilian population will wear out, will tire of the war before we get it won. We are afraid the American people haven't the nerve stamina for a long war—and it will be a long war. They may tire of eating fish and cornbread, of wearing old clothes and buying Liberty Bonds. They may feel that they are called on for too great sacrifices. We are offering our lives gladly. If they are as game as we are, there is no question of the ultimate result. Without their cooperation the thing will fall through with ingloriously.

I wouldn't trade this uniform and the chevrons on it for anything in the world. It is a rare privilege to be one small cog in Uncle Sam's citizen army. I hope I come back; but, if worst comes to worst, I'm game.

Camp Stanley, Texas—It is with pleasure I accept your congratulations for my trifling achievement. However, I am about as far as I shall ever get in this branch of the service. The Signal Corps, especially the radio end of it, in which I am, is notoriously hard to get anywhere in, as the work is extremely technical and demands electrical engineering ability of a high degree. Besides, only the superman and the fool for luck ever rise from the ranks to a commission. I wouldn't want to be picked for a commission, because that would necessitate going to a training camp for at least three months and I don't want to waste that amount of time from active service. No, a sergeant's warrant is as high as I aspire. The sergeant is the most important man in the whole army, after the generals. He is the

connecting link between the officers who plan and the men who do. He is one of the men and his influence is greater than any officer's. If hard work will get me there, I will wear the three chevrons before the war is over. * * *

Now to be serious. I think President Wilson has finally waked up, and is doing his best for the country, which is some best, too. I noted the appointment of the men you named with pleasure. However, with all your respect and admiration for the big business man and his genius for organization, don't overlook the fact that the fighting man is after all the man who will lick Germany. His is the opportunity for the great sacrifice. It is he who bears the brunt of Germany's hate. * * * Never in my life did I see a single man animated with half the seriousness and nobility of purpose that characterized *every* man in the whole army. Never since I entered the service have I seen a single trace of heroics or grand-stand playing. It is every man for the good of the whole, whatever may happen to himself. We sometimes talk about what is coming to us, though not very often. There is no bombast or boast in any one, simply a quiet determination to do one's duty. I believe every man in our organization is already a hero. There isn't a man in the company who wouldn't follow our captain through hell. That is the quiet and unconscious effect of the wonderful discipline of this army. Army discipline is the greatest moulder of character in the world. It is better than a college education. When I first came here the thought of subjecting my body and soul without recourse to the directions of my superior officers was repulsive to me. I was an extreme individualist. Then I saw the light. It is only by submitting without question to my superiors that I achieve the greatest individuality. By conforming to discipline I reach the greatest ability to be of service. My power for good is increased by the giving up of my own direction of myself. And the peculiar thing is that after a time the conformity to discipline becomes a pleasure. The same thing is true of every man in the company. Being a volunteer company, we have men from all walks of life. We have boys who left college to come to war, who left even high school. We have business men who gave up profitable businesses of their own. We have sons of the rich and of the poor. We have men from nineteen different States. All this

in a company of sixty-two men. Now there is no distinction between them. The son of the woman who washed for the family of the rich man is now a sergeant over the scion of the wealthy house, who, a private, scrubs the kitchen floor. Funny! When the war is over, the army is going to turn over to civil life thousands of the finest citizens in the world: men who have known what it is to sacrifice for another; men who have been taught by the school of hard experience to give the other fellow first consideration. The rejuvenation of America will come. Business and politics both will be purified, because these men can't stand the taint of crookedness. They will have lived under conditions where such things would mean death to themselves and their comrades. They will have been taught by experience that the straight and narrow is the only path. Oh, I tell you, things are going to be great.

The captain and I were talking yesterday and the talk switched around to home, which it will do every time when army men talk. They can't help it. Home is the greatest place on earth. When he spoke of his mother's death his eyes filled with tears. Imagine a man in civil life allowing himself such a display of emotion. A man would feel disgraced over such a thing, because a man is not supposed to have any feelings of that sort. You know man's habitual emotional restraint. In the army things are different. We are all together, we live a simpler and closer life than civil convention would permit. Our captain is an old soldier, somewhat hardened by years of campaigning; and yet, when he spoke of his mother his eyes filled with tears. What wouldn't a fellow do for a man so strong and gentle as that? Who was it said "the bravest are the tenderest, the loving are the true," or something to that effect? I believe it now. He is a born leader of men. He is stern and absolutely just. The men's respect for him is a queer mixture of love and fear, something like a religionist's feeling for God. He has an almost foolish pride in his men. We have in him. The most peaceful man in the company would fight his own brother, if he spoke ill of our "skipper." The captain would lick the colonel if he intimated that our company could be improved upon. Honestly, now, can such an army be beaten?

I am writing this while on duty, in the intervals when not busy;

so it is probably incoherent, disconnected, trite, tautologous, verbose, ununified, wordy, dry, stale, and what not. That, however, will not be accepted as an excuse for you to do any less than your best in reply. Write me another good old Butleresque dissertation.

CORPORAL WILLIAM E. HACKER, '16: We've been *over the top*. We were relieved yesterday after several days' action, and on one of these days, or rather nights, we led off an attack in cooperation with the tanks and went "over the top." We helped start the Huns on the run, and they're still running. French cavalry started after them after the units with which we were working were given relief, so it's said, rode at a gallop for twelve kilometers before they found the dirty Huns. I can't begin to describe it all; it's too big a story—too cruel, too full of pathos, suffering, wonder, thrills, bravery, sacrifice, horror. Yet it's a nightly experience, one that calls for every fibre of manhood that's in a man, and shows up every atom of cowardice. We came out of that attack with fewer men than we went in with, who, though tired, hungry, torn, and dirty, were unbroken in spirit. One would hardly imagine a man could be calm under such circumstances, but he is—at least that was my experience. Fears of death are dispelled and, somehow or other, dogged determination to see it through or die in the attempt takes the place of everything.

I've lived a thousand years in the last few days. I've seen enough already to repay me for my several months of training and all. One can't realize what a vast machine this military business is. The roads, which by the way are all wonderfully good, except for occasional holes, are busy with continuous streams, one moving each way, every minute of the day and night—ammunition trains, ambulances, troops, supply wagons. The villages through this sector are mostly ruins, the fields blotched with shell holes, every hill with a series of dugouts or trenches, the ground yellow in many places where the dreaded mustard or yellow cross gas shells have struck. But we don't call it "No-Man's Land" any more. It's France, and France it will be, for the Germans are meeting their Waterloo now. They hate the Americans worst of all. They call us "hell dogs," and it's the Americans, more than any, they're scared of. I think

the Yanks have put some pep in the "Blue Devils," the French, for they are fighting as they never fought before. Their most common greeting for the Americans is "Boche Finis"—the Germans are being finished—and we believe they are. You might believe this as strongly as we do if you would see some of the prisoners, how starved and poorly dressed they look, how glad they are to be prisoners and get good meals and rest. They are crying "Kamerad" by the hundreds, their hands thrown up as the Americans advance on them. Then, if you had seen German women among these prisoners who had been chained to machine guns and forced to fight, or boys thirteen or fourteen years old, and old men, you might think, too, it's "Boche Finis."

But the Boches are still in the game and they're still putting up a deuce of a lot of fighting. The Americans don't mind the beggars in a hand-to-hand clash—they're easy pickin' then, but they do dread their big artillery barrages and their gas. I had the pleasure of wading through several of these barrages, jumping from shell hole to shell hole, and I got a taste of their gas, but not enough to affect me. I got mustard gas on my clothes, and had to cut most of my pants away to keep it from soaking through and burning my skin. I thought of every mean thing I ever did in my life during these few days, and repeated over, time and again, "The sins ye have committed two by two ye shall pay for one by one."

Well, I've written more than the censor will ever let by now, although I don't feel as if I have said a thing. Give my regards to all my friends.

RALPH WILSON (son of Omar Wilson, '87): Being with a bunch of casuals, I have moved about over England and France quite a bit more than if I had come with my old division. I wish I could tell you of some of the towns I was in, but I can say hardly anything, you know. Have been in action under artillery and machine-gun fire. We have respect for the Germans' barrage and machine-gun fire, but not for their fighting ability in hand-to-hand encounter. They cannot stand the bayonet well. They are tricky, but they "go some" when they slip it over an American. We don't take any prisoners unless we positively must. A dead German is the only good

one. I have seen young boys among their dead. They have to chain lots of them to their guns, and occasionally we find women fighting along with the men.

We are doing the attacking, and yet, if you count the dead, you can see how much better soldiers we are. In places where they fell back fast, we would find one dead American and about fifteen dead Huns. One of us is good for at least three of the enemy.

If you follow the news reports of the big drive, you may read of some of the battles our division figured in. Have been lucky so far and am still in good health. Have never worked so hard before. I am in Company A, 110th Infantry, 28th Division, A. E. F. * * *

I could not get writing paper, so I tore these sheets out of an old book I found in a farmhouse. I am still in active service and have not yet been wounded. I am just awfully lucky; have had big shells fall around me, have been sniped at, have gone "over the top," and have done all there is to do—about. Have never worked so hard under all kinds of conditions in my life, but I still am in pretty good physical condition. I have seen strong men lose their nerve because of being under shell fire so long and in a continual worry. But I have not lost mine and don't think I will. I always stop and reason it out and am as I always was.

I did get homesick for the first time; I guess, maybe, it was what I have been through. I won't tell you what that was, for a good soldier is not supposed to complain over hardships. But I would just have given anything if I could have been back on the old place once more eating fruit,—a longing one gets now and then that can't be explained. I just got to wondering how everything looked, and how all the work was coming on, and what you both were doing, and when I would get back, and how things would be. I tried not to think too much about it, but I couldn't help thinking how much I really did want to be back for a while, anyhow.

We are never allowed to build fires on account of the aircraft seeing them, so we sleep in the rain and the mud, while we cuss and wish and do the best we can. Now I can go to sleep under shell fire nearly as well as on a quiet night. You can dream here of all the good times gone and of fine dinners back in camp and of all kinds of good things. But most of our work and moving is done

at night, so those dreams are generally cut short by a kick from some sergeant, who orders you to fall in within five minutes for detail or march or any kind of work that you don't like.

I think our outfit will be going back before long, as we have only three lieutenants left, and not nearly enough men for work. The 28th Division has been hit pretty hard.

I was in a picked bunch of forty from the regiment to do patrol duty in "No-Man's Land." I shot a German machine gunner with my pistol. We ran into each other in the dark. I have been in several close-up fights, where it was so smoky and dark we could not see, fighting hand-to-hand and using automatics and hand grenades. Somewhat exciting? I have had all the excitement I want now,—believe me. I have some money I took from the first boche I was absolutely certain I had killed alone; have helped to get a good many. I have a watch I took from a German that a fellow named Brown and I captured when a patrol of eighteen of us went out one night to get information. I hope I'll still be as lucky as I have been, for narrow escapes are so common here that it isn't worth while to mention them.

I think the United States will give Germany enough when we get into full swing. I should like to tell you of our fighting and our life, but you have read all about it anyhow. It is just as the book and magazine writers say, only maybe not so interesting.

It takes nearly as much "guts" to stick a boche on his knees howling "Merci, Kamerad!" as to stick one coming at you. I regard a German as an animal to be hunted and killed. They are not so human as our own men,—anyway I won't think so.

In the daytime in the front line, about all there is to do is to fight flies and smoke. You cannot imagine how bad the flies are with so much dead stuff about. I smoke quite a little. The government furnishes the tobacco. I think it does one more good than harm here, but I never cared anything about the weed until I got here where everybody uses it so much. I do not yet like coffee, but sometimes we get good wine and cognac.

CORPORAL EDWARD S. WAGONER, '20: I have just returned from the evening services at the Y. Heard a talk by a private, one of

the doughboys. It is the second talk I have heard from the doughboys here, and both talks have impressed more than any other I have heard since we've been at the front. The beauty about them is that they can't hand out a word that they are not sincere in, for their audience is the men they live with twenty-four hours a day and they would be mobbed for hypocrisy if they were not sincere.

The first fellow I heard was a small, cross-eyed young man who showed all signs of having bucked the most stubborn battle that the game of life offers. His voice was slightly more audible than a loud whisper. Dave Brown—his name alone gives the picture. He had no wonderful command of the Bible, but what he knew he knew, and is making a brave attempt to live up to it. A tear dimmed the eye of almost every fellow throughout the talk. This is sufficient proof of his sincerity.

The talk to-night was better, was given by one who seems to have had more of a chance in life. It was just as impressive, perhaps for the same reason.

These fellows, and there are many more of them, are doing an invaluable good to us all. We are rapidly coming to realize that this war has been brought not upon us, but upon the people of the world, wholly through our sins. It is a war of incalculable manpower, in which God is going to win a distinct victory. This fact is the thing that is bringing us to our senses. This is why there is such a noticeable change in the American young men, especially those over here. The lesson is becoming exceedingly practical. We are learning rapidly that a victory against sin is a far greater step toward home and final peace than the taking of the helmets of a hundred Boches.

I am sure we will win a big victory because it has been shown that our principles are by far cleaner than our enemy's; but the great victory is going to be God's over mankind. The great element which is uncovering this valuable fact is the Y. M. C. A. It is the Association which rounds up such as I have heard, and they are the means of spreading its influence.

I hope that in a few days we will be helping in the big war. It will be our golden opportunity and I think we'll show up well. At least we are seasoned and all are anxious to go.

[Edward's wish was realized. He did "help in the big war." After weeks in a base hospital the following letter was sent to a friend.]

I have been lying here all afternoon trying to think of something to write that might be of interest to you. I could tell you how that "210 H. E." shell accidentally found my hiding place, but you have probably heard that a dozen times already. And I might tell you of the fine vacation I have had since then in the hospitals with the nurses, and riding around France on a hospital train, but all this stuff is secondary to the fun we are having. At the time I left the gang we were chasing those Dutch scoundrels so fast that we couldn't keep up with them. One evening, after we had advanced all day, we asked some fellows along the road where the front was. "It was about a mile up the road from here this morning, but I don't know how far it is now," was the reply. Well, it took us three days to get there, and they weren't nearly finished when I left. I'm going to get back in time to help run 'em some more.

Got six *Collegians* and an *Alumna Quarterly* in the last mail. The Biology Club's play seems to have been the hit of the year. Hope to have a chance to see it over here.

There are several Sigs here, three in this hospital unit, a couple of surgeons and another patient; so, you see, I'm not lonely.

Fritz [his brother] was here to see me last Sunday all dolled up in officer's togs.

[There are of the alumni who remember Howard Cale, that fair-minded, loyal, honorable gentleman of the class of 1866. Mr. Cale loved his Alma Mater and served her long as valued trustee. For this reason we copy from *The Indianapolis News* of July 20 the following letter from his son Harrison.]

I am in a hospital in Paris suffering from mustard gas poisoning. I was severely burned in the eyes, lungs, and on the body. I was blind for four days, but was able to read newspaper print to-day. My body is a bright pink, but the burns were not deep. I was in the gas for an hour at the point where it was thickest, so as to the condition of my lungs no one can tell. This gas poisoning is a

peculiar thing. One might be apparently well, and dead the next minute or live a long, long time. Any way, I am out of the war for a long time.

Henry J. Allen, of the Red Cross, came to see me as soon as I got here and they have done everything that could be done to make me comfortable. I am walking over to the mess hall now, about a hundred yards away, and able to get around quite a bit, but I have to watch constantly not to overdo myself.

We met the Crown Prince's First Division of Saxons, the famous Prussian Guard. We halted them in our way to the front. It looked like the evacuation of Belgium in 1914. Every one was moving pell-mell out of the way of the German horde. My company was in the thickest part of it all, as we held the center of the line all during the fighting that ensued during the next fifteen days and nights. We captured the town of Bussares. I was the twentieth man on the place.

We marched down over fields into the Prussian machine guns and took them with our hands. I was in the center of the big field when eight out of my twelve men were killed by machine-gun fire. I got up, and with the remaining three, ran one hundred yards across the open to a woods, with five machine guns shooting at us and not one of us was hit. Bullets cut my clothing in the front and on my back. We gave the Huns an awful beating, destroyed three divisions and put an awful crimp in their drive on Paris. A few days ago we moved forward to attack the Huns.

We have won the regimental honor and my regiment is now entitled to wear the cord around the left arm. General Pershing gave us the fourth citation for bravery. I went through it all and was never struck by a bullet or a piece of shrapnel.

During the barrage the Germans dropped 40,000 gas shells on us. It lasted from darkness to daylight. We were in a woods and dug in the ground in little holes, 2x6 and 2x3 feet deep. The entire woods were blasted down. We, for the most part, took refuge in a road, but it was mighty little in the way of protection. June 2 stopped the drive on Paris. June 7 captured Bussares and defeated the Crown Prince's finest body of troops. June 14 wiped out by mustard gas. This is a record that will go down in history of the Marine Corps as the greatest feat ever performed by a single unit.

[Copied from George H. Seldes, Special Correspondent with American Troops in France. Lieutenant (now Major) Bonham is our Carlos W. Bonham, ex-'17.]

With the American Army, Marne Front, July 18.—“You’re in luck,” said Lieutenant Bonham. “We’ve just killed our pet rabbit.”

He led the way down the path and around the shell holes, past two or three houses which had been poked through by two-hundred-pounders, and into another deserted dwelling which was now the mess hall of the unit.

We were in luck. We had a table and real chairs, not old shell crates, china on the table, spoons, at least one for every three diners, and enough forks to go around. We had roses on the table, sticking out of empty cases of 75’s. On the walls were pictures, a large lithograph of the battle of the Marne, Papa Joffre in colors, the virgin holding the child, a crucifix, and a crayon drawing, subject unknown, probably the finest effort of the youngest of the family.

Everything had been left to this battery by the civilian French who had fled when the Germans advanced toward Chateau Thierry. Including the pet rabbits. Our infantry and our artillery had met first the fleeing peasants, then the looting Germans, and now they were replacing the farmer and his wife, and the children who toil, fighting to give their homes and their acres back to them.

“We’ve got company,” announced the lieutenant as we entered. “It’s lucky we kept the rabbit until to-day, isn’t it?”

From the next room came a grunt. We looked in. The floor had been covered with about a foot of hay, fresh mown hay from the field behind the house, and over it was a blanket, and on the blanket two or three officers were sleeping. They got up.

“Didn’t get any sleep last night,” said one.

“Stay out late at the club?”

“No, just had a little party—little gas and shell party,” he replied.

By this time the odor of good cooking from the kitchen was becoming strong. Out in the road we saw a lineup of men, walking to the galley for their chow. That made us hungrier.

Lieutenant C. W. Bonham, of Indianapolis, then told me about the pet rabbit. True, he said, the French family had raised it and

all its little brothers and sisters, for the purpose of eating them, but it went against the feelings of the men of the mess, all artillery officers, to kill anything that didn't have a fighting chance or a chance to run away. "Let's go in and eat," he said.

We sat down at the round table. The orderly placed the bread on a large French platter, and then produced some real fresh butter, bought at a neighboring farmhouse. Finally he appeared with the rabbit stew.

The captain insisted that I help myself first. The pot passed around the table. There were a few jests about the good friend the rabbit had been of all the officers present, and about the tears that had been shed on his departure. Every one prepared to eat.

"Kerrrrrr—boom."

Up the street was an explosion.

"Kerrrrrr—boom."

Up the hill to our right was an explosion.

From up the street came the sounds of shouting and scurrying feet.

From the hillside came the sounds of groaning horses and beating hoofs.

"Sssssst—boom."

A little nearer this time.

"Gas masks—get your masks on!" some one called out.

As this was one of the usual messes in France at which the etiquette of the day calls for a mask slung over the shoulder, we soon had them ready. Then out we went, officers and orderly and cook, out into the road, and into a hilly wheat field.

The Germans continued their messtime hate for half an hour. They threw shells into the village, into the echelon line, where several horses were killed and others stampeded, into the highway and, farther away, they sought to hit our guns. There was nothing for us to do but wait.

Lieutenant C. M. Maclean, of Savannah, Georgia, told me how, during the attack on this sector, his battery came riding up from the Paris road until it reached the position it was to take. The guns were turned around. The men brought up shells.

"Three minutes after our arrival," said Lieutenant Maclean, "we

had a perfect barrage over the boche. One of their prisoners afterward asked one of our men whether it was true that the French or Americans had invented an automatic 75."

Lieutenant Bonham told me about his dugout in the artillery line. "We had a German shell come plump into it night before last," he said. "Big shell, too. But it didn't explode. Lucky dud; that's why three of us are alive to-day."

"Luck?" said Lieutenant Maclean. "Why, look at this." He held up the back wing of his coat and showed me the holes in it, three or four jagged rents about an inch long each.

"Got those last night," he said, "sleeping out on the hill. The boche bombarded us, just as he is doing now, and we all went up there to sleep. I brought this coat along and spread it out near me, within finger distance if I felt too cold. Along came some shrapnel, and did this, but didn't touch me."

"Yes, they say it's healthy to sleep under the stars," said Lieutenant Bonham. "As for me, I've got a 'to let' sign on my artillery dugout."

We spent the half-hour in this manner. Nobody seemed to mind the shelling of the village. Finally it ended.

We tramped back to the farmhouse and entered the dining room. At once every one thought of the rabbit stew, cold and unappetizing on the table and untouched.

The captain called for the orderly. There was no reply. A moment later, however, he entered. In his hand he had a piece of shell.

"Burst in the back yard, sir," he said, "and threw dirt all over the roses."

"Dig out those two cans of California pineapple we've been saving for a grand occasion," said the captain. "I'm hungry."

The rabbit stew was eaten cold. The pineapple followed, and every one had two or three cups of hot coffee. They told me afterward this was their first real meal after five days of hardtack and "monkey meat"—the South African dried beef which the French had supplied.

"We'll be glad to have you come around and mess with the artillery any time," Lieutenant Bonham said in parting, "but we can't always promise a meal as good as this. There was only one pet rabbit, you know."

HILTON U. BROWN, JR., ex-'19: Recent developments have caused me to delay the finishing of this letter, and since I left off I have had some great experiences. I came as near being killed as I ever will come if I am in war a hundred years. I was mounted on a horse last night, about 9 o'clock, preparing to go on a little expedition, when all of a sudden a shell burst directly under my horse. I did not know what happened until fifteen minutes later, when I awoke, suffering from fright more than anything else, and was told what happened. My horse was literally disemboweled, a fragment going entirely through him, and only stopping when it struck the steel saddletree. I am none the worse for it, not even shell shock, but the horse was my own, a great friend of mine, and I feel as if I had lost a close companion.

If the shell had burst ten feet away I undoubtedly would have been torn to pieces by fragments, or shocked insane. But the faithful old brute saved my life. I have thought a good many times to-day of the experience and I want to tell you that I have prayed to God several times, thanking Him for His mercy.

This story sounds rather "fishy," doesn't it? But while I know of no other escapes any more miraculous, one happened in my company to-day. A shell came into a trench in which two of my men were observing, but it failed to explode. If it had, we would never have known what became of them. But God was with us and not "Gott mit uns." I might say that only about one-twentieth of 1 per cent. of the shells fired fail to function.

"I am inclosing a picture post card which I took from a German prisoner. They are not allowed to keep things of this character and usually they make good souvenirs for us. Our men are from every State in the Union and many foreign countries and I have not as yet run across any from home except a reserve officer. I have many good wishes for the continued success and future of old Butler and may her sons distinguish themselves so as to do credit to her name.

Last night the Germans gassed us and gas is the most terrible thing a soldier has to deal with. We think we are pretty well trained in gas defense, which we are, but Fritz pulled a new one on us. Heretofore, gas has been sent over in regular gas shells, which do not make much of an explosion and which can readily be told from high

explosives. But this new one is to combine gas with high explosive and he caught us unaware. Every time I get around gas I am more afraid of the devilish stuff. Ask any soldier whether he would rather be shelled or gassed and he will invariably tell you, "Give me shell, any time."

You can't appreciate its dastardly work until you see some of its victims, and then your blood boils within you and your animal or brute instinct arises, and you think of what you would like to do to every squarehead this side of hell. Only a while ago I put this proposition up to one of my officers: If we should be victorious and succeed in bringing Germany to her knees, would it not be justice to torture every boche and finally kill him, and then, after stamping out everything that savors of German kultur, to divide the country up among several different nations?

Of course this would be justice to them, all right, but it would defeat the purpose and ideal for which we are fighting. It is only a sample of my thoughts, brought on by their hellish warfare, but I tell it to you to let you know what I think of them.

Probably the censor will delete most of this, but I want to appeal to you as an American patriot to do all in your power to hurry the people along. It seems that they have been lagging, in a measure. Do you realize that Germany is making her final and colossal effort this summer to win? We are holding them now, but by a mighty effort, as you will know when you see the casualty lists. I tell you this is not the prattle of a pessimist or an alarmist, but a plain statement of facts.

The Americans have fought valiantly and in our sector have advanced several kilometers. They have surprised the French and brought forth much praise from every one, including General Pershing. They have to fight valiantly, because they are up against good soldiers who supplement their work by all the devices that are forbidden in civilized warfare, and it is a question of self-preservation.

I have often thought of what a godsend this war has been to our country. It has given us time to at least present an army formidable enough to make a creditable defense of our land, but I think if the French and British are defeated, what a menace this German mon-

ster will be to us. We will have been the gainers in the end if it costs us a million men. And here is one who is willing to be one of those if the Germans are completely defeated and subdued and a lasting peace is assured.

I wish you could be here long enough to see the spirit of the officers and men. They are well fed, well clothed, have all the necessities, but they are always up against great odds. You know that normally one American can whip two Germans because he has right and liberty on his side. But when they put three or more against him he would be doing the impossible to vanquish them. Perhaps ere this reaches you the lists of unfortunates will have been published.

I ask you, do you think these lists will spur the people to a greater activity? The question is really unnecessary for I know the answer. But these sacrifices are really pitiful. If we were reinforced, perhaps the lists would be normal. It might be of interest to tell you that we captured 350 prisoners to-day, but that is a mere drop in the bucket. You undoubtedly know that we are having open warfare, no longer trenches and dugouts and the like, for the line is changing every day and no one can really define its limits on the map.

LIEUTENANT JOHN PAUL RAGSDALE, ex-'12: I am sitting in my little hut just back of the lines, in delightful solitude, writing by the light of—I was about to say two candles, but one has just burnt out, so there's only one. I am quite sure that the much revered President Lincoln had nothing on the A. E. F., when it comes to candle light. When one has a lamp, he is in luxury; and as for electric lights, look out, for if the colonel finds it, he'll surely be after your billet for himself.

By this time (September 11), no doubt, college will have begun. But what a change of faces among the men! I wonder if any of the familiar names are still there. Butler has surely lived up to her traditions in the noblest manner, and one is proud to think that he may be counted as a representative of such a loyal, patriotic institution.

During the spring months, it was my great privilege to see some of the college men quite frequently. Daniels, Larsh, Whitaker, Ed

Wagoner, and I were members of many a well-remembered "Butler reunion." And of all the enjoyable times that we did have! Since June, however, we have missed these gatherings.

Variety is the spice of life. Just at this time I feel very well seasoned. Our life for several months has greatly resembled a checker-board. We have fought the Hun here; then, there; then a little period of rest to get ready for another try at him. And, I am proud to say, he has not yet been able to beat us, and from the present disposition of our officers and men—their high morale, their undaunted courage, their everlasting up-and-at-them spirit—I do not think the order of things will be changed.

And what a comfort and strength to us to know that those at home, those who are dear to us, are praying for our success, are backing us up with all their strength to the last drop, and with their goods to the last penny. And I am sure that the time is not far distant when those prayers will be answered and victory will crown the Allied arms.

Now a word about myself. I had been second in command of a machine gun company for some time, when, about two weeks ago, I was ordered into regimental headquarters as assistant adjutant. I had served in headquarters once before as inspector, but had gone back into the line at my own request and had stayed in the line long enough to do my little part in driving the Hun back. My work now is very agreeable, though also very new, and, consequently, requires quite an amount of application and study. However, I hope to make good.

My second candle is burning dangerously low and warns me of my hour of retiring—which operation, I might state, consists of removing one's boots, rolling up in a blanket, and wishing for a good old Indiana feather-bed.

Please remember me to all my old college friends and tell them we'll be coming back home soon.

SERGEANT ROBERT L. LARSH, ex-'19: I'm way back from the front now for a short rest, where I cannot even hear the rumble of the guns.

It has been very beautiful, sunny France for sure, but to-day it

is raining hard and is disagreeable for nearly everything except writing and reading. We are living in barracks, supposedly rain-proof, but I'm sitting in between drops now. My mess cup is about half full—water which was intended for my bed; but this is not bad—just part of life. * * *

The Quarterly was late in coming. I have just finished reading Dr. Mackenzie's address, and it is needless to say that it has helped me to see things differently. I think I'm like the rest of the boys. I get tired of this over here, disgusted with the life, and rather lose sight of what we are here for, the big ideals we are fighting for. Reading this address to-day makes it all clearer and easier. Of course we are all game to the end, but it does get awfully tiresome. Some of the things I have seen on this last big push will stay with me always. It leaves bitterness in the heart against the Hun.

Some of the French people are left in a very pitiful state. Even as far back as we are, we see the women out in the wheat fields gleaning. They go along and rake up or pick up the loose wheat, and, maybe, after a few hours they are able to gather a very small bundle. However, they seem happy, nevertheless. The people nearer the front are the ones affected most. We passed through any number of small towns which are laid in absolute waste. Upon our return, we saw these poor people returning and trying to take up life again—a hopeless task, it seemed to me.

Danny has gone away with his detail to a wireless school. He'll be gone about three weeks. All of us are getting along finely. Eddie Wagoner was pretty severely wounded, but is getting along all right, from what I can find out.

LIEUTENANT J. T. C. McCALLUM, '16: After many wanderings and sojournings, but mainly wanderings, I am able to write to you and say that I have been in one place for ten days. It was a trip we had! Naturally, with a bunch of rookies there was plenty of hard work, but all the same there was pleasure along with it. The voyage across was great. Very few were sick, for which the size of the boat and the calmness of the sea were responsible. We traveled in first-class staterooms on a great Atlantic liner; and ate—my, but I ate enough for ten. So you see Uncle Sam mixes a

party in with hard and tiresome work. I could not but feel what a time a fellow might have on the same boat in peace times. As it was, we had some lords and ladies on board. I must say that I never gave the subs a thought, although one lieutenant in our stateroom was almost scared stiff. Poor fellow—and he expects to make a machine gun officer of himself, too.

We made a brief stay in England and I saw a good deal of the country. Fortunately the weather was perfect and everything appeared at its best. It is undoubtedly a beautiful and well-kept little country. One does not see any men except real old men and broken down and wounded soldiers, and yet every hedge and garden is in perfect condition. The women of England are certainly doing their part nobly. One sees more men in France than in England, in fact I believe that England shows the signs of war more than does France. * * *

I am liking this place. We passed within the roll of thunder from the guns one day, August 8th, when the English made their big drive, but since then I have been out of range. We are now waiting our turn and working hard on our guns.

The towns in which we are located are quaint old places with narrow, winding streets and solid stone houses. Nearly every village has its chateau which dates back to the twelfth century. We have our headquarters in a chateau here, and our official entrance is over the royal moat and through the royal arch. And my! you should hear the stories that our boys tell about it. You see we have to censor the letters and we get the full benefit of them. It has been the headquarters of every military leader from Coeur de Lion on down to Jeanne D'Arc, Napoleon included, as well as some old Irish chieftains.

This is one of the gardens of France; vineyards on all sides. Wish some of the boys and girls could be here to enjoy the moonlight of the beautiful region. I want to talk to somebody who can understand my lingo. Best of luck!

LIEUTENANT EARL T. BONHAM, ex-'18: It is still my good fortune to be on the front—the place very much coveted by a vast number of anxious and chafing true-blooded American lads, eager to

take their chance with the Hun. They sometimes think that they are too young and inexperienced to tackle a veteran like the boche, but the same kind of fine young fellows have been initiated daily only to learn that they are individually equal to him and in their own minds confident that they are superior. We must give the adversary his just dues, though, for he is a worthy opponent except for his absolute disregard or ignorance of fair play. This latter characteristic has cost many a German life which might have been and undoubtedly would have been spared had his opponent any faith in him.

There is no need for worry, and, while some may not return, they will not have remained in vain, for victory is more inevitable every day. It is a hard struggle, but one the result of which will be a thousand times worth the effort. * * *

How is old Butler? Will certainly be glad to see the old place again when this is all over. Regards to all.

SERGEANT MURRAY MATHEWS, '13: I am up here [Vancouver] as a sergeant in the Spruce Production Division of the Air Service of the army. We are making soldiers out of men who cannot pass the overseas examination, and then are sending them to the forests of Oregon and Washington to get out spruce for aeroplanes. While this work is hardly that of a real soldier, it is absolutely necessary, as the aeroplane is playing a very important part in the war now. Once a month an overseas examination is given and it is surprising how many men become physically perfect after a turn in the woods. Of course our base hospital is full of men who have been operated on to make them better men, and they in turn soon join a regiment for overseas duty. The government is doing a wonderful work for the country by having this camp here, in that thousands of men have been given medical service (which they never would have had in civil life) and are turned out cured.

My recommendation for a commission is in now and I hope to receive it soon. There are three of our family in the army now.

The Quarterly comes gratefully to me.

FLOYD E. HUFF, '16: While I am not in the army, still the work here is 100 per cent. war work. We are in the work with but one

purpose, "Lick the Kaiser." As our share we have been making over one and a half million pounds of T. N. T. [trinitrotoluol] per month for the United States navy and the French army. This amount is about one-third of all the T. N. T. made in Pennsylvania, and that is much when you consider the fact that there are about twenty plants in this State making it.

It is highly interesting work and full of excitement. So much is this true that when one gets into the explosive game only one thing will remove him,—that which removed one hundred eighteen last May here at the Ætna Chemical Works, of Oakdale. That was my lucky day and I am thankful for it. The day before, I put in about eight hours at the building the first to blow up. How I escaped I know not, for some of my best friends were lost.

My best regards to all Butler friends.

Our Casualty List

Seaman Henry Clarence Toon, ex-'15, died of pneumonia at the Great Lakes Station, on January 21, 1918.

Lieutenant John Charles Good, '17, died of pneumonia at Camp Dodge, on March 30, 1918.

Lieutenant Robert E. Kennington, ex-'15, killed in action at the battle of Chateau Thierry, on August 8, 1918.

Lieutenant Kenneth Victor Elliott, '20, died on August 31, 1918, of wounds received in France.

Sergeant Henry R. Leukhardt, ex-'12, died of pneumonia at Camp Pike, on October 2, 1918.

Lieutenant Hilton U. Brown, Jr., ex-'18, severely wounded on May 13, 1918.

Edward S. Wagoner, '20, severely wounded on July 30, 1918.

Corporal William E. Hacker, '15, severely wounded on August 8, 1918.

The Opening of College

We have returned to a transformed Butler College. It is impossible to make our readers realize what has happened on the campus. Indeed, even we who live in Irvington and who had seen hard-working professors throughout the vacation preparing for an unprecedented enrollment, were not in readiness for the matriculation of September 30 and October 1.

The interested observer, however, sees more than improved surroundings and enlarged numbers; he cannot fail to be impressed with the spirit of fine endeavor which pervades the whole institution. The frivolous element which too often creeps into academic life has been eliminated. The student who at times has attended college with no apparent motive higher than "to get by" is not in evidence. The "high seriousness" of Matthew Arnold's preaching seems pervasive.

This condition places no light obligation upon the teacher. His task was never a more elevated opportunity. His present mission is to develop practical efficiency and mental alertness; but it is more. There lies upon him a double insistence for quickening the soul as well as the mind of his classes; for showing the beauty of scholarship in relation to life and thus revealing the glory of God.

The time is not less great for the professor than for the student. Surely this is living.

Military Training for Colleges

Last spring the Secretary of War authorized the following announcement:

"In order to provide military instruction for the college students of the country during the present emergency, a comprehensive plan will be put in effect by the War Department, beginning with the next college year, in September, 1918. The details remain to be worked out, but in general the plan will be as follows:

"Military instruction under officers and non-commissioned officers of the army will be provided in every institution of college grade, which enrolls for instruction 100 or more able-bodied students over the age of eighteen. The necessary military equipment will, so far

as possible, be provided by the government. There will be created a military training unit in each institution. Enlistment will be purely voluntary, but all students over the age of eighteen will be encouraged to enlist. The enlistment will constitute the student a member of the army of the United States, liable to active duty at the call of the President. It will, however, be the policy of the government not to call the members of the training units to active duty until they have reached the age of twenty-one, unless urgent military necessity compels an earlier call. Students under eighteen and therefore not legally eligible for enlistment, will be encouraged to enroll in the training units. Provision will be made for coordinating the Reserve Officers' Training Corps system, which exists in about one-third of the collegiate institutions, with this broader plan.

"This new policy aims to accomplish a two-fold object: first to develop as a great military asset the large body of young men in the colleges; and second, to prevent unnecessary and wasteful depletion of the colleges through indiscriminate volunteering, by offering to the students a definite and immediate military status."

At Butler College has been located one of the units of the Students' Army Training Corps of the National Army. Three hundred men were inducted into the Federal service on Tuesday morning, October 1, the exercises of which occasion have been given elsewhere.

To locate three hundred boys when all college buildings were more than full was not a light task; but with the use of the gymnasium, the College of Missions, the Sunday school building of the Downey Avenue Church, and with the opening of many homes in the community, the boys are being accommodated until final arrangements are made.

The college is spending \$20,000 upon two barracks, a mess hall, and a bath house; and by the time *The Quarterly* reaches its readers all will be completed and in operation. The new buildings are placed upon the old tennis court north of Irwin Field (that old field remembered by some as the nesting place of meadow larks; by others for the heroic effort of Newton Browder, '16, in converting it into a tennis court), and in the hands of Lee Burns, a former student, are an architectural addition to the college surroundings.

Lieutenant Henry E. Dodd was commanding officer of the unit

until the organization was completed. He was succeeded by his personnel adjutant, Lieutenant W. Scott Harkins, who is an alumnus of Central College, Kentucky, and who has attended the infantry training school and the personnel adjutants' school of Fort Sheridan. He is in full sympathy with athletics, having been a star player in his Alma Mater.

The Faculty

The faculty has returned from vacation refreshed in appearance. The schedule is in the main that of last year, although to meet the present need certain new courses have been added, as, the Great War and its Aims, Recent European History, Literature of the War, Household Administration, Dietetics, Food Economy.

Dr. Earl H. C. Davies from Washington University is established in the department of Chemistry as its head. Miss Winifred Siever from Columbia University presides over the new department of Home Economics. The Quarterly welcomes most cordially these two new members of the faculty, and trusts that the college and its life will become to them a matter of as sincere interest as to those longer connected with the institution. (Axiom: the longer and the more intimately one knows Butler College, the more devoutly is one touched by her concerns. If confirmation be necessary, turn to the President of the Board of Directors of Butler College.)

Mrs. Jessie Christian Brown, '97, is teaching three French classes. Richard Moore, '18, has charge of three sections of Trigonometry. Mrs. Gladys Baner Bradley, '20, presides over the class in Solid Geometry.

There are of beginning French, ten sections; of Freshman English, eight sections; of Freshman Mathematics, five sections; of Freshman Chemistry, three sections.

The College of Missions

The College of Missions has favored Butler College many times, both institutionally and personally. It has brought into our midst a group of fine scholars and of finer men; it has given to the community over and over again the privilege of hearing great speakers; it has enriched Irvington life in a very decided manner. Its faculty

has been cordial to Butler College not only in admitting to classes Butler students, but also in numberless other ways, sharing its opportunities with and offering its hospitality to our faculty and students.

When the question of housing and feeding the Students' Army Training Corps staggered the Butler officials, it was the College of Missions faculty who stepped forward graciously offering their dining room (to be vacated by their own students), their parlor to be used as a hostess room, some of their recitation rooms to supplement our own insufficient number. It was a genuine Samaritan deed for which every friend of Butler College should be duly grateful.

Enrollment

A comparative view of the enrollment to date of 1917 and of 1918 is:

	1917-'18			1918-'19		
	Men	Women	Total	Men	Women	Total
Old	57	157	214	50	144	194
New	71	118	189	302	132	434
Total.....	128	275	403	352	276	628

Scholarships for French Girls in American Colleges

In our last issue note was made of the fine step taken by the Association of American Colleges in offering to supply scholarships sufficient to cover collegiate expenses for those French girls whom the French government would choose to send and for whom it would pay the traveling expenses to this country. As chairman of the Department of Education, State Council of Defense, Miss Graydon was asked to take this matter up in Indiana. Earlham College and DePauw University had each already consented to take two young women. In addition, Butler College has now taken two; Purdue University, two; Franklin College, two; St. Mary of Notre Dame, two; St. Mary of the Woods, seven; making in all nineteen young women of France provided in Indiana with a college education.

The scholarships at Butler are the gift of Mrs. Jennie Armstrong Howe, '89, and of Mr. George Landon, of Kokomo. They are held

by two sisters, Mademoiselle Madeleine Postaire and Mademoiselle Marguerite Postaire, of Paris, who are domiciled at the College Residence and settled in their work.

It is needless to say what this will do for Butler College—being blest while blessing, we are sure.

M. Cestre, Exchange Professor in Harvard University, has told how the heart of the French nation has been touched by this act of the Association of American Colleges, and among other things says: "Our women students will be eager to profit by the wide advantages tendered to them. All the French men and women who know America will not fail to explain to them the splendid field opened to their observation, their desire to learn and their endeavor to achieve. America has preceded all countries in the creation of seats of higher learning for women; she is the country where the opportunities of work and success, independence and public service, intellectual and social development, are the most nearly equal for men and for women. There is a variety of knowledge and technical ability accessible to women here which our French girls will find most valuable. In this country of strenuousness, enterprise, and daring there is a bracing atmosphere of active and bold undertaking which will be no longer uncongenial to our girls, since they have put their hands to so many things in France during the war; they will learn to turn this new spirit to good account for the activities of peace-time. Your schools of nursing, your scientific applications of hygiene to private or social life are in advance of what we have done in this line. In the domain of study you have more generously assimilated the education of girls in the classics or in the higher sciences to the education of boys. The department of English in your colleges will offer first rate resources for those of our girls who want to teach English in France; they will be able to interpret America in her best aspect, having learned to know her idealistic life and having breathed the free, vivifying, cheerful, and sober air of your universities.

"While they are on this side of the ocean they will be the interpreters of France to America. Among the five French girls who have just arrived at Cincinnati as Fellows of the University, one had lost her old family homestead and all her property, burnt and trampled to atoms in Lorraine; another had served as nurse in an

ambulance near Verdun; another had done dutiful service in a hospital of a large city, where she had attended to and comforted hundreds of wounded soldiers, and, alas! seen many of them die of incurable wounds. Among those who are to come some will have gone through the ordeal of terrible anxiety and suspense when Paris was threatened; some will have had a narrow escape at Nancy or in Paris under air raids. All will have tales to tell of trial or bereavement in their families. By simply relating their daily experiences they will bring nearer to your American young women the tragic realities of this war, ruthlessly unchained by Germany to flood the world with blood and accumulate ruin and destruction.

"Some of these French girls will be led by their altered circumstances, or tempted by the hold this American life will lay on them, or induced by the appeal of apostleship, to stay in this country as teachers of French in schools and colleges. They will be permanent, living witnesses of the shameful treatment inflicted by Germany on her neighbors, and also the token-bearers and the thank-givers testifying to the generous friendship of America and to the undying gratefulness of France. They will supply, to some extent, the need of good French teachers in this country after the war, preventing (let us devoutly hope) the greatest evil which might befall American education, namely, that the teaching of French, out of misplaced, good-natured slackness, should be passed over to the Germans, male or female, turned idle by the discrediting of German classics by American children. How many of such German teachers know French? And in what spirit would they interpret *la douce France*, even if they sincerely tried to do justice to her humane civilization and gentle sociability?"

For Service in Italy

Mrs. Maria Reynolds Ford, who has been a teacher of Spanish for the last three years in the College of Missions and who has endeared herself to many of the faculty and students of Butler College, has received an appointment through the Lake division of the American Red Cross as a social worker in Italy, and has sailed from New York for her post of duty. Mrs. Ford's experience in social service includes ten years of educational work in San Juan, Porto Rico, and Argentina, and a year and a half as field secretary for

the Woman's Board of Missions prior to her connection with the college in Indianapolis.

No better choice could be made for carrying strength and succor to suffering Italians than that of Mrs. Ford, and the best wishes of The Quarterly go with her.

The Butler Alumnæ Literary Club

The club will meet during 1918-'19 on the fourth Saturday of each month from September to May. The officers are: President, Miss Eva M. Lennes, '08; vice-president, Miss Corinne Welling, '12; secretary-treasurer, Miss Gretchen Scotten, '08.

The program will consist of reports and discussions of the current magazines, and will be in charge of the hostess of the day. The practical war work for the year will be sewing for the Belgian babies.

The schedule of meetings is as follows: September 28, with Miss Lennes, '08; October 26, with Miss Power, '08; November 23, with Miss Binninger, '07; December 28, with Miss Pavey, '12; January 25, with Miss Scotten, '08; February 22, with Mrs. Wallace, '08; March 22, with Miss Welling, '12; April 26, with Miss Bachman, '12; May 24, with Miss Hoover, '08.

To Professor Coleman

The Quarterly extends to Professor Coleman its sincere sympathy in the sorrow which has befallen him in the death of his father.

Mr. Louis H. Coleman, who died suddenly last August, was an unusual character, and a whole community mourns his loss. He had long lived in Springfield, Illinois, and had become an integral part of every good enterprise whether in the world of business, or of social betterment, or of religion. He was kindly, hospitable, retiring, loyal to every obligation of home and of church and of country.

As one hears of this Christian gentleman, one feels the noble inheritance of the son who walks in our midst and who in his quiet, selfless, scholarly manner gives an invaluable impulse to the best life of Butler College.

Personal Mention

Miss Jessie Breadheft, '13, is at Washington serving in the mailing division of the ordnance department.

Kenneth Barr, '16, after two years absence in Albuquerque, New Mexico, spent October at his home in Indianapolis.

Mrs. Susanne Davis Thompson, '08, is in Indianapolis with her aunt, Mrs. A. M. Robertson, while her husband is in the service.

Miss Edith Habbe, '14, has gone to Washington, where she is serving in the educational department of war work of the government.

Mills Judy, '20, looked in on Irvington friends in October en route to the Students' Army Training Corps of the University of Cincinnati, of which he is a member.

Mrs. Katherine Jameson Lewis, '16, is at home with her parents while Lieutenant Lewis is oversea. She continues her teaching of English at the Shortridge High School.

Raymond C. Kramer, '16, has removed to Decatur, Illinois, where he is connected with the American Hominy Company. It was pleasant to have Raymond pay the college a good-bye visit.

Word has been received of the safe arrival oversea of Lieutenant J. J. Hinman, Jr., '11, who is in the sanitary corps of the National Army. His service lies chiefly with the water supply work.

While John W. Burkhardt, '10, is in New York City for the purpose of medical care, he is enjoying the privilege of the public library, as well as other countless advantages of the great metropolis.

A cable message to the Bank of the City of New York announces that John L. H. Fuller, '17, is in Sweden. It is a matter of gratitude that John is out of distressed Russia and it is hoped that he is on his way home.

Professor James G. Randall, '03, is serving in an important capacity with the Shipping Board at Washington.

Lieutenant Robert M. Brewer, ex-'17, of the 163d depot brigade, Camp Dodge, spent a short furlough in Irvington in the summer.

Dr. Edward A. Brown, '95, has received a captaincy in the medical officers' reserve corps and is located at Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia.

Dr. Aubrey L. Loop, ex-'99, holds a commission in the Medical Reserve Corps and is now stationed with the base hospital at Camp Gordon, Georgia.

Miss Edith Hendren, '17, took her master's degree last June at Indiana University. She is now teaching English at the Technical High School of Indianapolis.

Miss Barcus Tichenor, '10, is attending the New York City Public Library School. Miss Hazel Warren, '17, is studying at the New York State Library School at Albany.

After spending several weeks in Irvington in the summer, Fred H. Jacobs, '16, returned to New England, where he presides over a church at South Norwalk, Connecticut.

Lieutenant Justus W. Paul, '15, is now stationed in England where, it is said, he drives a thirty-ton tank as he joy-rides over the obstacles which stop all ordinary progress.

Miss Clara McIntyre, a former teacher of French in the college, received a doctor's degree at Yale University last June. She is now assistant professor at the University of Wyoming.

Lieutenant Henry M. Jameson, ex-'18, is located at Kansas City as commanding officer of the Students' Army Training Corps comprising the students of the Polytechnic Institute and of two dental colleges, a unit of five hundred members.

Mrs. W. J. Karslake (Grace Gookin, '00) has removed from Iowa City to Buffalo, New York, where Professor Karslake, formerly connected with the faculty of Butler College, has taken a position in industrial chemistry.

Miss Blanche P. Noel, '00, is teaching French in the State Normal School at Marquette, Michigan.

Miss Laura Ann Reed, '18, and Miss Katherine Riley, '17, are attending the Robert W. Long Hospital Training School.

Mrs. Eda Boos Brewer, '14, is at Omaha, where Lieutenant Brewer is an instructor at Fort Omaha in the balloon school.

Miss Vera Koehring, '16, is en route to the Philippine Islands, where she will teach in the government schools. Mrs. Koehring accompanied her daughter.

Miss Anna Burt, '08, after five years' absence on the Pacific coast, has returned to Indianapolis, and is teaching English in the Manual Training High School.

Bloor Schleppey, ex-'12, marine, while in the city in September in heavy marching order, addressed the Indianapolis Athletic Club on modern marine corps instruction.

Kenneth Badger, ex-'13, has received a captaincy and is now stationed at Camp Gordon, Georgia. Lieutenant Everett Badger, ex-'15, his brother, is fighting in France.

Lieutenant Hilton U. Brown, Jr., '19, has been discharged from the hospital and is now back with the Seventh Field Artillery. Ragged wounds from fragments of shell were slow to heal, but the patient has recovered sufficiently to return to the front lines.

Miss Mary L. Winks, '15, has gone to France as filing clerk in the engineering division of the ordnance department. Of the 2,500 women who applied, Miss Winks was one of the first chosen. She has made a fine record at Washington, of which the college is justly proud.

Mrs. Walter S. King, '91, entertained for several days in the summer Edward King, Mrs. King, and their three children. Mr. King entered college in '87, and remained three years. He was cordially received by his Irvington friends, who hope he will return soon again.

Word has been received of the arrival oversea of Lieutenant Francis W. Payne, '16; Lieutenant J. T. C. McCallum, '16; Lieutenant M. M. Hughel, '17; Sergeant Dean Fuller, ex-'17; Corporal Frank Sanders, '19; George H. Kingsbury, '20.

Mrs. Herbert Warfel (Sidney Ernestine Hecker, '11) has moved with her little family to Richmond, Indiana, where her husband has engaged in teaching. For many favors The Quarterly is indebted to Mr. Warfel. Its best wishes follow Mr. and Mrs. Warfel wherever their path may lead.

Our friend, Charles H. Caton, '76, is said to be 100 per cent. patriotic, and no one doubts it. Between speaking for the Council of Defense, helping to harvest the fields, and assisting in carrying out food regulations which urge the use of fish instead of beef and pork, he has spent a busy summer.

Arthur A. Johnson, '95, is first lieutenant of the Twenty-second Regiment of Engineers at Fort Benjamin Harrison. Mrs. Johnson, '95, is doing war service in the intelligence section of the War Department at Washington. She is said to have passed the highest civil service examination of her department. Congratulations!

Miss Mae J. Hamilton, '18, began work as membership and social secretary of the Indianapolis Y. W. C. A. on September 10. She assumed a part of the work of Miss Pearl Forsyth, '08, who is spending the year in study at the Y. W. Training School of New York City and at Columbia University.

On September 18th, Mrs. B. M. Blount celebrated her eighty-eighth birthday. Many ties, seen and unseen, bind Mrs. Blount very close to the college. The Quarterly sends its congratulations and best wishes to her, hoping that as her days so may her strength be. She has learned

"The best is yet to be,

The last of life, for which the first was made:

Our times are in His hand

Who saith, "A whole I planned,

Youth shows but half; trust God: see all nor be afraid!"

James Challen Smith, '88, spent a few hours in Irvington recently. He was returning from Washington, where he had been called in interest connected with war work. He is Federal administrator of the Working Boys' Reserve of Utah, and is doing there a fine work. "Challen," said President Howe, "is one of our boys to be proud of. His work in educational lines, his standing among literary people, his patriotic service, do great credit to the college in which he was reared." It was a matter of regret that Mr. Smith could not linger longer in our midst.

Halsey R. Keeling, ex-'16, advertising manager of the Haynes Automobile Company, Kokomo, has become a member of the Sidener-Van Riper Advertising Company, having been elected to the board of directors and vice-presidency of the company. He took up his new duties in Indianapolis on October 14. Mr. Keeling has had practical experience in advertising and selling. While in college he was connected with *The Indianapolis Star*, then with the Studebaker Automobile Company, then with the Armstrong Cork Company, of Pittsburgh, and then with the Haynes Automobile Company. Mr. and Mrs. Keeling are both former Butler students, and it is pleasant to have them return to a residence nearer the college.

Edward James, '21, has received a commission of pilot and second lieutenant in the United States Aviation Corps. He is now stationed at Dayton, Ohio. On October 9, Ed flew over Irvington, to the excitement of his neighbors and friends and the small boys on the street. It was truly a wonderful sight to see that young man—yesterday a boy—handle his machine in so skilful and graceful a manner; now low, over his home, as if to assure his mother; now over the college, as if he would shout a "hello"; then soaring to an invisible height. Charles James, his older brother, we feel to include in our list of serving boys, although he never attended Butler. There are ties besides those of kinship. The influence of Mary James Jacobs, '14, was strong enough and lasting enough to bind her whole family to our college. Charles has been a year in France and has been gassed twice. The sympathy of the whole community has gone out to the anxious parents.

The Freshman class shows the following genealogy: A granddaughter of W. W. Leathers, '60—Zelda Wallace Clevenger; a daughter of Major W. W. Daugherty, '61—Maria Matilda; a son of T. W. Grafton, '80—Warren; a daughter of Omar Wilson, '87—Dorothy; a son of James B. Percy, '88—William Thomas; a daughter of Thomas C. Howe, '89, and Jennie Armstrong Howe, '89—Charlotte; a daughter of Alex. Jameson and Julia Graydon Jameson, '90—Lydia; a son of Elva Bass Yarling, ex—Maurice Bass; a daughter of Benjamin Davis, ex—Dorothy; a daughter of R. F. Davidson, '91, and Mary Galvin Davidson, '94—Margaret; a daughter of H. L. Herod, '03—Henrietta.

Wednesday, October 2, was observed as the formal opening of college. At 10 o'clock the crowded chapel greeted the faculty in academic dress. The program consisted of "America," sung by all; prayer offered by Dr. Morro; vocal solo, "Goodbye, Summer" (Tosti), rendered by Mrs. Everett C. Johnson; a brief talk by Dr. Clarence L. Reidenbach; announcements by Dr. Coleman; the address of the occasion by President Howe (given elsewhere); solo, "When the Boys Come Home," by Mrs. Johnson; the singing by the audience of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic"; the benediction pronounced by Dr. Hall. In the afternoon the faculty and their wives received the students from 4 to 6 at the home of President and Mrs. Howe.

He used to be known as "Red" Bonham when he played a star game of football on the Butler campus three and four years ago. Now he is Major Carlos Bonham, of the Fifteenth Field Artillery of the second division. He has just returned from France, where, until after the middle of August, he was hotly engaged in heavy fighting in which the second division participated. This was the division that came to the relief of the French in the nick of time at Chateau Thierry. Major Bonham gives the credit to the marines and infantry of his division for the overpowering success of the Americans, and says that the artillery made it possible for them to advance. He has been sent to this country to give instruction in training camps, and is now at Camp Travis, Texas. Major Bonham's brother, "Tow" Bonham, ex-'18, is a first lieutenant of the

Seventh Field Artillery in the first division. These two divisions for a time fought side by side; but the two brothers were never able to meet in the year that they have been in France. Major Bonham spoke several times while in Indianapolis of the eager spirit of the young American fighters as they go into action against German machine gunners. "The men are often too eager to get at the Germans," he said, "and as a result get in front of their own barrage. Americans back home would feel proud if they could see those young fellows, many of them under twenty-one years old, going into action against the Hun. I regard the Germans as good fighters and have found that many of them are brave men. They are not beaten yet, and I believe the American public should know that. Many of the German prisoners showed they were glad to be captured but others, especially officers, were surly and arrogant."

When the influenza struck the college unit, an infirmary was improvised on Ritter avenue, back of the drug store. A vacant building was hastily cleaned and placed in order by college folk and friends; beds and bedding, stove and cooking utensils and an ice-box, with the furnishings for sick trays; soup and fresh eggs and jelly and other things to add comfort were speedily forthcoming. The mothers of the community responded as if their own boys were lying there. Three professional nurses were secured; the ordering was done by Mrs. F. R. Kautz of the Red Cross; the cooking was done by Jane Graydon, '87, who merrily kept the boys from homesickness; while Professor McGavran and Professor and Mrs. Putnam were frequently present to lend a helping hand and to cheer, as were Mr. H. U. Brown, Mr. Howe and others. There were cared for during the epidemic thirty-eight boys, all recovering.

Marriages

ATHERTON-MITCHELL.—On April 13, at Schenectady, New York, were married Russell Atherton, ex-'14, and Miss Cornelia J. Mitchell. Mr. and Mrs. Atherton are living at New London, Connecticut.

AGNEW-ADAMS.—On July 15, at Indianapolis, were married Mr. Ralph L. Agnew, '18, and Miss Elsie F. Adams. Mr. and Mrs. Agnew are living in Irvington.

TIBBOTT-BREWER.—On August 11, at Newton Center, Massachusetts, were married Mr. David Watts Tibbott, ensign of the United States Naval Reserve Force, and Miss Dorothy Brewer. The groom is the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Tibbott, of Germantown, Pennsylvania, former students of Butler College, and long its loyal friends.

STEVENS-DAVIS.—On August 13, at New York City, were married Dr. John Egbert Stevens and Miss Margaret Davis, ex-'15.

BOSART-REED.—On September 9, at Wilmington, North Carolina, were married Sergeant Russell S. Bosart and Miss Helen Margaret Reed, '18. Sergeant Bosart is stationed with the artillery at Fort Caswell, where Mrs. Bosart will remain until marching orders come.

BRADLEY-BANES.—On September 10, were married at the bride's home in Indianapolis, Lieutenant Clark H. Bradley, ex-'20, and Miss Gladys Lillian Banes, '20. Lieutenant Bradley has sailed overseas in the tank corps and Mrs. Bradley has returned to her home and to finish her course at college.

BONHAM-SPRAGUE.—On October 5, at the Second Presbyterian Church of San Antonio, Texas, Major Carlos W. Bonham, ex-'16, and Miss Beth Sprague were married. Major Bonham is stationed at Camp Travis, Texas, where he is in command of the 53d Infantry. Mrs. Bonham is engaged in Red Cross work at Fort Sam Houston Base Hospital near Camp Travis.

Births

NEWLIN.—On May 1, at Clinton, Iowa, to Mr. Ivan Newlin and Mrs. Melissa Seward Newlin, '12, a son—Willard Seward.

JORDAN.—To Mr. William Jordan and Mrs. Hortense Winks Jordan, ex-'18, at Rensselaer, Indiana, on May 26, a daughter—Mary Acenoth.

PETERSON.—To Mr. Raymond F. Peterson, '20, and Mrs. Georgia Fillmore Peterson, '16, at Indianapolis, a daughter—Margaret Frances.

MANCHESTER.—To Mr. Burgess Manchester and Mrs. Margery Hopping Manchester, ex-'20, at Terre Haute, Indiana, on August 18, a daughter—Margery.

MARSHALL.—To Dr. Thomas Marshall and Mrs. Lucile Carr Marshall, '08, at Charlestown, Indiana, on September 11, a son—Wilford Carr.

LEWIS.—To Lieutenant Joseph Edwin Lewis, ex-'15, and Mrs. Marie Peacock Lewis, '15, at Indianapolis, on September 22, a daughter—Betty Marie.

Deaths

“Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,
And stars to set; but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!”

KIDD.—The Quarterly has received the following card: “With deep sorrow, Kidd Drawn Steel Company, Aliquippa, Pennsylvania, announce the death of their president, Mr. Walter Scott Kidd, on Thursday, June the twentieth, nineteen hundred and eighteen.”

Mr. Kidd belonged to the late '70's and by the students of that time is remembered most pleasantly.

GARVIN.—On the honor roll of the gifted men who have graced the faculty of Butler College must be placed the name of Professor Hugh Carson Garvin.

He was born at Chillicothe, Ohio, February 8, 1844. He died at Eldon, Missouri, July 12, 1918. From 1905 until the time of his death he was pastor of the Eldon Congregational Church. He was a student in Bethany College and Miami University and spent two years in the universities of Germany and France. For six years he taught English in the government school at Munich, Germany.

At Butler College he was professor of German and French from 1881 to 1889. In 1889 the first Butler Bible School was established with Professor Garvin as dean. The course of study covered four years, the requirement for admission being that for the junior year in college. The work was largely the translation and critical study of the text. This covered the entire New Testament in Greek and a very large part of the Old Testament in Hebrew. This school called together a group of young men who became very much attached to their teacher. Some combined the work with the college course while to many it was post-graduate work.

When Professor Garvin resigned in 1896 the Bible school was discontinued. After this he gave himself largely to study and literary work. In 1908 he issued the book, "What the Bible Teaches," a work which attracted the attention of biblical students throughout the land.

Professor Garvin was a linguist of rare attainments. He was master of Hebrew, Greek, and Latin. He spoke German and French as readily as he did English. Spanish and Italian were also at his command. His skill was exerted not so much in the literary as in the technical study of language. In this he had few equals in this country.

In the study of the Bible he delighted to compare the different texts, and raced his students through the various versions of the ancient tongues. The text was his hobby. Not to study about the Bible but to study the Bible was his aim. His theology was biblical rather than systematic. His work as an exegete classed him as a

lower rather than a higher critic. He spent little time on questions of introduction. He seldom entered the field of apologetics. As compared with the modern rationalistic point of view, Professor Garvin was a conservative. To get at the spiritual purport of the Scriptures was his delight. The fundamental principles of the Gospel he expounded in an illuminating, rational, and scriptural fashion.

Professor Garvin was noted for his industry. No student under him studied so hard as he. He was simple in speech as in manner of life. The arts of the orator were not his. He staked all on the naked truth. He could suffer for conscience' sake, but he was a stranger to the tricks of diplomacy, nor would he have yielded to them though it had given him a whole college for his very own. He combined the rare gifts of scholarship and piety, of courage and humanity, of rugged honesty and charity.

The "boys" who are scattered wide will recall the happy hours when "the old man" in frock coat, with black beard and pompadour hair, walked back and forth in his classroom and expounded to them the mysteries of the kingdom. As one of them, let me bear witness that I have traveled far and I would not give what I got from H. C. Garvin for all I ever got from any man I ever met.

B. F. DAILEY, '87.

KENNINGTON.—Lieutenant Robert E. Kennington, ex-'15, was killed in action on August 8. To his stricken parents The Quarterly sends tender sympathy.

Robert E. Kennington, who died fighting valiantly for his country on August 8, 1918, was an Indianapolis boy. He was the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph E. Kennington, 2344 College avenue. In 1917, when the first call came for volunteers, and before the draft law was passed, Robert E. Kennington joined the first Officers' Training Camp at Fort Harrison. He came out of that school with the rank of second lieutenant. He was immediately sent to the training camp to be prepared for overseas duty. In the early spring of 1918 he went "Over There." On account of his gallantry and ability he was soon promoted to the first lieutenancy of his regiment and lost his life in leading his company

in the battle of Chateau Thierry. No details of his death have yet come to his parents, but those who knew Robert best know that he died at his post doing his duty bravely. He was twenty-five years of age and a young man of much promise. He was bright, clean, and courageous. He attended Butler College, and graduated from the Central Law School, of Indianapolis, and was just entering the practice of law when the call for troops came.

He had numerous friends who mourn his loss, but who rejoice in the fact that he gave his all for his country willingly and courageously. He was one of the first to go; others doubtless will follow, and, while his parents and friends will mourn his loss, they have the satisfaction of knowing that he met a hero's death with unfaltering courage. His life was full of promise and his untimely death was inexpressibly sad. He will be long remembered as having met a hero's death.

JOSEPH B. KEALING, '79.

Following is a memorial to Lieutenant Kennington, written by Charles W. Moores, ex-'82, and adopted by the Indianapolis Bar Association:

"Lieutenant Kennington is the first Indianapolis lawyer to lay the 'costly sacrifice' of his life with its joy and promise, 'upon the altar of freedom.'

"We of the profession whose ideals and whose duties were dear to him adopt this memorial to a brave young soldier who left his chosen profession to answer the call to the colors, and who gave his life that civilization might be made secure, and that happiness might become possible for all humanity.

"Robert Kennington was a thorough student of the law, on the threshold of a professional career that gave promise of high achievement. Unusual personal charm endeared him to those with whom he came in contact and won for him a host of friends. His ambition to succeed did not tempt him selfishly to crowd ahead of others. Straightforward, manly ways, kindness toward others, a winning smile that made one glad even for the most casual meeting, are qualities that we recall. To these should be added the high ideals that took him so quickly into his country's service, enabled him to face death and give 'the last full measure of devotion' to the cause to which his life was pledged.

"Most bar memorials tell the story of men who after long years of professional activity have been called to die, and it has been our lot at such meetings to recount the successes of our elders who have been faithful to the ideals of a great profession. Now our task is heavy with an unwonted sorrow. Robert Kennington's career at the bar was like his career in arms, all too brief. At the bar it was full of promise; in arms a single month brought immortality. The torch he so bravely held aloft he has thrown to us that in his spirit we, too, may hold it high.

"It is his happy lot to be remembered always as one who by way of splendid death has entered into eternal youth."

ELLIOTT.—Lieutenant Kenneth Victor Elliott, '20, died in France on August 31 of wounds received in action. The Quarterly sends deep sympathy to the parents in Sheridan, Indiana, for this keen though glorified sorrow. Kenneth was the second of eight sons, the oldest of four in the United States service.

The Red Cross nurse who attended him has written Mr. and Mrs. Elliott: "Everything possible was done to save his life, but the infection had done its deadly work before he had received first aid. The doctors did everything possible that he might live. One young man gave a portion of his blood to try to save him. The funeral took place at 3 p. m., September 2, and was strictly military. He was very brave and his duties in military service were always with him. He had a friend, Lieutenant Hernandez, who was allowed in the room for a few minutes every day."

Kenneth Elliott came to college in September, 1917, after having served four years in the navy. This service was followed by an extended tour of England, South Africa, and Australia. While here he took a prominent part in college activities, especially football and dramatics, and was an unusual all-'round favorite. In the spring he joined the first Officers' Training Camp at Fort Benjamin Harrison, from which he received his commission. He was stationed at several eastern camps before going across.

We give elsewhere an article from his pen which appeared in *The Butler Collegian* of March 10, 1917. His words are read to-day with a new significance.

A tribute is paid to Lieutenant Elliott by Meredith Nicholson in

his new book, "The Valley of Democracy." Mr. Nicholson met the lieutenant on a train on the way to Washington. The officer made such an impression that the writer used the recollection of the talk in his book to tell of the fine types of young men attracted to serve the country in war. Mr. Nicholson says:

"The West has no monopoly of courage or daring, but it was reassuring to find that the best blood of the Great Valley thrilled to the cry of the bugle. On a railway train I fell into talk with a young officer of the national army. Finding that I knew the president of the Western college that he had attended, he sketched for me a career which, in view of his twenty-six years, was almost incredible. At eighteen he had enlisted in the navy in the hope of seeing the world, but had been assigned to duty as a hospital orderly. Newport had been one of his stations; there and at other places where he had served he had spent his spare hours in study. When he was discharged he signed papers on a British merchant vessel. The ship was short-handed and he was enrolled as an able seaman, which, he said, was an unwarranted compliment, as he proved to the captain's satisfaction when he was sent to the wheel and nearly (as he put it) bowled over a lighthouse. His voyages had carried him to the Orient and the austral seas. After these wanderings he was realizing an early ambition to go to college when the war-drum sounded. He had taken the training at an officers' reserve camp and was on his way to his first assignment. The town he mentioned as his home is hardly more than a whistling-point for locomotives, and I wondered later, as I flashed through it, just what stirring of the spirit had made its peace intolerable and sent him roaming."

STAINSBY.—On September 20 died in Indianapolis, George, the infant son of Claude V. Stainsby, '17, and Mrs. Stainsby.

"He took the cup to drink,
Too bitter 'twas to drain,
He merely touched it to his lips
And placed it down again."

The Quarterly sends to Mr. and Mrs. Stainsby its sincere sympathy.

LEUKHARDT.—Sergeant Henry R. Leukhardt, ex-'12, died of pneumonia on October 2, at Camp Pike, Arkansas. To his father, sister, and brothers The Quarterly sends its sincere sympathy.

Henry (who does not hold him in memory as "Heiny"?) entered college the autumn of 1908. He was a fine type of athlete and played a star game at football. A year ago he enlisted and was attached to the aviation corps. All the energy and fire and skill of football were turned into this far nobler game.

A recent letter is so characteristic, not only of Heiny, but also of the spirit of many boys, that we give a few sentences: "What I want most of all is a chance to go across. I would be a fine big 'boob' when it's all over over there and never to have my hand in it. I know that there is such a thing as doing my bit here at home, but I'm full of the old pep and want to let it out where it will do some good. Also, I want a chance at a commission, as I feel capable of making good."

The longed-for commission arrived the afternoon before his death, but he never knew it. Promotion and the call for higher service have come. "My ways are not your ways, saith the Lord."

ROBINSON.—On October 3, at Cambridge, Massachusetts, died of influenza, Daniel Sommer Robinson, Jr., only child of D. Sommer Robinson, '10, and Mrs. Robinson, at the age of four years.

The love bestowed upon little Dan, the hope and joy and pride wrapped in him, had reached us here at the college, and in some way, perhaps, we realize the crushing effect of the blow. Not greater sorrow could have come to the parents, but by the grace of God and the strength of their own souls they will walk on and face their mutilated future like war-heroes. Our tender sympathy goes out to them.

AYRES.—Alexander Craigmile Ayres, '68, died in Indianapolis on October 12, at the age of seventy-two years.

Since going to press the news of Judge Ayres' death has reached the college. In its next issue The Quarterly will have more to say of this worthy alumnus, able lawyer, honorable citizen.

Our Correspondence

MRS. RAYMOND F. HORTON (Ethel Woody, '07): It is good to know that the love of Butler follows her children even to so remote a place as Panama City. We came down to Florida at the end of July and expect to be here all winter. We are on beautiful St. Andrews Bay. Our house is on the beach road, so that the blue water lies at our very feet. We have enjoyed the bathing and fishing almost from the moment of our arrival. Trips in our motor boat are classed among the big events in our calendar.

Mr. Horton is with the same company, building shipyards and ships in connection with the American Lumber Company. So well have they infused "pep" into the native laborers that they were able to lay the first keel at the end of the third month. To use the Florida expression, we feel as if they had done "a right smart."

My chubby babies are grown so big that one of them is going to school and reading in a *primer*. The little girl will be five tomorrow. To them Florida is one big, happy sand pile, and the bay the nicest, warmest puddle they ever splashed in. * * *

Some day I surely will return to Butler, even if I have to appear as all sorts of a "has-been." It is wonderful to think that always the faces of youth will fill the dim old halls, but it gives me a pang when I think, should I happen to return, that I would know absolutely none of them. Those who happen to become famous during their absence are awarded an introduction and a seat on the platform; but I have no grounds on which to claim for myself such distinction. The tie that really binds us and compels us to return is a lingering hope that a few people still care for us and would be glad to see us. We like to feel that we are remembered and live on in the happy thought that it is so. The *Quarterly* sustains this belief and every time we read it, we have warm little thrills in our hearts just as we did in the days when one of you professors wrote "Good" on our manuscripts.

My kindest regards to old friends.

MRS. PHILIP C. LEWIS (Katharine Jameson, '16), Camp Shelby: The other day I was settling my accoutrements for an afternoon of

letter-writing when a soldier brought me a note from Phil. He was drilling a few hundred yards from our house and desired a drink of lemonade. So I fixed a thermos bottle full, took it to the edge of the battlefield and opened a self-appointed canteen. When Phil had his share, Edgar Good ran up for a drink, raised his glass, and said, "Here's to Butler College!" That would make a touching little tale for *The Quarterly*, if it could be transferred to the edge of No-Man's Land.

Do you like the booklet of selections from Browning sent out to the soldiers by the Browning Society? Surely there is no one whose philosophy more amply and healthfully fits these times than his. And I keep thinking how, his own line changed from Burns and Shelley to himself, he "watches from his grave" and feels the pulse of a Titan age. I am sorry he is not alive. If I had been compiling the little book, I should have included for war-brides Pomplia's last address to Caponsacchi, for the army is full of our "soldier saints."

We have been reading aloud in whatever rare moments we could snatch. Sunday we read "The Spirit of Lafayette" by James Mott Hallowell. By myself I have read "The Return of the Native," a history of New Orleans, "Evan Harrington," Coningsby Dawson's latest "Out to Win," Alden Brooks's "The Fighting Men," and rather minutely the Book of Psalms. It has not been unpatriotic for me to read, for I have discovered that I can knit and read at the same time with advantage to both processes. I like to think that I may have knit into my socks some of Coningsby Dawson's gallant thoughts. He helps me more than any war writer I have read. He turns the bitterness sweet by his own strong sight of the religion of heroism. In his last book, if you have not read it, is a most beautiful picture of Domremy and an American soldier who haunted Joan's birthplace like a pilgrim at a shrine. He honors America by giving her help in this war the same place that Joan of Arc's service filled in that other war.

By the way, speaking of noble expressions, I read this morning the comment of a Spanish newspaper upon the speech of an American general. I do not know who the fortunate man was who could express in one little sentence America's complete casting-off of

gain: "When we return to our country we shall do so empty-handed; we shall take nothing back but the ashes of our dead."

NEWTON C. BROWDER, '16: For two years I have been attending the Harvard Medical School. Last January the Government had all medical students enlisted in the Medical Reserve Corps, so that they could finish their course. There seems to be a great shortage of doctors, and the Government does not want us drafted. It seems as if our four years would never end. It makes one feel almost like a slacker, when he knows all the other boys have gone. Some of the medical students have enlisted anyway, against the advice of the authorities; and often I feel that I cannot stay out of the war any longer. However, for my mother's sake, I feel that I ought to wait, as Clifford and Maurice are in it. I am enlisted and my oldest brother is soon to enlist on the Pacific coast.

Clifford graduated from the Chicago Law School in June, 1917. For nine months he was a struggling young lawyer in the great city of Chicago. As he began to succeed, the draft law came. Knowing that he would be drafted in the summer of 1918, he decided to enlist in a branch of the service to his liking. He chose the Naval Officers' Training Corps at a Chicago pier. In six weeks he expected to be sent to Annapolis, but the Government changed its plan and sent him to Cleveland. Now I understand he is to be sent East for training.

Maurice has been for the last two years at the Annapolis Naval Academy. This summer he is convoying transports across. I do not know where he is, but when I last heard he was down in Virginia. He writes that the "sub" caused him to lose his roommate, who was on a torpedoed boat.

What little I have seen of Boston and Eastern people I like, but I do not have much time to cultivate their acquaintance on account of my studies. The Government lays down the rules of "No conditions." Not only that, but you have to swear you have enough money to complete your next year at the beginning of each year! * * *

I do not dare to let myself think too much about the dear old college and my friends, because I get so lonely. The Butler

Alumnal Quarterly gives me great satisfaction, especially the letters from "the boys." How their personal traits stand out! "Tow" would never have to sign his name, nor would John Kautz. Surely the paper makes all the boys feel there is somebody back home who cares.

I suppose "Prexy" is the same "Prexy" as when I was there. Please remember me to all my friends.

WILLIAM A. HOLLIDAY, D. D., ex-'60, Plainfield, New Jersey: I find so much of interest in The Quarterly that I wish to be put on the list of subscribers. I note in the commencement number the address of Dr. Mackenzie. I happen to have some acquaintance with him; used to give instruction in the seminary of which he is president, but ceased to do so about the time he was called there. This address, as all he does, reads well.

Then as to information of men of about my own time, there are the deaths of Avery and Brevoort. I remember Denny, who writes of the latter, quite well; but had wholly forgotten Brevoort himself. Avery's family lived across the street from us.

ALUMNA: You will be interested to know that while we were in Nashville, returning from the South, we called on Dr. Carey E. Morgan, '83. We found him very cordial, the same kind of gracious, serious, affectionate cordiality that endears Mr. Hilton Brown to us all. Mrs. Morgan, '84, I had not seen since I was a child. We found her the handsome matron in her home. Two sons are in war service. Their youngest child, a daughter, a chip off the paternal block, was recently married and lives at home. Dr. Morgan had just offered himself for several months of war service to the Y. M. C. A. and was planning to leave soon.

We were told that he was greatly beloved in his community, was held reverently by his congregation. It was no unusual thing for him to fill the pulpit in a Catholic church or a Jewish synagogue. Recently when Nashville was seriously threatened by a street-car strike, he was chosen as the one man to mediate between the two forces. He cleared up the affair and was presented with a handsome gold watch by the employees of the company.

We heard several pretty stories like this of him: "Last Sunday when in Nashville, I went to Dr. Morgan's church. While the congregation was singing a hymn, Dr. Morgan came down from the pulpit and shook hands with me, saying, 'I always greet the soldier-boy when he comes to us.' I could see after he had returned to his place that he knew who I was. As he passed down the aisle, after the sermon, he said, 'I want to see you before you leave the church.' When through with the others, he came to me with hand extended (I had to slip him the Sigma Chi grip) and said, 'Boy, your father is one of my dearest friends. God bless you!'"

ROBERT W. BUCK, '14 (student of medicine in Boston): The Quarterly is always welcome, and especially during the war, though I cannot say that its perusal tends to calm the restlessness of us stay-at-homes (at least for the present) when we read of all the wonderful things the boys are up to. Did you ever hear of such a small number of persons doing such a variety of hair-raising things all over the world at once! Butlerites are surely born to rove and to meet adventure.

OMAR WILSON, '87: The last issue of The Quarterly has come and has been eagerly read. It is such a treat and I am so grateful for it. * * * I'm especially glad that there can be placed in it the names of so many alumni and former students who visit the college and campus. Year by year the list of (to me) unknown names grows longer, yet there always are many whom I know and am glad to read of. The record of names of those appearing on the campus on commencement day was one of the pleasantest things in the paper. Every one who reads it must fancy himself among the glad throng. The Friendship Circle! I'm so glad of it for Miss Noble's sake. Who conceived it? Rose MacNeal or Vida Tibbott, I'll guess. For those of us who cannot come back The Alumna Quarterly is an especial blessing. Of course you must print and wish to print and ought to print the longer papers—baccalaureate sermon, commencement address, etc., but don't ever give up the personal mention. We read the essays and forget them, but we forget not the dear ones we've known there.

What good letters the boys write—Hilton and John Kautz! A volume of Tuck's would hustle John's book to keep up. I have "Trucking to the Trenches,"—sent it to my boy Ralph shortly before he started to France. Have not heard from him for many weeks. He may be in this great drive. In the casualty list one night I read the name "Ralph Wilson," but on the next line was the address of New York City, and I breathed again. * * *

I am sending Ralph's letter for you to see, as you ask. He is up against the "real thing" and tells his experience in his own boyish way. Since reading it I never feel content to go to bed. I want to go out and "sleep in the rain and mud" and so imagine I am worthy those youngsters who "for our to-morrow are giving their to-day."

R. A. MACLEOD, '14, Batang, Tibet: There is very serious trouble here now. For some years the Chinese have been encroaching on the Tibetan territory. Now the Tibetans have turned tables and are driving the Chinese back as fast as the Chinese can retreat. It would be more exact to say that the Tibetans have taken everything so far, including the Chinese soldiers. The Tibetan army is now sixty miles from Batang and have instructions to take all the region west of Tachienlu. This they can easily do. They have a well-trained army of several thousands and all armed with modern Enfield rifles (the kind the British use) and plenty of ammunition and several cannon. They were on the way to take Batang when the Chinese officials sent Dr. Shelton to arrange a truce in order to discuss peace terms. In this matter he was successful. A truce of two months was arranged. The Tibetans will surely win out; and if the Chinese don't come to terms they will take Batang and all they want. The Tibetan general is a capable man; his troops are well-trained and crack shots. They drill in English style. One of them is equal to ten Chinamen. In case Batang is taken, the Tibetan general promised to protect the foreigners, that is, the missionaries.

While Dr. Shelton was on this mission to the Tibetan general, the latter sent a letter to the Dalai Lama at Lhasa and asked that Dr. Shelton be permitted to open a hospital at Lhasa. A favorable reply is expected shortly.

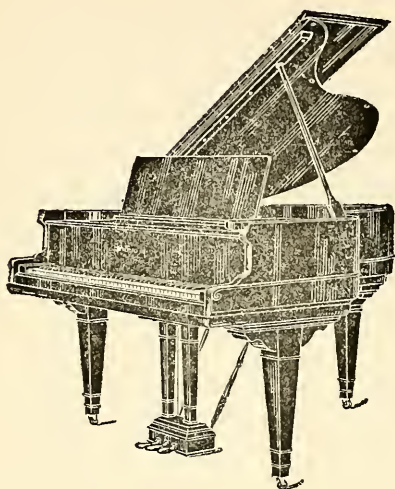
Tell me something about the war. Don't say anything that would offend the censor or I won't get the letter, which would be a calamity, I'm sure.

Mrs. Hugh Garvin writes to an alumnus: The church has asked me to stay on here at the Doctor's regular salary. They are doing everything they can to keep me, but I do not think that would be best. I have accepted a position to teach Latin and French in Proctor, Minnesota. Wilhelmina will teach in Chester, Pennsylvania. I would not deprive Dr. Garvin of the luxury of being free from his crippled body and near the Christ whom I think he understood better than the average man, still I am terribly lonely.

Notice

With all the financial demands of the day, do not forget your annual alumni fee. The Quarterly is dependent upon it. Send one dollar to the alumni treasurer,

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I with uncovered head
Salute the sacred dead,
Who went, and who return not. Say not so!
* * * * *

to the saner mind
We rather seem the dead that stayed behind.
Blow, trumpets, all your exultations blow!
For never shall their aureoled presence lack;
I see them muster in a gleaming row,
With ever-youthful brows that nobler show;
We find in our dull road their shining track;
In every nobler mood
We feel the orient of their spirit glow,
Part of our life's unalterable good,
Of all our saintlier aspiration;
They come transfigured back,
Secure from change in their high-hearted ways,
Beautiful evermore.

LOWELL.

Butler Alumna! Quarterly

VOL. VII INDIANAPOLIS, IND., JANUARY, 1919 No. 4

Lest We Forget

BY JULIA GRAYDON JAMESON, '90

I am not a pessimist. I have a deal of faith in the nobility of human nature, and yet I have reason to believe in its selfishness and its love of self-indulgence.

I feel that we did stand on the brink of an abyss and knew it not, because we were sated and intoxicated by the love of pleasure and ease and indulgence. We were where the Roman stood before his fall; our "paths dropped fatness"; we ate, drank, and were merry, forgetting that to-morrow we die; we had placed other gods before Him; we worshipped the golden calf—wealth and all that it buys; in the things of the body (particularly if it be our own body) we revelled, and we honored him who could revel more than we; we closed our eyes to sins that are abhorrent in the sight of God, and glossed over and excused shortcomings that we nursed in our hearts, all of us.

"But when the bugles sounded—War!
We put our games away."

All that was magnificent in man surged to the surface, his sins fell from him as dried cuticle, parched by fever. He was reborn, baptized by fire, the dross of his soul consumed; the flabby muscles of indulgence tightened and grew tense with use; his spirit, stripped before his God, stands glorified. He has walked the heights his Master trod in Calvary; he has radiantly given his life for others, his all, himself; he has given as humbly, as selflessly, as the Nazarene.

God has saved us from ourselves! Not easily, but in the travail of our souls.

Thank Heaven! a day of serious vein is upon us. The love of being witty, no matter at whose expense, the joy of being accounted funny and clever, even though it be at the sacrifice of things sacred, has been the ruling passion and the criterion by which one was judged. But this earthquake that has wrenched and torn the world and humanity has brought us down to the bedrock of serious thought again. The question often comes to our minds, no doubt, and sometimes to our lips—for how long have we learned our lesson. Has it hit us hard enough to be abiding? We have not yet parted with our precious ones, we have not seen our sacred hearthstones ravaged, we have eaten a comfortable substitute bread and have gone without bacon, but is it burned into our souls? Is it not timely to pause for a few minutes and put into words what is revolving in our minds, that we may plant deep in our souls some of the lessons of those awful and glorious days? Lest we forget anything that may be of profit to humanity in exchange for the mammoth price that has been paid!

I approach this subject reverently, with head uncovered and latchets unloosed. The price that has been paid is life, the flower of our lands has marched out blithely and with song on their lips to meet the Great Adventure, to pay the ultimate toll, if need be, for their ideals. In the quiet, in the aloneness, in the sorrow of it all, we are left to gather out of this chaos some new ideals that will stand the shock. Unworthy things must be lost in the shuffle.

In the first place, let us think of some of the lessons that Germany, under her Prussian leadership, has to teach us. Booth Tarkington, in a recent article in "The American," embodies some of the thoughts that have been running in my mind. Let us be absolutely honest with ourselves. Are we perfectly sure that we have none of the vanity of the Kaiser? Are we priding ourselves in any wise upon ancestry, blood, family, education? Those things, put where they belong, are on the debit side of the column, not the credit; they are obligations, not a glorification. Are we sure we are not just hitting the high spots in our ancestry, and forgetting that every family has its skeleton?

Are we in any wise the snob—servile to the man whom circumstances have placed above us, and insolent to the one below?

Are we perfectly sure that we are free from the sin of self-righteousness, that we never judge God by ourselves, or point out the way to Him?

Are we sure that we always face ourselves squarely? In the words of Mr. Tarkington, do we ever "prettify" our sins? Do we always call black, black, and white, white, when it is in ourselves? In his words, "Wilhelm prettifies murder, killing, throat-cutting, disemboweling, rape, incendiarism, robbery, conquest, foul faith." Are we sure we do not prettify the foreclosure of mortgages, or the taking of high rentals for our property for illicit usages, or the holding back on Liberty bonds or Red Cross?

Are we sure that we have bought until we are pinched, not just what it was comfortable to buy? Are we sure we do not prettify stealing by calling it "kleptomania?" Are we sure we do not call laziness ill-health, or do not let ourselves down easily by saying that our neighbor has executive ability, when she is only willing to put things through by dint of hard work that we are not willing to do?

Are we sure that our conception of culture is not spelled with a K, that means the cultivation of the mind and not the spirit?

Are we sure we are willing to employ the thrift and hard work of a German, when we want to put things through?

Do we always know the difference between thine and mine?

Are we sure we are not cultivating that higher criticism of religion, whereby Germany began to fall? Faith is of things unseen, a frail and delicate fabric that cannot be handled nor dissected nor accounted for by rule. It is typified supremely in "the child trailing clouds of glory," fresh from the hand of God, His gift. It can no more be analyzed, accounted for, nor touched than the fragrance of a flower, or the bubble with its rainbow hues.

Are we sure that our educational system is not subsidized, or is it absolutely open to the sunshine of truth?

This war is not wholly tragedy, nor an unalloyed evil. It has its compensations. We have learned tremendous lessons. Will they abide, or can we forget? Our boys are giving their dreams, their hopes, their lives for an ideal. To be worthy of them we must safe-

guard ourselves lest we forget the lessons of the spirit, while it trod the wine press.

Can it be that we can ever forget the gentle art of giving as we have learned it? The grace of giving some and then more and then more, the answer always of "ready" when the call comes. This has been a year of Christmas spirit, that selfless love that has encircled the earth. Will we ever let it grow cold? Has the lesson been burned into us, so that we may never return to our selfish ways again?

Several years ago organized charity tried to ask this people for a community fund that would take care of all charities comfortably, and not have to be always begging for the help His poor have a right to receive. Our leaders in philanthropy stood back of this and asked for \$20,000, a mere pittance from a comfortable town like this. Weeks of tireless labor were spent in preparation and when the crucial time arrived the committees were barely able to secure \$11,000. It was the man of moderate means who did it, too, as it is to-day. If the rich man pinched as the poor man does to-day, the Fourth Liberty Loan would have been oversubscribed without effort. Will we ever be without a War Chest, at least a chest that shall administer the community's philanthropy in a dignified way? Will we ever go back to spending so lavishly on our own comforts and pleasures that we can forget to blush when our own desolate and poor are uncared for?

Can we ever forget the pay we have known in real hospitality—the hospitality that gives the home welcome to those who need it, not to those who can return it. The joy of making a lonely soul happy for a few hours! This generation has learned to be so selfish of its homes. Sacred, by all means, but for that reason the greatest gift when shared. Our mothers and grandmothers took in lonely children and gave them the blessed atmosphere of home, as well as education. They shared, not gave. This generation has been accustomed to give only what it did not want, and that meagerly. Lest we forget!

The biggest thing this war has asked has been the giving of self, not only indefatigably of the body, but of the spirit. The pampered nature, or the sharp tongue, or the quick criticism that has

held itself in check has done more than to conquer cities. They, at least, will never forget. They have seen a vision.

I have the picture in my mind of one of the leaders in the Red Cross work—indulged, admired, beautiful, brilliant, sharp and cold as steel. She told me: "It is my business to meet the people that come in from out of town to learn our organization. I take them over everything and explain each minutest detail, and then repeat it all and repeat it again. After I have talked the same things over and over for several hours, I feel tempted to say: 'I have told you all I know over and over again. Now you must excuse me that I may return to my work.' But I dare not say this. I must patiently go on and let the long hours of the night complete the work the day could not get in." Alongside of her beauty and wit, now walks patient sweetness. It will always flow in and around her life in gracious bounty, sweeping into a forgotten past her keen and cold brilliance. The war has fully rounded in her a royal nature. And she is only one.

This generation had grown to be so complex in its living. Selfishness had made so much indulgence a necessity of our lives. For others, we have been able to strip it all off in the twinkling of an eye, for the sake of others will we not always leave it off? Lest we forget that life is too sacred to be cluttered with the trumpery of living and the detail of form!

I heard a woman say this summer: "Have you not been surprised how much you can find in a woman sitting next to you at Red Cross, who is not perhaps of your class?" She, a parasite on society, accepting what marriage brought to her and giving naught in exchange! Every drop of American blood surged within me. Have we forgotten that our fathers died to wipe out that class distinction, that there is no aristocracy among us, but that of goodness and of service? But goodness is so uninteresting! the cry of ten years ago, not so to-day. The blasé girl with streaming eyes who humbly says to the rough Highlander, "Please, may I touch the hand that has saved the world," voices the cry of to-day. The officer that binds the feet of his privates after a blistering hike is walking the path his Master trod. Down with class distinction forever!

Lest we forget the beauty of friendship, the glory of gratitude.

and the dignity of righteous wrath. Everything that is sacred in life has been outraged and ravaged by what Kipling calls "the beast that walks like a man." Nothing but generations of contriteness can wipe out the stain of murder and crime, and no dignity can forgive where penitence does not ask. Two magnificent nations threw themselves into the breach and held the beast from us until we had made up our minds to hear the cry of agonizing humanity. Thousands of American lads will come home to us alive and whole because thousands of our blood—brothers from the British Isles—have been killed and mutilated and have taught us how to escape. They rose to the rank of full military partner with France—and there is no higher rank. "Lest we forget!"

A college man said in chapel a few years ago, in talking of a portrait that hung on the walls, of a noble head, pierced by a rebel bullet in the Civil War: "The spirit of that day is dead, the modern youth is so pampered." At the first sound of the trumpet those same boys "took the khaki and the gun, instead of cap and gown. They gave their merry youth away for country and for God." Lest we forget, that patriotism must live in peace as well as war, it must always find expression in our best effort—to serve the commonwealth, to lift the stranger that is within our gates, to keep down crime.

Last winter when the thermometer was only content at ten degrees below zero, a boy wrote me from a Southern camp: "I must stop now, and break the ice on my water bucket to wash my face for mess," then quickly, lest I should pity him, he added: "My! but it puts pep in you to wash your face in ice water." This from a boy whose whole life had known a steam-heated home and bathrooms of assorted sizes. This spirit deserved that of his soldier-bride who, when she had seen him sail, wrote: "Do not feel sorry for me. Now I can share his glory." Patience! Fortitude! Life can never seem hard again. We never can forget.

But greatest of all the lessons—the nations of the earth sit as little children about the knees of their Heavenly Father. As a little child plunges from a height with perfect faith that the strong arms of his father can never fail him, so the world knows that it must plunge into the dark unknown; there is nothing else to do, and it has the sublime faith that a Father-love will uphold it that it may not

dash its foot against a stone. Religion, stripped of all its powers, is simply love—love that has perfect faith, that yields itself to that abiding care that has wrought all things in the universe, that sends the planets singing in their course, with whom the hairs of our heads are numbered, who guides the arrow in its flight, who notes the sparrow's fall, who doeth all things well. Lest we forget, first to hold His hand and walk with Him!

Worship must take a new shape. Forms must be lost forever. We who as individuals make up the church, must hear the message Joshua brought to the Israelites who beheld Jericho, as they awaited the crossing of the Jordan—"Sanctify yourselves, for to-morrow the Lord will do great things among you." This is our bit.

The imperishable gift of this war is that the souls of men have stood stripped before God.

An Appraisal of William N. Pickerill, '60

BY AUSTIN FLINT DENNY, '62

It would be presumptuous to assume that any reader of the *Quarterly* does not know that Butler College is a derivative of the North Western Christian University—a mere change of name. The resounding pretentious title gave place to the simpler modest one. In this theme we are approaching the beginning of things. For mere logic, some obvious things must be stated. Since brevity may have had its influence in the change of name, now, for mere brevity, will suffice the initials, N. W. C. U., tersely significant to the early alumni.

N. W. C. U.'s first faculty, first curriculum of collegiate study, and first power to confer the learned degrees, came into existence in 1856. It is noteworthy that, in this first year, there were three graduates, two with the degree A. B., and one with B. S., who came into the senior year from Bethany College—possibly to escape contact with the envioning sympathy for African slavery. It is interesting to recall that, of these, one remains, and she resides near the

college grounds. It is equally notable that for every year thereafter this college has had a class of graduates; that the class of '60, of which the subject of this sketch was a unit, was the largest in the first twenty-three years; that the second class, '57, had but two members, of whom all trace since has been lost; and that the class of '63 totalled one, of whom the president, in his baccalaureate address, quoting from the lioness made famous by Æsop, said: "We have only one, but he is a lion."

Remarkable, in that early day, for the number of its graduates, fourteen, was the class of 1860. Of these, many are historically familiar to the recent alumni; and William Nimon Pickerill was the last survivor. He passed to that inevitable bourne, November 5, 1918, after attaining an age of more than eighty years. His life was varied, but modest and unobtrusive, while more than ordinarily successful in every particular gauged by a justifiable ambition.

William N. Pickerill was born October 11, 1838, in Byrd township, Brown county, Ohio, on a farm, where he worked and where he attained a common school education, until he was nineteen years old. At that age he entered the Ohio Wesleyan University, where he finished part of his junior year. Thence, owing to its connection with the Christian or Disciples' church, as well as to his respect for the faculty, he went to N. W. C. U. and graduated with the degree A. B., in June, 1860. He was a member of the Phi Delta Theta, then perhaps the strongest of the Greek fraternities in the college. After his graduation, he taught school for six months at his birthplace. While in college he made choice of the law as a profession, and there and afterward made progress in its study. He went from Ohio to Centerville, Indiana, and studied law with George W. Julian, the celebrated abolitionist and statesman. There he was admitted to practice law. On the call of the President for 300,000 troops, sharing in the patriotic furore to put down the rebellion of the Slave States, he left Centerville, went to Indianapolis, signed up for membership in an infantry company then organizing, wherein he was billed for a sergeantcy but declined to be sworn in owing to an unfortunate dissention among the men of the company. He enlisted, however, July 18, 1861, in Company F, Third Indiana Cavalry, which was attached to the Army of the Potomac, and in

which he served for three years, without attaining a rank higher than that of corporal. He was in seventy-one engagements, including the renowned battles of Antietam, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, and the Wilderness.

After his discharge, he returned to Brown county, Ohio, formed a law partnership, was elected and served as mayor of Georgetown, stayed there until 1866, was prosperous in business, and married Helen Macklen, November 29, 1865. In December, 1866, he moved to Clinton, Henry county, Missouri, a sparsely settled and isolated region; practised law, was elected as prosecuting attorney of a circuit of five counties, which election, *ex officio*, involved the attorneyship of his home county. The region was invaded by a trunk railway to which his county made an extravagant donation of \$600,000, and became apparently prosperous, but overreached, in both county and inhabitants, borrowing from Eastern capitalists at high rates of interest. A drought, a plague of chinch-bugs and grasshoppers brought financial ruin and a deluge of foreclosures. Inflated values were exploded, and there was a rush to sell out, on the principle of the devil taking the hindmost. While Mr. Pickerill was not, perhaps, ruinously mortgaged, he joined in the prevalent flight, sold his possessions at a loss and abandoned Missouri. He came to Indianapolis in 1875 and entered the practice of law, at which he was continuously engaged until his physical disability intervened, except for eight years of service as special examiner of the Federal Pension Bureau. Notwithstanding, his interest in politics and his previous success in political preferment, he was never an applicant for any local office in Indiana.

His wife died December 23, 1879. They lived together fourteen years. He never remarried. Quoting his own words: "Rearing of our children then became my life work; and it was with great satisfaction that I saw them grow into promising manhood and womanhood." Of his wife he said: "She was of the purest life, gentle, lovable, and patient; and the labor of her life had been to make her home a heaven for her husband and children."

After his children had married and left the parental domicile, he gave much attention to the study of English classics, while keeping close touch with current events and literature. He traveled, visiting

distant parts of the United States and Canada. Governor Marshall appointed him to represent the State in the dedication of the monument to Indiana soldiers and sailors on the battleground at Antietam. Going there in that mission, he visited Gettysburg and other battlefields in which he had been concerned and returned with details of great interest to his comrades and friends.

At St. Petersburg, Florida, he was struck, January 16, 1917, with paralysis, from which he never fully recovered. He died of blood-poisoning at the Methodist Hospital, Indianapolis, November 7, 1918, while the premature jollification over the end of the world-war was so hysterically celebrating in Indianapolis. Had he been alive in full vigor, he would have rivaled the most enthusiastic in his delirium of joy for peace.

His surviving children are Mrs. Harriet P. Laycock, widow, Zanesville, Ohio; Mrs. Robert W. (Maude) Neighbor, Oakland, California; Mrs. George W. (Blanch) Dickson, Indianapolis, Indiana; Mrs. Esther Breeman, Oakland, California. A son and daughter died, without issue, after the death of his wife.

Although he was reared in the Christian, or Disciples', church, and two generations of his forebears were enthusiasts in that denomination, he married a Presbyterian; and, without dissent, "believing," he says, "that any church founded on the teachings of the Holy Scriptures and which taught righteousness, was a safe guide for any man through life," he joined the Presbyterian church. He was a Mason, a Knight of Pythias, and a Son of the Revolution. His most important connection with any social organization was with the G. A. R., in which, as a member of the George H. Chapman Post, he was prominent, a leader, and never evaded any service within his reach.

Early in his career, with infinite patience and industry, he collected the names of 2,250 descendants of his grandfather, Samuel Pickerill, and with pertinent facts concerning these, circulated among them a pamphlet, the result of his researches.

In 1906, he wrote and published in a fine book, a "History of the Third Indiana Cavalry." His beautiful dedication deserves a place in this sketch: "To the brave men of the Third Indiana Cavalry who served in the Civil War, whether now living, or sleeping where

loving hands have laid them or in unknown and unmarked graves in Southern lands, this volume is affectionately inscribed."

His memory stirred by his recent visit to the Southern battlefields, he contributed to the *Quarterly* for October, 1913, an interesting article entitled, "Gettysburg After Fifty Years." In this he incorporated a description of the battle. It has been said of Victor Hugo, writer, not warrior, that he wrote the best description of the battle of Waterloo that has ever been written. For one not skilled in warfare to compare Pickerill's description with others of greater prominence would be overbold. But in that article the vividness of reminiscence, the spontaneity of feeling, the purity of diction, the musical cadence of the unpretentious periods, and the wholesomeness of it all, give it a high rank as a literary production. If William N. Pickerill, lawyer, not writer, had not been "to fortune and to fame unknown," who shall say that this modest production of his should not take high rank as a classic? *

He left a manuscript in which he detailed the events of his own life, and of the lives of his ancestors through two generations, reaching a date twelve years before the end of his worldly life. The descendants of many an ancestor would keenly appreciate such a record. In his family, this manuscript should be brought down to "the last sad rites," while the material and the ability are available.

For fifty-seven years he was a member of the bar and was held in honorable esteem. No one suspects him of dishonor or pettiness. He was diligent in his research both of fact and of law. After his accustomed preparation, he was a formidable opponent in a trial. No higher tribute can be given a lawyer than to say, as was true of him, that he kept his clients. As a citizen he stood for the right, as he saw it. As a father, and, since he himself has said it, "as a mother," the highest praise is his desert.

*The reader will pardon a slight digression. The N. W. C. U. commencement of 1863 was held three days after Pickerill, unknown to the faculty and students, had been engaged for three days in the three days' battle of Gettysburg. President Benton, in his baccalaureate address, alluding to the terrific losses and carnage of the Union troops as the price of their victory, so swayed his audience that it gave way to tears.

For Remembrance

"Their name liveth for evermore"

Lieutenant Hilton U. Brown, Jr.

Lieutenant Kenneth Victor Elliott

Lieutenant John Charles Good

Lieutenant Robert E. Kennington

Sergeant Henry R. Leukhardt

Private Harold Russell Mercer

Sergeant Marsh W. Nottingham

Lieutenant Bruce Pettibone Robison

Seaman Henry Clarence Toon

To Lieutenant Hilton U. Brown, Jr.

Our neighbor boy, a comely lad,
With dreams poetic in his heart,
Left books, and college games, and sports,
In war's wild din to bear his part ;
He braved the menace of the deep,
The treacherous, murderous Prussian bands ;
His youthful soul with fervor filled
For the oppressed in conquered lands.

Dear neighbor boy, what glory came
To you upon a far-off field ;
The glory only he can know
Who sees the hosts of darkness yield ;
Who, soul undaunted, met the foe,
And peaceful sleeps 'neath Argonne sod ;
A modern knight, who raised his sword
For Freedom, and for Freedom's God.

DEBORAH EDGEWORTH.

Irvington.

From Our Soldier Boys

"'Tis God's voice calls; how could I stay?"

Lieutenant Paul V. Brown, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. U. Brown, wrote under date of November 8:

"Hilton died the way all soldiers would like to die, quickly, while doing his duty on the far-advanced battlefields of a great drive. * * *

"He was buried shortly after he fell, in the little town of Nouart, not far from where he died. I am writing while we are stalled on the road, waiting for the bridge over the Meuse to be built, and this note will be forwarded by special messenger through the courtesy of the Y. M. C. A. and the chaplain.

"Always we sought each other in our spare moments. It may be hard to understand how two brothers could be such good chums. We could laugh and joke under the worst circumstances, when we were brought together, for it was impossible not to feel cheerful when Hilton was about. When one of us returned from some particularly dangerous mission the other was waiting; and how glad we were to see each other and compare notes of what we saw and felt when going over with the infantry.

"It seems only the irony of fate that Hilton should have gone through all the dangers of these campaigns and then be killed when standing by his guns figuring firing data for the advance position to which the guns were constantly moving. I had just returned from the infantry. Hilton and I had lain down and slept together for a few hours just before the order came again to advance. I was bringing the battery into position when an officer, mistaking me for my brother, told me that he thought I had just been hit. Then I knew that the one dearest to so many hearts was gone.

"I have seen and felt many things in these last terrible days; but I hope that I am soldier enough to bear up and continue to do my duty as I know you would want me to do."

Excerpts from letters of Lieutenant Hilton U. Brown, Jr., '21:

"We are getting what we came over here to get—action."

"I have many good wishes for the continued success and future of old Butler. May her sons distinguish themselves so as to do credit to her name."

"I have thought a good many times to-day of the experience [his horse had been killed under him], and I want to tell you that I have prayed to God several times, thanking Him for His mercy."

"I have often thought of what a godsend this war has been to our country. * * * We will have been the gainers in the end, if it costs us a million men. And here is one who is willing to be of those, if the Germans are completely defeated and subdued, and a lasting peace is assured."

"Time passes swiftly. We try to see the comedy side of every incident, and our battery from captain down is as cheerful a lot of men as one could find. War is not so bad if you do not pay too much attention to the horrible side of it. A laugh and a cartoon will help to drive the 'blues' away, and in no way contribute to the welfare of the enemy."

"I have just realized that Butler College is again in session and am going to take the time to send my best wishes and hopes for a big year. We are camped out in a woods where a few days ago the elusive Hun pursued his mysterious and evil ways. He is a luxury-loving animal, the boche,—he needs must have electric lights and beds and rustic retreats wherein to drink his national drink, while we are content to do without any lights at all, to sleep in the mud beneath the trees, and quench our thirst with chlorinated water. How low and vile he must think us,—exceptionally so, now that we are making him travel several kilometers daily toward home and mother."

"You people back there on the campus should be proud of the old school, for it is doing its share over here. There were not a few Butler boys who went over on the last offensive, and they are only representative of all Butler folk. We that are here are only luckier in that we have the best opportunity to be of immediate service."

"I have been unlucky in that I have not met many of the 'old gang.' I saw Fritz Wagoner at an officers' training school in Saumur, and 'Tow' Bonham here in the regiment, but that is all."

"I received my Butler Alumna! Quarterly just before the drive opened up, but had time to read it through and enjoy it thoroughly."

"If you have a football team this fall, please detail about a dozen husky young fellows to 'root' for me. I hope I am back to do my own cheering next year."

From the last letter, dated October 23:

"They were more than five to one against us, but we were in their rear, and we opened a rifle and pistol barrage on them; and when they did not take advantage of their numbers, we rushed them with bloodthirsty yells, which in my own case were much fiercer than I really felt.

"I leveled my empty pistol sternly at them, and they raised their arms in token of surrender. Frightened as I may have been, I actually had to laugh, because it was so unreal and impossible. It was all actually as it used to be when we played war in the yard back home years ago—exactly the same, even down to empty pistol. One of the prisoners could speak a little English, so I terrorized him into telling the others in hot haste what I wanted them to do. He handed over his belt and pistol, which I hope to bring home with me as souvenirs.

"In picking around the front line just after we had gained ground, I spied a German crouching in the underbrush. I seized my pistol, but when I looked at the man a second time, I saw that he was shaking with fright. I went to him and asked him why he was in hiding—a foolish question, but what should one say? He did not understand English, so I tried French. This time he got my meaning and told me he had been wounded by shellfire and had been lying out in the open two days and nights.

"He was 'fed up' on stories of what Americans did to Germans and so had hidden in the brush and had not been picked up by the first aid men. I looked him over and found he was badly injured. He was almost gone from loss of blood, thirst, and exposure. He nearly passed away when, instead of braining him, I handed him my canteen. Then I called stretcher bearers and food. As a token of gratitude he gave me the blood-soaked five-mark piece which I inclose. I did not think much of all this at the time, but afterward I felt happy to know that this poor wretch had found that the American soldiers were neither cruel nor bloodthirsty."

VERSES BY HILTON U. BROWN, JR.

[Copy of verses found in the effects of Lieut. Hilton U. Brown.]

Soldier dying, soldier dead, sleep undisturbed,
No more for you the sword of red or wrath uncurbed,
Your soul, gone to those heights above,
To that far land of light and love,
Is unperturbed.

No need for you to fear hell's fire, whom duty becked,
To fight in field and rain and mire, in cities wrecked.
You joined the forces of the right
To stop a demon wielding might,
And hold him checked.

It is that those who, holding power yet craving more,
Did cause on earth this leaden fire of death to pour,
Shall learn to fear far fiercer hells
Than screaming shot and bursting shells
Ere this life's o'er.

For they shall hear in all their dreams by day or night,
The widows' moans, the dying screams caused by this fight,
And let them flee by sea or land,
A desperate fear with burning hand,
Will hold them tight.

In years to come we shall not bow to brutal force.
Your children who are helpless now will find a source
Of power in God's own way,
When peace and love shall both hold sway
And run their course.

B. WALLACE LEWIS, '16:

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE, November 2, 1918.

I write this just after the big news of Turkey's capitulation, and I tell you there is some rejoicing here in France. We look for the fall of Austria at any hour and that will leave Germany alone to face the downfall she has brought upon herself. Germany is now

where Macbeth was when he said: "Life's but an empty shadow, a poor player that struts and frets his hour upon the stage, and then is heard no more." There is no future except the hell she has made. We must not be moved to pity by the awful spectacle of the death of a nation's soul, because they have forfeited the right to pity. Ourselves and our allies have suffered too much to cry *with* the villain of the play—*n'est-ce pas?*

We are still a long way from the Front—but we are still helping to win the war, if only by being a part of the army the Kaiser said America could not raise, and if she did she could never send to France. We are giving moral support to the Allied cause, anyhow. If the present good news keeps up, we may never see the Front, which would be a pity. I should hate to miss seeing it after Johnny Kautz has been there two whole years and Paul Ragsdale one. At first I was afraid we would never get to France. Now I am afraid we will never get to the Front. Oh, well, if we were there, we would be anxious to get back. I believe half the psychology of the army is to keep the soldiers dissatisfied—then they will go anywhere. In the training camp in the States they chafe at inaction and want to see foreign service. In concentration camps in France they want to go to the Front. At the Front they want to go to the rest camps in the rear. A pretty safe bet is that a soldier always wants to be where he is not. But first, last, and always there is one place they all want to go all the time and that's home. Safe or not, wounded or whole, long in the service or a ninety-day wonder, they all want to go home. Home, the place where they treat you the best and you treat them the worst; where you're at the same time the best satisfied and the most discontented. The place where the voice of conscience is your reveille and the murmur of the inner man your mess call. The place where taps are determined by circumstances instead of the clock. The place where you can dine a la carte once in a while and not have a whole table d'hôte thrown at you in spite of pronounced gustatory likes and dislikes. The place of luxury, leisure, sleep, and baths, clean towels and white sheets, carpets and chairs, warm rooms and running water, plumbing, silverware, friendship, business, music, newspapers, and pie. The place where some one cares if you've got wet feet, or you knock cigarette ashes on the floor.

The place where you can confide in something more sympathetic than a bunkie who snores, or an inferior who looks down on you. The place where you can reach in your pocket and feel a good, honest, self-respecting one-hundred-cent American dollar instead of a measly and self-depreciating franc. The place where you can wear a white collar, duck church on Sunday. Well, now that it's all settled that home is the best place of all, let's all go there right now, never more to roam, never more to join the army, never more to grumble.

November 5, 1918.

The good news continues to filter through, and we are coming closer and closer to the end, aren't we? Perhaps, who knows, next Christmas may be the happiest this old world has seen for many a long year. Just leave it up to the Yanks. If it is humanly possible they'll end it by the holidays.

For the first time since the war began I hear people talking freely and confidently about the end. The first year no one dared to look ahead; not only was the end uncertain as to time but as to its outcome. The second year the same. One wondered if the belligerents could endure another year, but no one dared to prophesy. The third was very discouraging. In spite of heroism and sacrifice and appalling effort the end could not be seen. But now! One man says next week, another next month, and even the most pessimistic says the first of the year. It was America that turned the tide. And if I never get to the Front, I shall be proud as long as I live to have been a member of our own A. E. F. The world has already seen the farmer boy, the clerk, the laborer, the professional man of France and England and Italy and Germany fight, and remarkable fighters they have proved in the last four years. During the last year they have seen the farmer boy, the clerk, and laborer of our own United States play the same game with his more experienced colleagues and his vastly more experienced foe. And to date he has outclassed them all. He is just a little more intelligent, a little more daring, a little better led, a little better equipped, and immeasurably better spirited than the best they've got on this side. The American soldier is the best there is, and I want him to get the credit he deserves for pulling this war out of the fire at the worst hour of all.

We "grouse" (I heard a Britisher say that word for "grumble" and it suits me) a lot in this army. We grouse at the cooks, we grouse at our beds, we grouse at our pay, we grouse at everything and everybody, most of all the Hun who is the excuse for our being here. But, honestly, there's not one of us who means it. There is not a man in our outfit who would trade places with any civilian in the States. We are having the experience of our lives, right now; and though we argue hotly that we would never join another army, and that we would wait till we were tied and dragged into it before getting another war, there's not a man in our company who wouldn't jump exactly where he did if he had it to do over.

Probably you have searched in vain in my letters for some slight grain of information or news. We can say anything, but tell nothing. After the war, however, and we are back home, I defy any old censor to censor my tongue. You will hear the whole story some day, but you'll never read it. Until then——

LIEUTENANT WHITNEY R. SPIEGEL, ex-'18: July 28.—I have just come in from seven days of fierce fighting, having gone "over the top" six times. I suppose the last two weeks will stand out as the most momentous days of my life. Joining a company on the 11th of July, going into an attack on the 17th, and being in command of the company on the 21st is a pretty full week.

We left for the attack on Tuesday night and went "over the top" at 8:20 a. m., Wednesday, July 17th. We had to walk through a terrible bombardment, which, of course, claimed some victims. The biggest miracle to me was that just as I stepped out into "No Man's Land," an artillery shell exploded at my feet and lifted me up in the air, and, will you believe it, I didn't receive a scratch. However, it claimed my corporal and wounded three other men. We crossed "No Man's Land" and took the village on the other side, but the Boche artillery at once started to demolish the town and we went on. We lay in a small brook for two days, and on Saturday evening we were "over the top" again and advanced more than twelve kilometers. You have no doubt read all about the fighting, little suspecting that I was in it. We stopped in a woods Saturday night and Sunday, and Tuesday night—over again.

It was here that our two lieutenants were slightly wounded, This left only the commanding officer and myself. Tuesday, just as we were ready to go over again, he received word to go back home as an instructor and receive promotion to captain. Can you imagine a more "novel" time to receive such an order? This left me the only officer in the company, and I am still in command. Another lieutenant was sent me yesterday, and I expect a captain soon.

Really, I never saw such game and courageous young fellows as are in this company. They kept plodding along during those severe days without a whimper from one of them. They are now sitting around singing and playing. * * *

There ought to be a law not to take any prisoners but to kill them all, as a Boche is only good when he is dead. They continue to do the same barbarous acts to-day as they did in 1914, and they will continue to do them as long as they live. Can you imagine going into a private home, tearing out fine paintings and taking good Oriental rugs and putting them in their dugouts? Is it a wonder every American wants to kill every Boche he sees?

I thought I was a strong believer in God, but after the way I have come out of this, I am a great deal stronger, and know that Somebody is watching over me. Last Sunday we advanced twelve kilometers on the Boche. I put that down as the day I did more for Christianity than I ever did or hope to do, outside of giving my life.

September 26.—To-day is the Big Day. When you receive this letter, look at the papers and see what happened. Our guns are certainly working. The windows and walls of this dugout are shattered every time one goes off. Here's hoping everything is as successful as all in the past six weeks has been, or since July 18.

Yesterday my promotion to a first lieutenancy came through, and I was sworn in. I received a French paper yesterday which stated that the British army in Palestine had taken 25,000 prisoners, and captured the supplies and transportation of two Turkish armies. It looks as if the Allies are being crowned with success everywhere. There is plenty going on, but I can't tell it. In a few days there will be some wonderful news. * * *

In the Chateau-Thierry, or second battle of the Marne, we started at Belleau Wood. Here was our worst fighting. I wish you could hear the bombardment. It is glorious to think the effect this is having among the Germans.

AVRECOURT, FRANCE, December 8, 1918.

A Merry Christmas to you all! * * *

The news of the armistice was certainly wonderful. From letters I have received, you people in Indianapolis must have had a wild celebration. Not so with us. We ended the war in a very different manner. We were in the front line preparing to go "over the top" at 1:30 p. m. Orders had been received at 7 a. m. of November 11, to open attack at 1:30. We had made all preparations and the artillery was making its bombardment, when a runner brought the message that hostilities would cease at 11 o'clock, 11th of November, 1918. Nothing could have been more welcome, and yet the men gave but a cheer. The news was unbelievable, it struck us dumb.

Our regiment has been in the second battle of the Marne, the Saint Mihiel offensive, and the battle of Verdun from October 25 to November 11, 1918. This last experience at Verdun was the worst we have ever had. The old Boche was determined not to yield an inch at this point, and he surely carried out his threat. This sector was at the pivot of the German retreat, and an advance there would have cut off a great amount of their supplies. The small towns of Haumont, Flabas, Samogneux, Ville de Chaumont, and Beaumont will always stand out in my memory, when I think of this sector. The papers have told you in detail of the Saint Mihiel offensive and the Chateau-Thierry fight, so I shall not try to add to what you already know.

At your earliest moment, write me all about Butler, and give to all my friends my best wishes.

It is rumored that we are to return soon, but we know nothing definite. To think of Indianapolis seems like a dream. I can't believe I shall ever be there until I have both feet "planted" in the Union Station.

LIEUTENANT WOOD UNGER, '12, with the 357th Infantry, wrote from a hospital in France: I lived more in three hours in one day

than in all the rest of my life up to that time. By 8 a. m., I thought surely it was time for nightfall. It was glorious, and to serve with the splendid American manhood here is a privilege I well appreciate. Our captain was wounded in the first few minutes and I had the company for four days until I was hit. When I counted up my losses it hurt. One corporal I lost that not all the blood in the best division Germany has or will ever have could pay me for.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM MATHEWS, ex-'14, from a hospital in France writes under date of October 30: Since the 1st of June it has been one continual round of hard fighting. You probably know how our division stopped the Boches in the first weeks of June in the vicinity of Chateau-Thierry. It was our battalion that went into Belleau Wood 958 strong and came out about 300 and with just six officers. I was one of them. Those were surely strenuous days. I'll never forget them as long as I live. Somebody was getting it all the time. We had no trenches—just small fox holes you dug with your best friend, the shovel. During that time I saw several men go stark mad from the shellfire and strain.

We were pulled out of there at night and loaded into camions. We traveled all night and till noon the next day. We were unloaded up north of Crepy. Then we hiked the rest of that day and the rest of that night. The hike that night was the worst I ever took. Our battalion moved single file down a road jammed with three lines of traffic. We were twenty minutes late getting up to our jumping off place the morning of the 18th, but we "went over" just the same. We had a wonderful barrage. The Boche did not put up much resistance and surrendered readily. With my men we took seventy-five prisoners and eight machine guns inside of the first hour.

Then we walked for three miles till we reached our objective. The tanks were with us and helped mightily. That night we went over again and went for about a mile. The next morning other units jumped us, but we remained in support till the morning of the 20th. When our division was relieved and got back I was completely all in. We had had no sleep or food for seventy-two

hours and the strain of the past seven weeks got me. I lost my nerve after all the danger and the fighting was over.

Well, I went to a field hospital and they sent me in by the wonderful hospital train. I finally ended up at Nantes. And who should I meet at the station but Tuck Brown, of Indianapolis. It did seem good to see him.

I felt so ashamed of myself at that hospital that I left in a week and came back to the unit. A little later we went into the St. Mihiel show. It was a snap. The Boche was all packed ready to surrender. After that show we went up in the Champagne country and helped the French out. We attacked the morning of October 3 and the first day was easy. We had our artillery. But the second day we were beyond range of our artillery and it grew pretty warm.

While our battalion was executing a local attack the second day I stopped a shrapnel ball. It went in my leg just below the knee and went to the bone. I was never more surprised in my life, than when I was hit. I had been through so much without being hit that I thought the Boche did not have my number. It surely knocked my feet from under me, and I did let out a good strong curse. My, but it made me sore. And then I became scared for the first time in a long while. I wanted to get out without being hit again. I crawled back half a mile and found some stretchers and so I did get in.

I have a real nice wound. It has not pained me in the least. They had to operate on me twice to get the bullet out. I have it now as a souvenir—one of the very few souvenirs I have.

This hospital I am in is a splendid place. We have good beds, the very best of food and service, and the staff is efficient. It is simply ideal. And the subway is but a block away. It whisks you down to the Place de l'Opera in a very few minutes.

I am enjoying myself every minute. I am studying French and French history on the side, and making good use of my time. It will be a couple of months before I get back to the outfit.

I am sick of war. And so are all the boys. We are so sick of it that we do not want a peace unless Germany surrenders completely. We want no more wars. We want to finish it right while we are at it. We fight hard because we want to finish Germany

and get back home as soon as possible. Europe will boil and give off a bit of steam for several years to come.

LIEUTENANT JOHN PAUL RAGSDALE, ex-'12: November 9.—It is a coincidence that I note in your letter a reference to the German offensive of July 15th, when I think that my regiment, and I with it, was partly responsible for the halting of that drive before it even started. We were defending Chalons, and we defended it. And then only a few days until we were driving the Hun northward back of the Ourcq. These are wonderful experiences we have had.

This is being written in a building formerly occupied as a German headquarters. They moved out one night and I moved in the next. They left a piano behind in which I have found some pleasure. There are many French civilians about, who received us with the honor they would have accorded royalty. Poor people! But they are happy now in spite of their four years of bondage.

H. N. ROGERS, ex-, formerly of Indianapolis, recently of Laurel, Mississippi, writes from France where he has been a hut secretary of the Y. M. C. A. Passing through Paris the day of the signature of the armistice, he says, in part: Yesterday, November 11th, was a memorable day in France, particularly in Paris, where it was my privilege to be en route to my new assignment. It was a delirious joy that the people of the French capital expressed over the signing of the armistice. The celebration, which lasted through the entire night, went unabated in its magnitude.

Allied flags, including Old Glory, were hung from every nook and corner, and immense throngs of civilians along with French, English, and American soldiers, formed an endless procession. The indelible impression of that day in Paris will never be forgotten. Paris was hysterical.

I have seen football demonstrations in America, when large colleges have been victorious over their foremost rivals, but such a celebration was child's play in comparison. "Vive la France," "La guerre est finie," one hears everywhere.

After a long, anxious silence, a letter, under date of November 29th, has been received from Lieutenant Carl C. Amelung, ex-'19,

which says, in part: Last spring all members of the A. E. F. wrote their mothers on Mothers' Day. To-day those same men, who survived the great war and suffered the hardships of all those dark and bitter days, are writing to their fathers as "Dad's Christmas letter." Such is this. The work you sent us over here to do has been done and we leave it to you if we have not done a mighty good job of it. What say you? The Third Army, of which the grand old Thirty-eighth Infantry is a member, is headed toward Germany on a triumphal march and as the Army of Occupation. So you see we shall get to speak a little "Dutch" and trample on German soil before our return trip. We do not know when we shall get to come home, but we are not worrying as that will come in due course.

Before going on much further I must not forget to tell you what a wonderful help the people at home have given us during this great struggle. From a personal standpoint, I greatly appreciate the cooperation, cheerfulness, and ready assistance you and every member of the family has given me. Kindly accept my heartiest thanks and convey to the folks my deepest appreciation.

On Christmas day as you sit down to that wonderful dinner of turkey, cranberry sauce, and all the trimmings, that I am sure grandma will have for you, just add to your words of grace thanks to the good Lord for His guidance, care, and protection which has enabled me to come safely through a bitter struggle.

We are all glad the war is over, and we know the folks back home feel the same way.

LIEUTENANT MYRON M. HUGHEL, '17: December 1.—We are well and happy, impatient to return, and working just as hard with this organization as during the war.

DESHA T. WILSON, '20, Fort Sill, Oklahoma: December 15.—Have been attending the school of fire for light artillery at Ft. Sill for the past six weeks, preparatory to the observers' course here at the flying field. We cadets have just been commissioned as second lieutenants in the reserve. Not being called to active duty, we are not allowed to wear our bars until we have finished our course and have won our observers' wing. Our course, as a whole,

has been very interesting. During the twelve weeks in ground school many things were made clear which I think can be useful in any walk of life. We finished a six-weeks' course in artillery gunnery and reconnoissance at the school of fire here at Ft. Sill. We were given two weeks in shooting on the range. This work was very interesting, and showed how very important the work of the artillery has been in the prosecution of the great war.

Give every one at Butler my best regards.

SEAMAN JOSEPH H. SEYFRIED, '20: I ask to be remembered among those who, though far away, guard with tenderness and reverence the memories of dear old Butler.

LIEUTENANT EARL T. BONHAM, ex-'18:

IN RHENISH PRUSSIA, December 7, 1918.

Christmas is drawing near and my thoughts are more and more of home and the old college. It is seldom that I have any news of the old school; in fact, it has been over a week since we have had any but the German newspapers or have heard from the outside world at all.

No doubt you know that we are marching on Coblenz. Our trip for the past week has taken us up the Moselle valley. The people are scared to death of us and when we appear in a town the women cry and beg us not to harm them. Of course there is no need for that. We try to be cold, firm, and just to them, in keeping with the spirit of a military occupation and of the country we represent. We demand the best to be had and the people are only too glad to grant our every wish; consequently, there has been no trouble whatever and we anticipate none.

You have doubtless heard of Hilton's death. It certainly was a blow to me and to all of the officers of the regiment. We were advancing up the Meuse and Tuck's battery had just gone into position and three of them were working over a map. A plane came over and spotted them. The next moment a shell fell, killing Tuck and another lieutenant. It is a very sad thing, but the most desirable and honorable death of all. I was about two hundred yards from them at the time and did not know that any one had been struck. Paul Brown is now in the regiment.

Tributes to Two Boys

We here give further information concerning the death of Lieutenant Kenneth V. Elliott, '20; also, a letter written to Mrs. Elliott by Mr. Meredith Nicholson, thinking other hearts, too, may find comfort in it:

BASE HOSPITAL 23, A. E. F., FRANCE, September 12, 1918.

Since the sad news came to you of the death in the hospital of your son, Lieutenant Kenneth V. Elliott, of Machine Gun Company, 58th Infantry, I feel sure you must have wished to know something of his illness.

He was admitted to Base Hospital 23 August 10th, having been wounded in the right hip while in action August 7th. Because of the infection of the wound with gas gangrene it was necessary to amputate the leg at the hip. Following the operation the infection subsided, and the surgeon, Captain Herbert Smith, hoped for the Lieutenant's recovery. This hope persisted for two weeks, as he made a wonderful fight, and seemed to be gaining strength. But on August 29th a second infection developed, of the streptococcic type. As soon as this became evident, it was realized that recovery was impossible. The progress of the infection was very rapid. On August 31st your son was quite restless until about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, when he became quiet, and remained practically unconscious until the end, which came at 3 o'clock. Besides the nurse, Father Duffy, chaplain of the 165th Infantry, was with your son at the last. No doubt he has written to you.

The burial was held at 3 o'clock in the afternoon of September 2d, from the little English church in the town. The ceremony was conducted by the Reverend Arthur Washburn, chaplain. The coffin was covered with a beautiful American flag, and bore a sheaf of flowers, the gift of the American Red Cross. Convalescent officers were the pallbearers. After the service in the church, the body was taken, attended by a military escort, to the cemetery, where it was laid away with full military honors. As we stood at the graveside during the reading of the Episcopalian burial service, and as the last notes of "Taps" died out on the air, I

know the thought of us all went out to the home that had been called upon to make this sacrifice.

As I write these details, I wish I might somehow picture for you your son's surroundings during his illness, and the place where his body lies. The cemetery is on a hilltop at the outskirts of the village, overlooking a peaceful, lovely valley and wooded hills which remind me of home. There is a plot set aside for American soldiers, and the graves are carefully registered and tended by the army.

In the hospital Lieutenant Elliott had a cheerful room which was far more homelike and comfortable than one would imagine an army hospital could be. He had a special nurse night and day, and every possible means, including blood transfusion, was used to aid him in the splendid fight he made for recovery. He could not have had more devoted care in a hospital at home.

Knowing his remarkable personality, you will not be surprised to learn that your son inspired affection in all who came in contact with him. Doctors, nurses, and orderlies all showed the keenest interest in him. We soon found out some of his tastes and preferences—that he liked ice cream, for instance, and certain brands of cigarettes, and that he preferred roses on his bedside table—and every one took pleasure in getting things for him. He was always most grateful, too, for even the slightest attention.

As Hospital Visitor for the Home Communication Service of the Red Cross, I saw Lieutenant Elliott as often as his condition permitted. He talked to me a little about his home and his college days. His mind was occupied principally, however, with the war, and we were all impressed with the fact that he was a remarkable soldier. Considering the severity of his injury, his mind was surprisingly clear for a few days before the second infection developed, and during that time he took great pleasure in having some one with him. He liked to be read to. I remember finding a brother officer reading a newspaper to him one day, and his nurse told me that he had enjoyed hearing her read from the Bible.

These are only little things, but perhaps they will make you feel a little nearer your son in his last days. Our acquaintance with

him, brief as it was, enabled us to realize somewhat the greatness of your loss. You must already have heard, as we did, that he was wounded in an advance in which his courage and enthusiasm had placed him far in the lead. And I feel sure that even in your great grief you must be filled with pride in his character and his achievements.

Please permit me to express to you my deepest sympathy. If there should be any way in which I can serve you, please do not hesitate to write to me.

Very sincerely yours,

EVADNE LAPTAD,

Home Communication Service, American Red Cross.

MEREDITH NICHOLSON: October 19, 1918. * * * I need not say that I was deeply shocked and grieved by the sad news of your boy's death. No boy I ever met interested me as much as he did. He made a deep impression upon me by reason of his simplicity, his wide range of interests, his fine ambitions. We talked a long time on the train that night, and mostly of the sea,—of the rush of great waters and the stars and the way of sailor folk. He was like a good book. The poetry of the sea had entered into his soul, the mystery and wonder of it. It was an inspiration to know him. The memory of his manliness, his high aims, his understanding of those things that are of good report, will always abide with me. He spoke of you that night as a mother would like a son to speak of her. I told my wife and children about the meeting and spoke of him to many friends and was glad to pay my tribute to him in print. In a way he became my boy, too!

"Good lives do not go out; they go on!" And your son had lived a full life and it is not for us to think that it is not complete and fully rounded, or that it perished in the thing we call Death. He gave the most precious thing he had for his country and for the women and children of the world, and he is one of the heroes of this mighty war for freedom and justice and mercy. And I like to think of him as he said goodbye that night, hopeful, courageous, with no fear in his eyes of what lay before him. He sails somewhere, beyond our knowing, upon a good ship in tranquil seas, with friends about him and happy isles ahead.

The expressions which came to Mr. and Mrs. Brown have been numerous and fine. Because they show young Hilton in his many-sided character, the parents have kindly allowed the readers of *The Quarterly* to see a few.

The following verses were written by Mrs. Jackson, wife of Major Ed Jackson, formerly of Irvington, upon hearing of the death of Lieutenant Brown:

STARS.

Long ago in an eastern sky
Shone a star that was silvery bright;
It guided the way to a wonderful child
Who came to the earth that night.

He left His Father's beautiful home
For sacrifice, service and pain,
And he gave his life—"He so loved the world"—
But He did not die in vain.

To-night in many a quiet place
Is a star of gleaming gold;
It also points to a wonderful boy
Just as the star of old.

He sleeps to-night in far-off France.
The oppressed have found release,
And the angel chorus repeats again
The song they sang of "Peace."

TARKINGTON BAKER: The word comes to me to-day for the first time of the death of Hilton. May I express to you my sense of real, personal loss? In the work at Butler College, I came to know Hilton well—to admire him for his fine, sterling qualities and to feel for him a genuine affection. No student in Butler at that time was held by his fellow students in higher regard. "Tuck," with his gayety, his humor, his manly boyishness, and his boyish manliness, was the life of every gathering of which he was a part. He was, by nature, the very sort of stuff that makes the soul of bravery and courage.

Words cannot measure his sacrifice nor appraise his character. But I could not, on receipt of the news of his splendid death—and he died, I think, as “Tuck” would have wished to die—refrain from expressing to you my deepest sympathy. My high regard and my affection for Hilton speak for me.

DELANVAN SMITH: It is a hard blow to bear, for Hilton had lived just long enough to give proof of a fine temperament and nobility of character. Then, too, he bore his father’s name, and gave every promise of bearing it worthily through life. This is the hard side for you to bear. Consolation may be found in the noble and willing sacrifice the boy made for his country and righteousness. His fineness of spirit in time to come will be a rich and satisfying memory to you and Mrs. Brown and to brothers and sisters and all who knew him.

Most of us get through life with little to show for it other than material pursuits—the world little better for our existence, sometimes worse. Hilton in his short life has developed a quality fit for angels and has made the grandest possible contribution to humanity.

It is too bad that the pick of the land should have to be sacrificed to curb the greed of God’s creatures. Christ showed man the way to avoid all this; but in the two thousand years that have elapsed since His preaching, man seems to have progressed but little. Maybe the awful waste of this war may produce an awakened spirit more worthy of the Great Teacher.

John H. Holliday’s son was one of the very first victims from Indianapolis of the war. His letter to Mr. and Mrs. Brown is, in part:

“I want you to know how deeply we sympathize with you and Mrs. Brown, for we can understand the magnitude of your loss and the grief of separation that comes with every day. I think our boys were alike in many ways and we have the same experience. These fine lives are a great price to pay, but humanity is getting a great consideration for them, I believe, and in that faith our dead have not died in vain. To give oneself to such a great cause and to aid our Heavenly Father in bringing in His Kingdom on earth is to have accomplished the greatest thing possible and the cup of life

could not be made fuller. Could we ask more for our boys if it were ours to plan their destinies, as we recall their manliness, high ideals, and attractiveness?

"One great consolation to us has been the thought that his life was complete and that he had been found faithful and been promoted to a sphere where the same abilities and lovely qualities would go on in growing service of some kind to his Father and his fellow creatures. There is not the regret that would ask for a different ending. He was a precious blessing given to us to train and enjoy, but the time came when he was needed elsewhere and God took him.

"Regret! No. Grief for the separation, pain that comes with each recollection, yes. That is the burden of each day, but with it great pride and satisfaction that he met the supreme test and proved himself the man that from his infancy we hoped he would be.

"Grief will be with us, not so poignantly, probably, for God permits time to dull the sharp edges gradually, but I think the joy will increase, the joy of knowing that it is well with him, and that it is well that he lived such a life and died such a death."

TO LIEUTENANT HILTON U. BROWN, JR.

So you are dead in far Argonne, and the lovely land of war-swept France you fought to save holds you at last in close embrace.

We who knew you, saw you grow from childhood into perfect youth, straight, clean, and tall, looking life in the face with clear, untroubled eyes and joyous smile—challenging unafraid the brooding shadows that ever hem us round about—we might have known or guessed the hero spirit waiting for its call.

Boundless our pride to know such youth has walked among us. While waters run, clouds blow, and earth is green, need we have fear for our dear motherland that breeds such men?

Dead in Argonne? Nay—but in the glorious throng innumerable of heroic souls joyously triumphant, radiant new shriven, from the fields of sacrifice—flower of our youth sweeping past the great archangel—he the dragon slayer of the flaming sword saluting greets them: Hail, brothers mine! for ye have slain your dragon. Welcome to your glorious rest!

Lo, even as Christ died for men, so have ye died for Christ.

W. FORSYTH.

December 13, 1918.

On behalf of the faculty of Butler College, we write to express the sympathy of the whole college with you and your family at the death in battle of Hilton U. Brown, Jr. We remember vividly his cheerfulness and his talent while in college, and the very large share he took in the life of the place. We had looked forward to his return to us matured and ennobled by the experience and responsibilities of a year's fighting for Freedom and Humanity. It was with the sense of a personal loss that we heard that he had laid down his life for the cause for which he fought. We share with you, however, the rich consolation of knowing that Hilton achieved great things and contributed even by his death to the salvation of the whole world.

C. B. COLEMAN,
E. N. JOHNSON,
J. W. PUTNAM,

For the Faculty of Butler College Committee.

In reply Mr. Brown has written:

"My family and I appreciate keenly the sympathetic expression which you, as a committee of the faculty of Butler College, have forwarded to us in relation to the death of our son, Lieutenant Hilton U. Brown, Jr., in action November 3.

"The tribute you have paid to his memory we shall treasure through all time. It seems to me now that I can see in his whole life he was leading up to the great sacrifice. At least we know that he was willing. He crowded into his short years all that is worth while in life—no matter how long and how great the span. Under cover of a cheerful and smiling exterior we know that he was realizing the purposes of life and was endeavoring to make its burdens light as possible for others. He had marked affection for the college and for all of you—an affection which perhaps was not always on exhibition, but which was nevertheless sincere and deep. One of our chief happinesses is that many of his friends really knew him and appreciated not only his developed but latent qualities. No honor that you could bestow on us could equal in value the praise that you could have accorded to him.

"Please thank for us all that have had to do with your action, and believe that we would speak, if we could, as he would if Hilton himself were here."

The Butler College Unit of the S. A. T. C.

AN IMPRESSION

BY CHRISTOPHER B. COLEMAN

The signing of the armistice and the sudden collapse of the Students' Army Training Corps, which was abandoned at the end of hostilities, ought not to make us forget the possibilities which the plans of the War Department held earlier in the year for both the government and the colleges. There is little question but that had the war continued through the summer of 1919, the Students' Army Training Corps would have proved of inestimable value in sifting out material for noncommissioned and commissioned officers and in giving them preliminary training under the best possible conditions as well as in preventing the temporary disappearance of men from our colleges. While, therefore, it must be admitted that as a fact of history the three-months' experience has been largely fruitless and unsatisfactory, the colleges are not to be blamed for entering into the scheme, nor is the government to be condemned for proposing it.

As was the case in most of the 516 colleges in which military units were established, there were a good many mistakes of one kind or another made at Butler College. Many of these perhaps ought to have been avoided, but the consideration that in any project of great magnitude involving entirely new questions and adjustments, only the universal prevalence of administrative genius could prevent confusion and disorganization, ought to lead us to a kindlier judgment than has sometimes been pronounced upon the occurrences of the last months. The final adjustment has not yet been made in such important matters as college credit to be given for the work of the individual students and as financial settlements of the government with the colleges. It is entirely too early, therefore, to attempt to give a final estimate of the experiment, but I doubt whether many colleges regret their participation in it.

As actually conducted, the experiment seemed to show that mili-

tary life and academic work do not fit well together. It could be justified only by the crisis precipitated by the need of a very large number of new officers for the training of a large drafted army. Since the early termination of the war put an end to the experiment before the drafted army came into existence, no one can say positively whether the Students' Army Training Corps was the best way to meet the crisis or not. All of us, however, engaged in the enterprise can have the satisfaction of feeling that we did our best and that in its primary function, the training corps seemed to be on the highroad to success.

The Butler College unit contained on its roster the names of 264 men. These were inducted into service at various times during the first three weeks of October. Equipment of all kinds was at first lacking and was not fully supplied until two days after the order for demobilization had been received. Though badly handicapped by the lack of equipment, the men made considerable progress in knowledge of military life and tactics. The appearance of the two companies which were organized, in the last days of their existence, was a tremendous improvement upon the early drills. Second only to the lack of equipment as a handicap was the inability of the War Department to supply officers. For more than a week of a most critical period in the organization of the unit one man had to shoulder the entire burden of the command of the unit,—a thing beyond the capacity, probably, of any man in the service. The barracks and mess hall were erected as rapidly as possible and ready for occupation before equipment of cots and bedding was provided. The men therefore had a taste for more than a month of actual army life. The appearance of the barracks and their construction was far better than in the case of the ordinary army barracks. The whole scene when the companies were drawn up for inspection before the barracks was one of which the college might well be proud, a scene which will linger long in the memory of those who saw it. The college is to be commended for its willingness to risk financial loss by constructing ornamental and habitable barracks, and the Burns Realty Company is entitled to great credit for the plans of construction and their execution.

The order for demobilization was received on Tuesday, Novem-

ber 26. Most of the men were released from service in the first week of December. It was certainly a mistake that demobilization was not deferred until the end of the term as announced under government orders. Many students were prevented from finishing a term's work and from receiving any college credit whatever for their work. Many who probably would have continued their college work were deterred from doing so by the desire for a vacation upon dismissal from service. It would have been far better had demobilization been deferred at Butler College as it was at the other colleges of the State until the 21st of December. As it was, the great majority, over two hundred, of the members of the Students' Army Training Corps discontinued college work, at least for the time, after demobilization.

The epidemic of the influenza interfered with the work of the Students' Army Training Corps, as it did with everything else in October, November, and December. The hospital which was hastily improvised on Ritter avenue, under the direction of Dr. Walter F. Kelly, was on several occasions filled to capacity. Absences from college work, made all too numerous by military assignments, were vastly increased by the epidemic. It was a source of great sorrow that one of the most popular and promising men of the corps, Wilson Russell Mercer, died at the hospital as a result of an attack of influenza and pneumonia.

From an academic point of view, the fall term of 1918-'19 has been most unsatisfactory. From a military point of view, considerable progress was made, but judgment must be withheld in view of the absence of any final test. It is possible that everything would have worked out satisfactorily had the experiment continued long enough. As it was we can only say, it might have been.

BUTLER ALUMNAL QUARTERLY

ISSUED JANUARY, APRIL, JULY, OCTOBER

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Entered as second-class matter, March 26, 1912, at the post office at Indianapolis, Ind., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Officers of the Alumni Association—President, Mrs. Jessie Christian Brown, '97; First Vice-President, William G. Irwin, '89; Second Vice-President, Lieutenant Justus W. Paul, '15; Treasurer, Carl Van Winkle, '14. Secretary and Editor of the Butler Alumnal Quarterly—Katharine M. Graydon, '78.

Founders' Day

The celebration last year of Founder's Day was limited to the address in the chapel made by Dr. Stanley Coulter, of Purdue University. In the conditions of war, no other features of the occasion were needed to honor him whose birthday it is our wont to observe; and no address could have been more worthy the time or the place or be held in more pleasant memory.

This year February 7 falls in the mid-year vacation. Through the press the friends of the college will be notified of the definite arrangements. It is hoped the alumni will come together in increased numbers to pay tribute to all Butler College has stood for during the past. The last nineteen months show a noble record, and is it not our sacred privilege, if not duty, to recognize more loyally than ever before our collegiate inheritance?

The Returning Boys

There is talk about the college of the welcome that shall await our returning heroes and of the form of appreciation Butler College shall extend to her splendid sons. A variety of suggestions is made. The readers of the Quarterly are called upon for added proposals as to a desirable recognition. Certainly too deep an appreciation of the service of these youths who have offered and have given their

lives for justice, freedom, humanity, cannot be expressed. Now is the time for Butler spirit to show itself as never before in a form of high gratitude. Not a moment's hesitation was in the souls of these boys. Shall there be in ours upon a worthy recognition of their service?

Butler College War Service Record

The secretary of the Alumni Association is working on a War Record of Butler College students. It is her desire to secure the name and address of every man who has ever attended Butler College and thus to secure full information concerning those who have been actively engaged not only in military or naval service, but also in Red Cross, Y. M. C. A., or other forms of civilian work. To gather the data desired, blank forms have been mailed to every alumnus. Perhaps one-fourth of such blanks have been returned.

The Alumni Association voted last June to prepare a history of the part the Butler boys have taken in the war. Miss Graydon was appointed to do this work. It is her purpose to compile a volume on "The Butler Student in the Great War" which will help to commemorate the valiant spirit and deeds of the students. Therefore, she makes earnest appeal to the readers of the Quarterly for letters, parts of journals, documents, photographs,—any information concerning any of our boys. All material will be carefully preserved in the memorabilia files and returned to the rightful owners. Now that it is possible to have photostatic copies made of valuable possessions, we do not hesitate to make this appeal. This is history, and we hope the Butler friends will not hesitate to lend their necessary assistance in making it accurate, valuable, and worthy.

Butler Man in Italy

It is interesting to note that a Butler man led the first regiment of United States troops to arrive in Italy—Colonel William Wallace.

Colonel Wallace, who has been in the regular army since before the Spanish-American War, sailed from the United States June 10 and was in France, close behind the front, for a month before being

sent to Italy. An American correspondent, describing the arrival of the regiment, says that when it reached Italy the enthusiasm of the Italians was literally overwhelming. The progress of the soldiers was marked by applause as though it were a triumphant pilgrimage, for the Italians desired to welcome them not only as allies but as brothers. And the veterans of the Piave greeted with their entire souls the representatives of the young American army.

The first train, with Colonel Wallace and a company of workers, together with supplies, reached the Italian boundary late on the night of July 28. Italian civil and military authorities were waiting to greet them as men rarely are greeted. Then, while the long train passed through the tunnel between France and Italy, Colonel Wallace and the Italians climbed into a waiting motor car and made a wonderful moonlight ride over a famous mountain pass among the great peaks of the Alps, meeting the train at Bardonecchia, where they received a second ovation greater than the first.

No night was so black and no hour so late as to prevent the Italians from filling the stations by thousands. Turin and Milan greeted each of the seven sections with flowers and banners. When the first section reached its destination, a town near a famous city of Italy, the small place was fairly American, so many American flags were flying from the windows. Colonel Wallace was here received by the veteran, General Pecori Giraldi, commanding the First Italian Army.

Recent Books of Butler Men

A volume has been issued by the University of Chicago Press bearing the title page of

THE ILLINOIS AND MICHIGAN CANAL

A STUDY IN ECONOMIC HISTORY

BY JAMES WILLIAM PUTNAM, PH. D.
Professor of Economics in Butler College

Illinois Centennial Publication

This book, which is Volume X of the Chicago Historical Society's Collection, attracts our attention for two reasons: It is the work of a member of the Butler College faculty, esteemed and beloved; it is in its form and contents of especial value to those interested in pioneer days.

The purpose of the book is thus stated in the introduction: "The history of the Illinois and Michigan Canal is worthy of more than passing interest, not only because it was the forerunner and in a large measure the creator of the present deep waterway movement, but also, because in the manner of its financing and construction and its local influence, it is typical of many of the canals of this country and especially those of the Middle West. It differs from most of them, however, in having occupied a more strategic position and having wielded a more extensive influence than they did. In tracing the history of this canal, an effort is made to sketch the evolution of the project, the difficulties incident to the financing and construction of the work, the successes and failures of the canal as a transportation agency, its influence on the economic development of the region which it has so long served, the conditions which led to the present movement for an enlarged and deepened channel, and finally, the progress thus far made toward the achievement of these larger plans."

Footnotes are numerous and copious. Illustrations add to the value and attractiveness. In appendix, bibliography, and index are added efficiency of the volume.

The Quarterly congratulates Dr. Putnam on a work of research so well accomplished.

Daniel Sommer Robinson, '10, Ph. D. Harvard, '17, acting chaplain, U. S. N., has translated "Christian Belief in God," by Georg Wobbermin, Ph. D., professor of dogmatics, University of Heidelberg.

In a notice of the new books on philosophy and religion from the Yale University Press is the following statement concerning this German criticism of German materialistic philosophy:

"The fact that one of the chief causes of the war is generally conceded to be the widespread prevalence among the intellectual

classes in Germany of the doctrines of Nietzsche, Haeckel, and other philosophers, makes especially significant and timely the issue of a translation of Dr. Wobbermin's work. For this volume consists of a careful analysis and incisive criticism by a German of that modernized form of materialism and evolutionism of which these thinkers are the well-known exponents. Dr. Wobbermin's vigorous defense of Christian theism, together with his resumé and destructive criticism of the chief types of current German philosophy, renders the book exceptionally valuable to all who wish to understand the thought-world of modern Germany.

"The volume will be found excellent as a textbook in the philosophy of the Christian religion or theism and as a reference work in contemporary philosophy. It also contains a fund of material suitable for the preparation of a series of thoughtful sermons on the anti-Christian philosophies of Nietzsche and Haeckel. A general reading of its pages will tend to deepen and strengthen the foundations upon which Christian convictions rest."

Personal Mention

Brandon Clarke, '97, first lieutenant of quartermaster corps, is still in France.

Earl Burget, a former student, is superintendent of schools at Chouteau, Montana.

Sergeant James Layman Schell, '21, son of Henry Stewart Schell, '90, is a member of the Eleventh Regiment of the United States Marine Corps.

Lieutenant John L. Wamsley, '21, of Irvington, is said to be the youngest flying lieutenant in the United States army. He qualified as a pursuit pilot.

Lieutenant Carl C. Amelung, ex-'19, is now a Regular. He was gassed on April 1, and severely wounded at Chateau-Thierry on July 18, from which he has been slowly recovering.

Miss Lola Walling, '17, is teaching in the State School for the Blind, South Carolina.

Ensign Clifford H. Browder, '12, is under assignment on the U. S. S. Charlton Hall.

When last heard from, Lieutenant Jack J. Hinman, Jr., was stationed at the Base Laboratory, Sanitary Corps, Winchester, England.

Captain Robley D. Blount, ex-, has returned to his home in Valparaiso, Indiana, after several months' service at the Evacuation Hospital of Camp Greenleaf, Georgia.

Hiram B. Seward, ex-'16, spent Christmas at his home in Irvington. "Hi" has been doing good work in the quartermaster's department, having been located for a year at New Britain, Connecticut, but recently at Boston.

John W. Barnett, '94, after serving overseas in Y. M. C. A. work, is now the religious work director of "The Receiving Ship" at Boston. We had hoped to place in this issue an account of his good work, but it will come later, we are assured.

Lieutenant John Iden Kautz, ex-'18, was of Group M, reserve transportation division, when the following felicitation was issued by Commandant Mallet: "I am glad to tender you my thanks for the splendid spirit and endurance of which you have just given proof during the last convoys."

The Quarterly extends its sympathy to Miss Anna Burt, '08, in the death of her father, Rev. J. C. Burt, on October 19, at Seattle. Miss Burt had returned, after an absence of five years on the Pacific coast, to the Indianapolis high schools and to make a home in Irvington for herself and her father.

W. F. Lacey, '92, and Mrs. Lona Iden Lacey, '93, have moved from Noblesville, Indiana, to Ann Arbor, Michigan. "We are enjoying our life at Ann Arbor, but Albert and Mary have been very homesick for old friends at Butler. We can not go so far away that we forget those old friends at Butler."

Dr. William H. Long, '03, is now Lieutenant Long, stationed on active service at Fort Riley, Kansas.

Lieutenant Eugene E. Sims, ex-'19, visited college in November. He is now located at Camp Travis, Texas.

Judge William A. Burton, ex-'70, of Nebraska, has been conducting classes in military law at the Students' Army Training Corps of Hastings College.

Miss Iris Maxwell, a former student, has been appointed assistant supervisor of schools in the Philippine Islands. She will have charge of the intermediate work of the schools and is directly under Miss Charity Dysart, chief supervisor, formerly of Indianapolis. Miss Maxwell taught for four years in the Indianapolis schools.

Lieutenant Paul W. Ward, '14, is instructor in camera and combat work in Rockwell Aviation Field, San Diego. He has been driving a plane along the southern California coast. He flew as a scout in the monster "peace parade" over San Diego, in which there were 212 "ships." This is said to be the greatest exhibition in the history of the air service.

Mallie J. Murphy, '08, at one time secretary to President Howe, sailed in December on the S. S. Adriatic as a member of the American Red Cross party which will attend the Peace Conference in France. Mr. Murphy will go as a publicity assistant to Ivy Lee, who will be on the staff of Henry P. Davidson, recently chairman of the American Red Cross War Commission. Mrs. Mabel Gant Murphy, '12, and little daughter have returned to Indianapolis to be with Mr. Murphy's mother.

The Butler unit of the Students' Army Training Corps gave a Thanksgiving dinner at the barracks for their ladies and a few of the faculty. To serve a good turkey dinner to over five hundred guests would have staggered a mature housekeeper, but not these young people. It was a great success, and called to mind a remark of H. U. Brown, '80, on a former occasion: "What's equal to the spirit of youth!" Following the dinner the young people danced at the Riley room, Claypool Hotel.

Lieutenant Austin V. Clifford, '15, spent his Christmas holidays at home on furlough. He came from Fort Sill.

Miss Evelyn Utter, '17, has sailed for the Belgian Congo, accompanied by Miss Wilhelma Smith and Miss Ruth Musgrave, former students of Butler College.

Miss Sarah E. Cotton held at her apartment in Irvington a family reunion during the holidays. There were with her, her mother, her brother, Fassett A. Cotton, '02, president of the State Normal School of Wisconsin, and Mrs. Cotton; her niece, Miss Carol Cotton, of the State Normal School of New York; and her nephew, Irwin N. Cotton, ex-'08, Mrs. Irwin Cotton and two children. Irwin Cotton is now connected with the Steam Engineering School of the Stevens Institute, located at Hoboken, New Jersey.

The sympathy of Irvington has gone out to Thomas A. Hall, '92, and Mrs. Hall in the severe wounding of their son. Robert, of the United States Marines, in the fighting about Rheims, was hit on October 4 three times in a few minutes. It was necessary to amputate his right leg. Fine cheer marks his letter; he closes with the statement that he hopes to be home by Christmas. "So, get my old room ready for me, and have a nice Christmas dinner waiting." Mrs. Hall is recovering after a severe attack of influenza.

The Americanization Section of the Field Division of the Council of National Defense has issued the Quarterly Bulletin of the State Normal School, Minot, North Dakota, in which occurs this statement: "To Acting President William F. Clarke belongs the credit of carrying the work of the Normal School forward with marked success from the time of his appointment in April. Students and faculty alike, have given him unstinted loyalty and support in all measures which he initiated for the good of the school. The marked success of the summer session just closing is due in large measure to President Clarke's untiring efforts, painstaking care, and foresight. He has been foremost in all the plans and policies of the school where patriotic service could be rendered. It is altogether fitting, therefore, that this issue of the Bulletin, with its resume of the various war activities of the school, be dedicated to

him." We congratulate Mr. Clarke, '92, on his excellent work and its appreciation.

The casualties of the last fighting weeks struck Butler very heavily. Word has been received that Lieutenant William O. Conway, ex-'13, was in a London hospital recovering from a wound which occasioned blindness and deafness. There is hope of the recovery of his sight.

Captain William Mathews, ex-'14, (alias "Bill"), is recovering from a severe leg wound received in an engagement from which barely three hundred out of nine hundred survived. We give his letter elsewhere.

Sergeant Fred Daniels, ex-'18, is on the wounded list, as are Lieutenant Thomas E. Hibben, Lieutenant Carl C. Amelung, Delbert Stump, Forrey Wild, Raymond Colbert, James Hibben. All are convalescing.

Marriages

HUFF-GOLDSMITH.—On October 15, in St. Paul's Episcopal church, Baltimore, Maryland, by Rev. Kinsolving, were married Mr. Floyd E. Huff, '16, and Miss Agnes A. Goldsmith, of Tacoma, Washington. Mr. and Mrs. Huff are at home at Oakdale, Pennsylvania, where Mr. Huff is chief chemist at the Ætna Chemical Works.

KEISER-REED.—On November 2, at the bride's home in Indianapolis, were married Mr. Robert Larrick Keiser, ex-, and Miss Helen Marie Reed, '12. Mr. and Mrs. Keiser are residing in Bordeaux, France, where Mr. Keiser is American consul.

WOLFF-CAY.—On November 15, were married in Kokomo, Indiana, Mr. Fred Wolff, '16, and Miss Charlena Cay. Mr. and Mrs. Wolff are at home in Arcadia, Indiana, where Mr. Wolff is pastor of the Christian church.

BATE-CANADA.—On November 28, at the bride's home in Indianapolis, were married Lieutenant J. L. Bate and Miss Bessie

GLADYS CANADA, '20. Lieutenant and Mrs. Bate are at home in Albion, Michigan, where Lieutenant Bate has been commanding officer of the Students' Army Training Corps.

Births

MACLEOD.—To Mr. Roderick A. MacLeod, '14, and Mrs. Esther Martha MacLeod, on August 12, at Batang, Tibet, a daughter—Lona.

CALDWELL.—To Mr. Howard C. Caldwell, '15, and Mrs. Elsie Felt Caldwell, '17, on December 9, at Indianapolis, a daughter—Martha Virginia.

HUTCRAFT.—To Mr. David Hutchcraft and Mrs. Gertrude Pruitt Hutchcraft, '14, on December 15, at Indianapolis, a daughter—Barbara.

RUSSELL.—To Mr. Horace M. Russell, '05, and Mrs. Russell, on December 23, at Amarillo, Texas, a daughter—Julia Margaret.

HEROLD.—To Mr. Don Herold and Mrs. Katherine Brown Herold, ex-, on January 13, at Indianapolis, a daughter.

Deaths

AYRES.—Alexander Craigmile Ayres, '68, died at his home in Woodruff Place, Indianapolis, on October 12, at the age of seventy-two years. To the four children of Judge Ayres who survive, The Quarterly extends its sympathy.

Following is a memorial presented to the Indianapolis Bar Association by a committee of which Judge Lawson M. Harvey, ex-'81, was chairman:

"Alexander C. Ayres was born of Scotch parentage in Franklin county, Indiana, on the 9th day of November, 1846. He came to Marion county with his father in January, 1858, and lived with him on a farm in Center township. His early years were devoted to the drudgery of farm work. He was an obedient and industrious boy, early taught the necessities of careful living and his duty to his parents and the State. His example in the neighborhood of his home made him conspicuous as a boy unusually gifted with qualities that make men great.

"His opportunities for schooling were those afforded the young in his early days. He was not satisfied with the limited instruction that was furnished in the country school. He was ambitious to acquire greater knowledge to fit him for the larger field of professional life that he had planned for himself. His father's business and political relations in affairs of county and State, gave young Alec, as he was called, an acquaintance among men of great legal attainments and filled him with a desire to emulate their examples. Chief among these were Thomas A. Hendricks, Conrad Baker, Oscar B. Hord, Abram Hendricks, and others who ranked high in the legal profession of that day. One of his greatest delights in later life was to exalt the memories of these men and to tell of their learning and greatness.

"His keen desire was for a college education. The North Western Christian University, now Butler College, was then located in a large wooded tract of ground on the outskirts of Indianapolis, bounded on the west by College avenue and on the north and south by what is known as Thirteenth and Fourteenth streets. The uni-

versity was the great educational institution of this part of Indiana and the center of much learning. Young Alec coveted a diploma from this institution, and, although living miles away, no task was too arduous for him to overcome, and the prize of merit so earnestly striven after was finally won.

"An old citizen of this county, almost ninety years of age, who was a friend and neighbor, said a few years ago: 'What a remarkable boy Judge Ayres was! I lived near him down in the country fifty years ago, when he was going to the university, and many a time when I was riding in my buggy to town early in the morning, I have given him a lift on his way to school.'

"After his graduation he taught school for one year in Johnson county, Indiana, and then took a further step in the realization of his heart's desire. He entered the law offices of that renowned firm of Hendricks, Hord & Hendricks, and after three years of studious application to books and duty, he entered actively into the practice of law. His eminent fitness was soon manifest, and he became a successful lawyer from the very outset of his career.

"His first partnership was formed with the Hon. Byron K. Elliott, who subsequently was elected to the Supreme bench, and became one of the most renowned jurists in Indiana. His partnership with Judge Elliott continued until the latter was elected judge of the Marion County Superior Court in 1876. He then became associated with Edgar A. Brown, and this partnership continued until 1882, when he was elected judge of the Nineteenth Judicial Circuit Court of Indiana, at that time composed of Marion and Hendricks counties. In this election he overcame a very large majority that prevailed in favor of the opposing party. His term of service marked him as a just and faithful public servant, who was far beyond any suggestion of wrong doing or partial conduct. His treatment of lawyers was always considerate and fair, and no act or word of his ever harshly jarred the sensibilities of the young or timid lawyer who was honestly trying to present his case.

"Judge Ayres was consulted regarding many legislative enactments and framed many statutes which have a place among the laws of Indiana to-day. Conspicuous among them is the act pertaining to the organization of trust companies, which was written by him.

Pursuant to the provisions of this act, the Indiana Trust Company was the first to be formed in the State of Indiana.

"Judge Ayres was a successful trial lawyer—not quick or brilliant in action, but slow, painstaking, methodical, and reliable. His knowledge of the law commanded the respect of all the judges. His insight into human nature was apparent in examining a witness, and his deliberation and fairness in trying his cases gained for him the respect and confidence of both judge and jury.

"During the course of his life he was employed in many civil actions, and conducted them with great skill and learning. He especially excelled in the trial of damage cases, but would never accept an employment except after careful examination to satisfy himself that it was meritorious. No lawyer at the bar was more diligent in the preparation of his cases for trial than Judge Ayres. The minutest detail of facts and legal principles were examined into, and every witness carefully questioned as to his knowledge of facts before being called to testify. His remarkable success is shown by a record of the loss of only one damage suit out of the many tried during one period of fifteen years.

"Rugged and determined in manner, his intense earnestness at times made him truly eloquent, and, with face aglow with the fervor of a righteous cause, his expression of thought and feeling formed such a power of reasoning that the force of his arguments was hard to withstand.

"Serene of temperament, inspiring confidence and friendship of many friends, Judge Ayres drew to him the love of his associates, and judges and lawyers alike for many years have sought the wisdom of his counsel, and the delight of his companionship.

"In politics he was a Democrat, not uncomprising and narrow, not one who only followed the lead of the party emblem in the choice of candidates, but, largely influenced by his own conception of the integrity and fitness of men, he cast his ballot accordingly. His judicial ticket was always framed after a careful consideration of the men proposed without reference to the ticket upon which the names appeared.

"It is a pleasure to consider another phase of Judge Ayres's character. The rigors and necessities of his early life had deprived

him of the enjoyments that come to most young men. Dancing, parties, and athletic sports were considered frivolous in his boyhood days, and he was allowed to partake of none of them. But the desire to 'keep the heart young' only slumbered, and the awakening came in his later days. With an intensity that brought joy and happiness into his life, and drove labor and sorrow away, Judge Ayres sowed and reaped the long denied pleasures of life in the fullest enjoyment.

"What a pleasure it has been to witness, during his declining years, his childlike pleasure in the games of the young! In the dance or on the golf links, with the rod or with the gun, the joys of youth were in his voice and actions, and inspiration and sweetness followed in his path.

"Gentle in disposition, patient in adversity, strong in moral worth, faithful in friendships, loyal in citizenship, dutiful in service, and true in every trust, the transcript of his life contains no reversible error, and the recorded judgment of a life well lived will abide forever."

John E. Hollett, ex-'97, writes, in part:

"Judge Ayres was a man who grew wonderfully in life. As an unsophisticated farmer boy he entered Butler College, where he began his life-long habit of being a close student. From old associates I learned that he showed no particular brilliance in his studies, but was unusually thorough, and very strong in mathematics and those studies which called forth the reasoning faculties. Afterward, when he entered the law offices of Baker, Hord & Hendricks, he continued the close, hard study of the law. Here again, his associates, while realizing that he was a remarkably studious, clear-headed young man, saw no particularly brilliant future for him in the law. Mr. W. A. Ketcham said that as the years went by, he observed that Judge Ayres grew, and grew, and grew, while some of the other young men, with whom he compared Judge Ayres, seemed to have stood still or fallen by the wayside; and that finally after Judge Ayres had a little more slowly but thoroughly come into his full strength as an advocate he, Mr. Ketcham, realized that when he met Judge Ayres in court as an antagonist, this somewhat unpromising young lawyer had developed into one of the most formidable

antagonists whom he had to meet. Mr. Ketcham's observations of Judge Ayres are true to the professional life of our departed friend. Judge Ayres was a fine student all his life, and though his full powers did not develop so early, his clear, sound mind seemed to grow and grow, until his intellect was that of a mental giant.

"Judge Ayres had his serious hard times in early life and his boyhood and play-days after middle life. He learned to dance, fish, and play golf after he was forty years of age, and no one entered into these pastimes or sports with more zest and pleasure than did Judge Ayres. The goodness of the man's life fairly shone from his face, and up until within a few months of the time of his death he would dance with all the joy of a college boy. He was a very fine golf player, and you who know the technique of golf also know that the mental status, care, and pains taken by the player have a great deal to do with the proficiency of the player. Judge Ayres played golf with the keenest pleasure imaginable, and he played the game in the same careful, deliberate manner that he practiced law. He was said to be slow—and so he appeared to be, in a fashion; but he might better be described as deliberate. With this deliberateness there were also thoroughness and certainty, and when he decided a point of law or formed a conclusion, his clients and associates knew they could safely act on his judgment. In the trial of a lawsuit, he was quick enough to see and value the weight of a fact, and he was so well grounded in the law that he seemed intuitively to be able to apply correctly the law to the facts.

"Judge Ayres accumulated a competence out of his profession. Yet, apparently, the hardest thing in life for him to do was to fix his fee for legal services performed. He was always deeply absorbed in his professional work, and he cared little for money, except for the good he could do with that money. His clients' interest was first in his mind, and his clients' interest or property intrusted to him were always most carefully looked after and protected.

"Judge Ayres was a most loving husband and devoted father. His second son, Frank C. Ayres, was associated with him in the practice of law at the time of the death of Judge Ayres. Judge Ayres continued in the practice for the last few years in order that he

might better assist his son Frank to a good start in his profession. Mr. Frank C. Ayres was called to the colors about a year ago, and is now in France. * * * Just a few hours before Judge Ayres left us, he was cheered by a letter from his son in France, lovingly addressed to "Dear Dad." Those letters are coming almost daily to "Dear Dad" from the soldier son in France, but I feel sure that they are read and understood by that loving father who has gone on and whose last thoughts were of that son whom he loved so much.

"There are no regrets over the life of Judge Ayres. Though we may mourn our loss, he had lived a trifle over his allotted three score and ten, and those years were filled with happiness, goodness, and duty to brothers, family, and country, well and fully performed."

BROWN.—Lieutenant Hilton U. Brown, Jr., '21, of the Seventh Field Artillery, was killed in action in the Argonne on November 3.

To Mr. and Mrs. Hilton U. Brown, to their family, and to one other, The Quarterly extends its sympathy in their keen but glorified sorrow.

"He lived a man; he died a hero." These words of Claris Adams, ex-'10, give a Simonidean utterance which cannot be improved upon. But fuller expression of what we all in Irvington have felt has been given by Mrs. Grace Julian Clarke, '83, which we reprint:

"He died the way all soldiers would like to die—quickly, while doing his duty on the far-advanced battlefield of a great drive."

"This sentence from a letter of Lieutenant Paul Brown in reference to his brother, Lieutenant Hilton U. Brown, Jr., possesses a distinct human interest and value. Similar expressions have come at intervals in other letters from France, expressions that ring true to the highest ideals of American manhood and make us rub our eyes to find out if we are awake or only dreaming, for those young soldiers who marched off such a short while ago were mere boys. The intervening months and the experiences through which they have passed have made philosophers and sometimes heroes of them.

"In our village (for we do not yet regard Irvington as part of the city) we older residents who have known one another for many years feel almost like kinfolk. We may not say much about it; perhaps in these latter decades we do not often meet, but the feeling is

there, deep and abiding. It cannot be otherwise. Some of us went to college with Hilton Brown and Jenny Hannah and recall their happy courtship. The Brown family is an institution in Irvington, in which we older citizens feel almost a proprietary interest. We have welcomed every one of the ten babies and watched contentedly their growth and development.

"Paul Brown, the youngest son, was not robust physically; there was some trouble with his breathing, apparently, that rendered the schoolroom irksome to him. He longed for the out-of-doors and when troops were sent to the Mexican border he persuaded his parents to allow him to enlist. He was only seventeen and had been the pet of the family. Then it was that Hilton, five years older and a junior in college, suddenly decided to go along to look after 'little Paul,' as he was affectionately called by his household. Together they went to Mexico, then through the first officers' training school, and later abroad, where they have never been far apart, and their devotion to one another has been a constant solace to the dear ones at home.

"Hilton was a strapping fellow, tall and athletic, with the reddest cheeks, the brightest dark eyes, the most witching smile, and the merriest heart. Fond memory recalls him as a small boy bringing the evening paper, when his coming was actually an event, so radiant was his face and so keen seemed to be his joy in just breathing. We see him too in his first long trousers, timidly conscious of his new dignity, yet altogether satisfied. It is particularly pleasant to remember the bright look that always flashed from his eyes when he met old friends of his father's and mother's. Just once we saw Hilton and Paul and their brother Arch in khaki—at some college festivity, when they entered with their father, making a handsome appearance.

"Now as we stand in imagination beside that new-made grave in the little town of Nouart, we find ourselves repeating these words quoted by Coningsby Dawson the other evening—'Here lies a very gallant gentleman.' And we say it with head erect, and almost smiling, for after all there is more cause for congratulation than for sorrow. Of course in some moods we feel strongly that he should have died hereafter, that it was not fair that he should be cut down

in the early dawn of what promised to be a long and useful career. But after all, what more could he have accomplished than he has done? To die 'quickly while doing his duty on the far-advanced battlefield of a great drive,'—what more glorious and worth while? Years could not have added anything to his record, which is now complete,—alike admirable and secure. The happy warrior knew for what he was fighting, and it was abundantly worth all that it could possibly cost. He did the thing he wanted to do and he made good. His was no faint heart. He ventured his all, and won. Now he has joined that vast throng of newly translated souls who, during the past four years, have found their way to the great Beyond. One fancies this glad young spirit, surprised at first perhaps at finding himself removed from scenes of conflict to a serener atmosphere, turning to greet with the familiar smile those comrades in arms who had made the passage ahead of him and also the dear lost members of his own household."

CASSEL.—Myrtle Blount Cassel, daughter of Mr. Frank C. Cassel, '67, and Mrs. Barbara Blount Cassel, '68, died of pneumonia in Washington, D. C., in December. To Mr. and Mrs. Cassel The Quarterly sends sympathy in their bereavement. Their letter of sad announcement is given:

"By reason of serving as senate stenographer for several sessions of the State legislature, Myrtle had formed many acquaintances and made many friends in the city and throughout the State. Her attendance at the First Christian Church in the city led to her acquaintance with Mr. Philput and other members of that congregation.

"On the election of Hon. Will R. Wood, of Lafayette, to Congress for the Tenth District, she went with his family to Washington, continuing to act as his private secretary. There she spent the last three years of her life, where she found a broader field of labor and usefulness. Her acquaintances increased and her friendships multiplied, giving her increased opportunity for doing good.

"She was unselfish, always doing what she could to help others, regardless of her own comfort or condition. This past year when thousands of girls were flocking to Washington to enter the war

offices, she found many opportunities to render assistance to those in need of friends.

"She attended the Vermont Street and the Third Street Christian churches in the capital city, making many friends in each. Her church membership remained in the First church, of Lafayette, Indiana.

"Her loss falls most heavily on us, her parents and her brother and three sisters, who have loved her longest and best.

"Her faith was in Christ and her hopes founded on the word of God."

CUNNINGHAM.—Mrs. Lena Randall Cunningham, ex-, died at her home in Indianapolis on November 10. To Dr. John M. Cunningham, '01, and his daughter The Quarterly sends its sympathy.

Of Mrs. Cunningham, a collegemate, Miss Emily Helming, '99, writes:

"If anything could have added to the sense of tragedy in connection with the death of Mrs. John M. Cunningham, it was that she passed away the day before the armistice was declared, and that her friends were permitted to see her the afternoon the city was going wild in its joy. Mrs. Cunningham had suffered for several years from a weakness of the heart, and when, early in the fall, an infection of the hip set in, her condition quickly became serious. After a few weeks at a hospital, she was taken back to her home, where she lay in a state of coma till the time of her death at forty-three of the morning of November 10.

"Before her illness, Mrs. Cunningham was frequently hostess for the social affairs given by the Pi Beta Phi fraternity and she always charmed with her gracious personality. She was active in the work of the First Baptist Church and she left a large circle of friends there.

"Miss Lena Randall came to Butler from Syracuse, New York, in the fall of 1897. After remaining with us two years, she returned to Syracuse to take a library course. Later she married Dr. John M. Cunningham, whom she had met while at Butler. In addition to her husband, she left, in her immediate family, her mother, Mrs. Randall, and a daughter, Angelyn, twelve years old."

MERCER.—Wilson Russell Mercer, of the Butler Students' Training Corps, died of pneumonia at the unit hospital on December 11, and was taken to his home in Anderson, Indiana, for burial. To Mrs. Mercer The Quarterly extends its tender sympathy in the loss of her only child.

The Butler Collegian said, editorially :

"The whole school is grieved to learn of the death of Wilson Russell Mercer, a member of the Butler Students' Army Training Corps. The news came at a time when it was least expected and casts a shadow of sadness on the concluding days of the unit.

"Wilson was a man both of athletic and scholastic ability. In high school he was a basketball enthusiast, and was on the Anderson High School team. He took part in school activities and was a member of the senate, the debating club, the glee club and the dramatic club of Anderson High, and was a prominent member of his class. He was at Butler only since the beginning of the term, yet during this short time he has left us an unquestionable impression of his character and ability. He was a clean, manly fellow. While sick with influenza, he had the utmost confidence that he would get well soon. Even after his case had developed into pneumonia, he seemed patient and resigned, and did not entertain the slightest doubt that he would recover.

"Butler, indeed, deeply regrets the loss of such a man. There seems to be little satisfying consolation for his death, yet his was the privilege to die in the service. He gave his life just as surely for the great cause as did those who faced the shells of the foe and fell on the battlefields of France. He died with the colors, and he will receive homage along with many other patriots on the Butler Roll of Honor."

MOORE.—Roll W. Moore, a former student, died at his home in Kokomo, Indiana, of pneumonia on November 30. To Mrs. Moore and the three children the Quarterly sends its sympathy.

One who knew Mr. Moore well has written of him thus :

"No charge of insincerity or effusion can be offered against a little word of personal tribute to Roll Moore. He came of good Howard county pioneer stock. His father, Daniel W. Moore, and his two uncles, George W. and Edward A. Moore, all of whom have long

been gone, will be recalled by all who knew Kokomo in the yesteryear as men of the finest worth, Christian gentlemen, every one of them, upright, patriotic, and public spirited, each of them true as steel in every relation in life. It so happened that Roll was the only boy in all the family and when his father and his uncles were gone, he assumed courageously and uncomplainingly the responsibilities of the management of his family's affairs. He administered them conscientiously and wisely. To his own business affairs, he addressed himself with eagerness and energy, but through all the tension and worry of business cares, he was ever ready with unselfish service for his family and friends.

"Because he has been laid low in the full flower of his young manhood and of his usefulness, because of the irreparable loss his taking away brings to his family, and because he wanted so much to live and labor and achieve, there is something unusually saddening about his death. The burden of bereavement is heaviest, of course, upon the little circle of his loved ones, but something of its weight will long be upon all his wide circle of associates.

"Heavy in their breasts are the hearts of the boys who were his playmates and pals in the days of the old-time town—the boys who romped with him along the willowed windings of Prairie creek, who rioted with him in harmless mischief on the old high school grounds, and who made merry with him on unnumbered forays by field and stream. These are the boys who are to bear that which was mortal of him from his home to his tomb. It will be a sad little circle that will make this mournful journey. For each and for all it will mean that the way from now on will be a little lonelier—that something of the light-heartedness and laughter of the old life has been lost forever."

PICKERILL.—William Nimon Pickerill, '60, died in Indianapolis on November 5. To the four daughters of Mr. Pickerill, the Quarterly extends its sympathy.

Others more competent have spoken of Mr. Pickerill as lawyer, as citizen, as soldier; but the Quarterly wishes to bear tribute to this good man as loyal alumnus. Indeed, were we asked to name the graduate who modestly had expressed a more unswerving loyalty

to his Alma Mater, we should not hesitate to utter the name of W. N. Pickerill. He translated into living the lessons of his old masters at the North Western Christian University. He had that rare quality of gratitude and often expressed his indebtedness to those masters. Then, he returned to the college on every occasion possible—on baccalaureate afternoon, commencement morning, Founder's Day evening, Decoration Day. Often and often he slipped into the chapel and out without recognition. His last public appearance at the college was on May 30, 1917, and many who listened to the words of the Civil War veteran will not forget them. In commenting upon the program, the Quarterly of July, 1917, said:

"The chief talk of the day was that of William N. Pickerill, of the class of '60, and a beautiful talk it was. Mr. Pickerill pictured the quiet academic life when the call to arms came, the enthusiastic response of eager, unrealizing youth. He pictured camp life and battle life, closing with Gettysburg. It caused much feeling. The Quarterly wishes here to express its respect for and gratitude to this faithful alumnus, this upright citizen, this good man. He slips in and out of the college performances so quietly that many recognize not his presence; he is so modestly interested in college life that few realize his loyalty; and yet, for well-nigh sixty years he has been a faithful servant of the college, an honor to his Alma Mater. Our gratitude goes to you, Mr. Pickerill, and the Latin prayer we raise, '*Serus in coelum redeas.*'"

Mr. Pickerill furnished much valuable information on the past history of the college, especially on the history of the years of the Civil War. His article on "Gettysburg," written for the Quarterly of October, 1913, has been esteemed by those who know it.

A good friend of Butler College has fallen and the ranks are closing in of those men of the 60's who have enriched the history of the college. That we are able to present elsewhere the appreciation of Mr. Austin F. Denny, '62, is a matter of gratitude.

In the name of the Alumni Association flowers were sent to Mr. Pickerill's funeral. In acknowledgement, this note was received:

"ALUMNI ASSOCIATION, BUTLER COLLEGE:

"My sisters and I wish to thank you for your lovely expression of sympathy in the flowers you sent to our father, Mr. Pickerill. He loved Butler and all its institutions and it touched us deeply that you remembered him so beautifully.

Sincerely,

"BLANCH PICKERILL DICKSON."

ROBISON.—Lieutenant Bruce Pettibone Robison, '15, died on November 19, near Camp Dodge, Iowa. To Mr. and Mrs. Robison the Quarterly sends its sympathy in their grief.

"From my earliest boyhood I can remember Bruce Robison distinctly. As a youngster I used to go over to the Hibben yard to play. There I used to see Bruce with several of his contemporaries. Later I knew them all in college. But Bruce was singled out as my childish ideal. I was one of the youngsters tolerated for one of two reasons, either because I owned the football that they wanted to play with, or because I was convenient to use as the butt of their humor. But I was always flattered to death to be allowed to remain, in spite of very unceremonious treatment. Bruce identified himself and won my heart on an occasion when there was a round of argument as to whether to run the small boys home or let them stay. He championed the small boys, and from that time forward I regarded him with a mixture of awe and wonder and affection.

"I knew him more intimately when it came time to go to college. Under these circumstances the average youth is fraught with doubts. He doubts whether he will be one of the chosen few to associate with the deities on Mount Olympus, in other words whether he will be a Greek or not. That question settled, the next doubt is what kind of a Greek he will be. For me it was simple. I would follow Bruce. So I did, and grew to know him intimately, to have intense affection for him, and to find him always absolutely dependable, honest, sincere, and excellent company. He was the leader of everything he tried. His word was always final. He was the object of deference, never of fear. His opinion was always sought. What he said was very likely to go, both because he was usually right and because he was the one who put things over. And with all he was a human among humans. He was always kindly, always gentlemanly, and always the best of good fellows.

"Then Bruce left us and went to Washington. I'll always remember the next time I saw him. It was at the start of the training camp at Ft. Harrison. Being on the ground early, I drew a fine job. I had to measure feet for shoes. Every foot that came into camp had to receive my attention for a while. And there were so many the process became mechanical. I would sing out with a voice of great authority, 'Take off your right shoe.' Once a familiar voice said, 'Not so fast.' I looked up and here was Bruce with a characteristic grin. After exchanging a few words I asked him if he was a student here. 'No, I'm a second lieutenant.' My idea of a second was a green-eyed monster who ate recruits alive between meals, and who couldn't be human enough to be decent even to his best friend. But not so with Bruce. I never saw him when he wasn't first a human being and a gentleman, and then an officer.

"Later I was assigned to his company. Quite contrary to all army customs and regulations, he was beautifully decent to every one. There are some people with whom superiority is so natural, so inbred and inherent that it isn't necessary to invite others' attention to it. They see and respect it without being told. And he was that kind. An officer is rare who can win his way into his men's hearts and yet retain their respect. He never criticised or 'bawled us out.' He didn't have to. We all wanted to do the right thing for him.

"He knew he was no better versed in military science than the rest of us. He had been sent there as a student officer to learn what was taught. To many, that would have been insufferable, but he took it with good grace and learned what was to be taught. His position was much the same as the 'Beloved Captain' no doubt familiar to all.

"The last time I saw him was after camp. We met on the street in the city and each was anxious to find out where the other had been sent. He was assigned as physical instructor to a colored officers' training school.

"'How do you like the assignment?' I asked.

"'It's not for me to say. I am a soldier and those are my orders.'

"So he is gone. He has his orders. He has won his spurs, and

he was a soldier to the last, I am sure. He is one of about twenty intimate friends who went out, and the only one who will never return. He never got to fight. He never knew the ecstasy of danger flung to the winds, of giving his all on the field of action. But the result is the same. He paid the big price, but didn't know the big compensation. He played the game, fought the good fight, and did his best, as every American soldier should. The world is a better place to live in, and our traditions are richer because he was with us."

LIEUTENANT HENRY M. JAMESON, ex-'18.

SCHERER.—Margery Scherer, a former student, died at her home in Indianapolis, of pneumonia, on December 6. To Mr. and Mrs. Scherer and their family The Quarterly sends its sympathy in the loss of a daughter so loving, unselfish, helpful at home and abroad. Indeed, we all valued Margery Scherer, and it is a grief to many people that this young life must be so soon cut off.

Of Miss Scherer a friend writes:

"Once more we pause to offer a tribute of respect, admiration, and love, to one whose personality was a source of courage and inspiration to many, and whose brief life gave rare promise of altruistic and noble achievement. Miss Margery Scherer is one of the many who have caught the vision offered in this wonderful age whose keynote is 'service for others,' and who stand ready to make any sacrifice necessary in the realization of that ideal.

"Her death was caused by pneumonia following an attack of the Spanish influenza. To her many friends, the news came as a distinct shock, bringing with it a sense of personal loss. She was a faithful, tireless worker, who threw herself, heart and soul, into all she undertook; a generous, true, loyal friend—unselfish even to a fault.

"With the exception of the first three years of her life, when she lived in Duluth, Minnesota, where she was born September 7, 1892, she was at home in Indianapolis. In Shortridge High School, from which she graduated in 1912, she was an eager, thorough student, intending to become a teacher of Latin. During the first year at Butler College, she was a delegate to the Y. W. C. A. convention held in Richmond, Indiana, in March, 1913. There her religious

convictions were deepened and crystalized. Subsequently she enlarged her life plans and became a Student Volunteer.

"During the three years at Butler, she was active in the Y. W. C. A. cabinet and in missionary work. Finding true joy in service, she willingly and faithfully performed any duty that called, no matter how insignificant or thankless a task it might be. She often went far beyond her strength, ministering all night long to some sick or dying friend, or sewing for some of the children of the mission, or the orphans who had interested her. With her quick, sweet smile, cheery word, and thoughtful kindness, she sought to make life less difficult for those about her.

"Having joined Trinity M. E. Church at the age of twelve, she was always an active worker in the Sunday school, church, and Epworth League, and for four or five years was a Camp Fire guardian. During the summer of 1917 she helped chaperon the Y. W. C. A. Camp at Lake Orian, Michigan, and last summer taught in the Children's Aid Society in Mishawaka, Indiana. She was a successful high school teacher in Freedom, Burney, and New Palestine, Indiana.

"In the rosy flush of youthful strength and enthusiasm, she touched a wide circle of hearts, in which her uplifting influence will be lasting, and her memory will ever be cherished. Imperceptibly at first—without the intervening glory of a long day of achievement—then with startling rapidity, the soft tints of the dawning deepened into the warmer, richer colors of the sunset. The evening star appeared; and after that, for a time, the dark; and Margery responded to the one clear call."

AMY BANES GROOM, '15.

SCOTT.—Mrs. John C. Scott, a former student, died on October 26 at the Methodist Hospital, Indianapolis, and was buried from her home at Columbus, Indiana. Mrs. Scott will be remembered by her college friends as Miss Hazel Reeves, and the news of her death has been most regretful. To Mr. Scott and the four sons the Quarterly sends its sympathy.

GANS.—Mary Purdy Gans, last child of Emmett W. Gans, '87, died at Mansfield, Ohio, on January 10. To Mr. Gans in his sorrow The Quarterly sends deep sympathy.

Mary Gans was five years of age at her mother's death, the oldest of three children. She spent much time in the home of her grandmother, Mrs. Weldon, at Mansfield, there receiving her primary education. A year in Paris, with continental travel, preceded her academic course. Last June she graduated from Vassar College, radiant in charm of person, of mind, of soul. The past six months have been spent with her father in Washington. In December the fatal influenza seized her in New York. Supposedly convalescent, she returned for the holidays to Mansfield, where a relapse closed her eyes upon earth.

What all feel has been expressed by Katharine Jameson Lewis, '16: "When Rupert Brooke wrote of 'the lordliest lass of earth,—the heart so high, the heart so living,' he caught in a line the swift portrait of one whom we newly mourn. Full-statured, mistress of a graceful mentality, in spirit the noble woman whose measure her years had hardly attained, Mary Gans has left the circle of her friends struck to the heart at the loss of her. There may have been girls as full of the abundance of life; there may have been girls gifted with as beautiful a balance of mind; there may even have been girls her equal in gentle dignity, in open-handed, wholesome loveliness; but with heaviness of soul, we know we shall not look upon her like again."

Our Correspondence

DAVID RIOCH, '98, Damoh, India, October 23, 1918: By this last home mail, came the Butler Alumna! Quarterly with its interesting news of the commencement exercises, the splendid letters from the boys at the Front, Mr. MacLeod's great letter, and, by no means least, the list of those who attended commencement, bringing to memory the great days spent in Butler. I do wish to express my appreciation of this number of the Alumna! for it seemed to me to be one of the very best we have ever had given to us. It came to me at a time that made it more than welcome for it found me miles away from any of our own people. It came after sundown, when the day's work was about over, just at the time of day when a man who lives alone most enjoys good company. Its great messages came at a time when they could be most appreciated, for the day had been hard with the awful suffering and terror that were seen on every hand. We have been passing through an epidemic of influenza the like of which I have never heard. The dread plague that visits us every other year is a babe compared to this we are now having. As the natives say, we can run away from plague but no one can escape from this. In the town of Hatta where I now am, with its population of about four thousand, the death rate this past week has been between twenty and twenty-five daily. What makes it so hard is that every one, in almost every home, is down ill and there is no one left to wait on the sick. In some homes every one has lain down and died. Five in one home, six in another, dead without a soul even to report their deaths. In one home of eighteen every one of them died, and so the tale goes on day by day. The greatest difficulty is to get enough well people to dispose of the dead. The Hindu burns his dead and now there is a wood famine. Most of the men who are supposed to help in times like this are all ill, and so the people are terror- and panic-stricken. Poor, superstitious, ignorant folk, as most of them are, one yearns to help and comfort them. Daily, as one goes in and out among them, the opportunities for service are many. How I wish

we could have some of those noble fellows, who are giving their lives in France, out here helping to save some of these stricken people.

Things do look hard these days, for not only is there this awful epidemic, but famine is beginning to stalk through the land. The rains have been a failure and the crops are drying up in the fields. Prices are higher than they were during the worst famines we have had and so we, who live out among the people, are wondering what they are to do.

I want to thank you for this splendid number of the Alumnal and also to ask you to give my best wishes to all my Butler friends, wishing them a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

MRS. E. H. HOLLANDS, Lawrence Kansas: As I read the last Quarterly, I could not but compare the letters of the Butler boys with those that have been published here from Missouri and Kansas "doughboys." The Quarterly letters told in interesting and well-expressed English what they did and their attitude toward conditions. I felt uplifted after going right through those pages. Their ideals had been high, else they could not have written as they did.

JAMES G. RANDALL, '03, dated November 8: I spent eight weeks of the summer at the University of Illinois as professor of American History in the Summer School, following which I spent two weeks in Indiana lecturing before teachers' institutes under the auspices of the committee on public information. Since September 7, I have been employed as historian of the United States Shipping Board, in which position I have been extremely busy, but nevertheless quite happy. There are many good Butler people here and it is a great delight to me to see them and to renew old associations. Mr. Moses, Mallie Murphy, the Cummings's and the Schortemeier's are among our good friends here. With best regards to all good Butler friends.

JOHN W. BARNETT, '94, Boston: I have been at work at the receiving ship ever since I returned from overseas; and as we have anywhere from 5,000 to 10,000 men on board all the time, you can

see that one would naturally be kept busy. It may be of interest to you to know that the chaplain in charge here is D. S. Robinson, '10, and it is good to have another Butler man on board. I want to say, by the way, that he is a mighty good fellow, and is making good with the boys. With a whole world full of good wishes for Butler and all her alumni, students, and friends.

MARY L. WINKS, '15, November 21, 1918: From the port to Tours we came through a very beautiful and charming country,—in fact, it has been called the "garden spot of France." The fields were gardens each about an acre in size, the fences were hedges, and produce still green. Women were doing the work. All were in black with little stiffly-starched white caps on their heads, and large wooden shoes on their feet. The children along the way waved at us. The smooth white roads bordered with tall poplars, the new foliage, the bright green grass, the quiet streams, the vineyards on the hillsides, the quaint old towns, the picturesque stone farmhouses, and the queer homes of the cliff dwellers, made a picture I shall never forget.

On arriving in Tours we were taken to a hotel run by the Y. W. C. A. for American girls. It is better than I had been led to expect and it was so much better than the boys have that we cannot complain. We have an interesting time with the French maids, trying to understand and to be understood. I wish I had taken French in college instead of German.

Our office building is a stable and is cold, but we enjoy it notwithstanding. My work is as it was in Washington, the filing of index cards for all sections of the Engineering Division of the Ordnance Department. It is impossible to tell more of my work, except to add that it is very interesting.

The other day while hurrying to the office I met Ed Ploenges, the first familiar face I have seen.

There are several interesting places around here, and we usually spend Sunday afternoon in sight-seeing. We have been to the Chateau de Luynes, an old chateau where the king was staying when Joan of Arc came to ask his permission to lead the French army. We climbed up the tower and out on the battlements, from

which a wonderful view of the surrounding country was obtained. Here was the old feudal estate with the houses closely grouped around the foot of the hill on which the castle stood, on the distant hillsides acres and acres of grape vines, nearby the cemetery with its old and new crosses and the ancient church, and in the distance the beautiful Loire river. If only those old walls and towers could talk, what interesting tales they could tell.

Last Sunday we went out to an old tenth-century castle now in ruins, but we climbed up in one of the towers amid centuries old dust. From the highest window in this ancient castle flew a bright new Tricolor and the Stars and Stripes.

About two squares from the hotel is the cathedral. It was begun in the twelfth century and completed in the sixteenth. The wonderful stained glass windows have been intact since they were placed there. When you see all the intricate carvings and beautiful furnishings you cannot but think of how many men through centuries of time have spent their labor and their talent on this building. Then you think of the other cathedrals that represent the soul of France, that the Germans have so wantonly destroyed. Every fifteen minutes the big bells peal out.

Last week was one grand celebration. France is decked in gala attire, bright new flags fly from every house, store, and public building, while "Vive la France," "Vive la America," was on every one's lips. I never saw such exuberance of joy. A wonderful smile lit the faces of the hitherto sad French people, a smile one can never forget. The first night the Hotel de Ville, which had been dark since the beginning of the war, was a blaze of light. France has lost her men, but her unconquered and unconquerable spirit still remains.

I am looking forward to the coming of the Quarterly. It will seem like a visit home.

Notice

With all the financial demands of the day, do not forget your annual alumni fee. The Quarterly is dependent upon it. Send one dollar to the alumni treasurer, Carl Van Winkle, Butler College, Indianapolis. But send all other alumni communications to Miss Graydon, Butler College.

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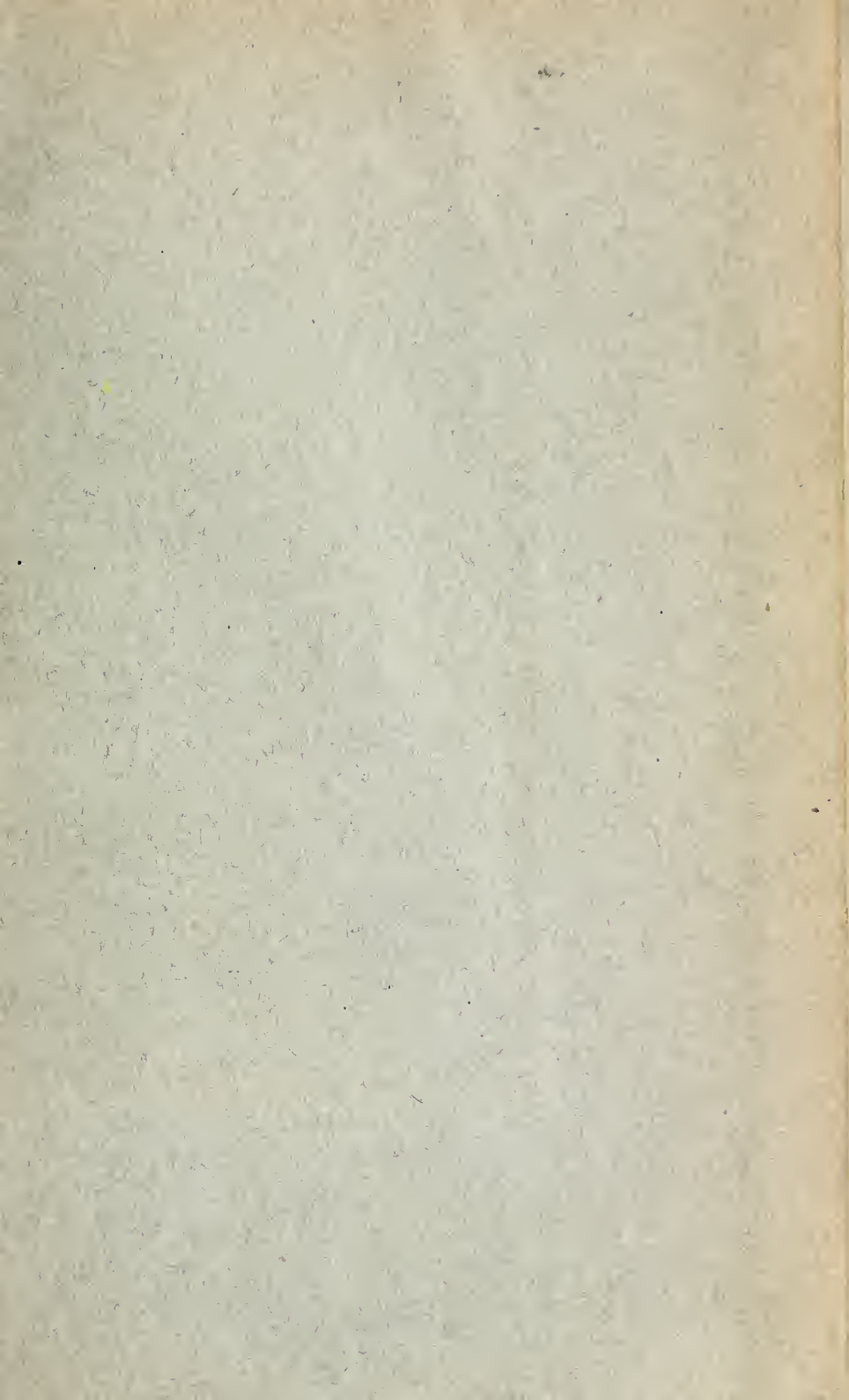
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